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James A. H. Cornell

To his Sister Charlotte.

March 18. 1858

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MEMOIRS

OF

AN OLD DISCIPLE

AND HIS

DESCENDANTS:

CHRISTIAN MILLER, ISAAC L. K. MILLER,
SARAH S. MILLER, REV. JOHN E. MILLER.

"The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children; To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them."

PSALM ciii., 17—18.

BY FRANCIS M. KIP,

Pastor of the R. D. Church, Fishkill Village.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER,

BY THOMAS DE WITT, D. D.

NEW YORK:
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INTRODUCTION.

This volume gives a brief portraiture of members of a family in different grades and branches of direct relationship, who have sealed the testimony of lovely, consistent and devoted Christian lives by peaceful and blessed deaths. These sketches, taken singly, are interesting, and well adapted to commend piety as early developed in the bloom of youth, as delineated by its purifying and beneficent influence in moulding the character, and forming the life; and as ripened in the mellowed, and rich experience of a peaceful and serene old age. They are, however, when combined in their cluster, more peculiarly fitted to exhibit the value of warm hearted, well disciplined, and uniformly exemplified piety, as diffusing and perpetuating its blessings in the family circle, and descent. We here find the promise to the faith of believing parents verified, "*I will establish my covenant between me and thee, and thy seed after thee, for an everlasting covenant, to be a God unto thee and to thy seed after thee.*" "*The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him, and His righteousness unto children's children.*" "*A good man leaves an inheritance unto his children's children.*"

I esteem it one of the privileges of my life to have gained the acquaintance, and enjoyed the Christian friend-

ship of the venerable CHRISTIAN MILLER. That acquaintance was gained shortly after my entrance into the ministry in 1812, and was frequently renewed afterwards, and at times I spent a day or two in his family. His partner still surviving at a great old age, waiting for her salvation, and ripe as a shock of corn falling to the ground in its season, for her eternal rest, was of a kindred spirit, and a true help meet in the Lord. They were like Zacharias and Elisabeth, "walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless." Nurtured under Christian influences, an early foundation was laid by both for enlightened piety in the knowledge of the Scriptures, and the experimental reception of those doctrines which constitute its marrow and vitality. They both made a satisfactory profession of their faith in early youth, married afterwards in the Lord, and reared the family altar when their tabernacle was first erected. In their onward course they continually cherished that rich experimental piety, which spread its savour through the whole circle of their Christian acquaintance, and most impressively and constantly in the family scene. Their children, dedicated to God in Baptism, were with unceasing prayer committed in strong faith to their covenant God,—were early nurtured in the knowledge of the truths of the Word of God, and trained under their gentle, watchful, and faithful government, and care. The genial influence of their piety breathed forth as the element of their life, and witnessed by their daily, humble, and prayerful walk before God, and testified by their blameless, useful, and beneficent walk before men, failed not to bear home, under God's blessing, salvation to their

children. One of them (of whom a sketch is found in this volume,) entered the ministry, which he fulfilled with industry, and fidelity, and has recently been called to finish his course with joy. His memory is very pleasant to his brethren in the ministry, and private Christians of his acquaintance, and is most highly respected in the community at large. Of his large family of children, several have already been called by Divine Grace in early youth, and have given themselves to Christ in the bosom of his Church.

Their other son, who devoted himself, like his father, to mercantile pursuits, grew up under the same genial influence, early made a profession of religion, and has been for a series of years, an active and useful officer of the Church. It was his happiness to become united with one of excellent spirit, whose life and character are sketched in this volume. The dew of Heaven, through their joint instrumentality has rested upon their children, and "the dew of their youth" has been given to Christ and his Church. Their oldest son, a youth of most interesting character, and much promise, of whom a biographical notice is given in this work, died just about as he was ready to be licensed for the ministry. Another son is now engaged in the ministry of the Reformed Dutch Church, while the holy unction has spread through the other children of the family.

The two sons of Mr. CHRISTIAN MILLER married sisters, daughters of the late ISAAC L. KIP, Esq'r, of this city. After becoming one of the ministers of the Collegiate Reformed Dutch Church in this city in 1827, I became acquainted with Mr. Kip and his family, who had always

been attatched to this Church; and of course, in the relation thus formed, that acquaintance became increased, and cherished. Mr. and Mrs. Kip resembled their friends Mr. and Mrs. Miller in being help meets to each other in all things pertaining to this life, and more particularly the better life of the soul, in preparation for Heaven. In this intimate sympathy, and cordial co-operation with each other, their home was the scene of their enjoyments, and their fireside was the centre of their comforts. Together from day to day they perused the sacred Scriptures, read religious works, bowed before the Mercy Seat, and in the recurring associations of the Sabbath, the Sanctuary, and the Communion table, felt the bond which united them sanctified and cemented. After the relations of affinity between the families of Mr. Miller and Mr. Kip were formed, frequent visits were interchanged between New York and Albany by these aged parents, and sometimes joint excursions were made by them in the summer season. It was pleasant to witness these meetings in the communion of Christian love. Thus the influences derived from both sources became interwoven in harmonious co-operation, and in concert of counsel, prayer, and labour, bore directly and powerfully, in the early and constant training of their children, without the hindrances and difficulties which exist where these are divided. These references are made to show the sources of the pervading and successive piety in these family circles, as the confluent streams of similar character blend together, and spread their deepening and widening onward course, refreshing, purifying, and fertilizing.

A great truth is here exemplified, which cannot too strongly command our attention, and inspire our interest, viz: THAT GOD CONNECTS HIS COVENANT BLESSING SET FORTH IN PROMISE WITH PARENTAL FIDELITY IN THE EXERCISE OF FAITH, PRAYER, VIGILANCE, AND FAITHFUL LABOUR IN BEHALF OF OUR CHILDREN. The importance of the domestic constitution which God has instituted cannot be too highly estimated. As this becomes rightly enjoyed and improved, human happiness and welfare are promoted, and extended through all the relations of society. At the foundation of this domestic constitution lies the marriage bond in all its sacredness and endearment, and what immediately results from it, the relation between parents and children. The responsibility devolving upon parents is of a most sacred, and interesting character, and bears with it momentous results. The first developments of the mind and of the heart are brought under their direct and constant cognizance, and a continual influence will be exerted for the moral and spiritual welfare of their children, or the contrary. The great object of a Christian education is to bear home, at the earliest dawning of the mind, and unfolding of the heart, the truths of God's Word, to seek under the blessing of the holy Spirit, prayerfully sought by faith, their conversion to God, and to watch with constant care against all those evil influences which tend to ensnare and corrupt. For this end there must be diffused an atmosphere of love as the element influencing the parental heart in the exercise of authority in the requirements of filial duty, and specially all must be exempli-

fied in the uniform, beautiful and impressive manifestation of every Christian grace, and the discharge of every Christian duty. In view of the great object of the conversion and spiritual welfare of their children, parents should be of one mind and heart, "joint partakers of the Grace of God, that their prayers be not hindered." It is in this common spirit in both father and mother, prompting united aims, counsels, and labours, and imparting mutual encouragement and help, that the avenue is opened, and the promise appropriated of success in the training of children for Christ and Heaven. The very indifference and neglect of one parent, not to speak of aversion and opposition, must produce an embarrassing and paralyzing influence on the spirit and labours of the other. The picture of domestic piety can only be found brightly unfolded in its true character and happy efficiency, where "the holy unction falls upon the heads" of both father and mother, and "flows down to the skirts of their garments," diffused through their whole household. Then and there it is "as the dew that fell upon the mountains of Zion, for there God commanded his blessing, even life forevermore." With what care should a Christian, in the view of entering into wedded life, seek to "be *married* ONLY in the Lord." Ordinarily, most deceiving is the expectation at times fondly entertained, that the piety of the one may attract to itself the other, and win from the love and pursuit of earth to the faith, and service of Christ. The danger is strong and imminent the other way, in drawing the professor of piety from the simplicity of faith, and strength and con-

sistency of piety, into lukewarmness, worldly conformity, and dereliction of religious duties. One parent, single and unaided in parental cares, and perhaps embarrassed, and by opposing influences from the other, may occasionally be led to greater tenderness, and enlargement of spirit, and to unceasing, and earnest care and vigilance, and become greatly blessed in the effects produced in such circumstances. But ordinarily, in such cases piety languishes, and its prayers and efforts are greatly impaired. It is sweetly encouraging for parents to rest their souls on the gracious declaration of the Saviour, "*If two of you shall agree on earth, as touching any thing they shall ask, it shall be done for them by my Father which is in Heaven.*" This will strengthen their faith, and enlarge their prayers in their daily access to the Mercy Seat. This will encourage and animate them to "walk before their house in a perfect way," and in the employment of all appropriate means to "bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

Observation and experience testify to the faithfulness of the promise as verified in the happy results flowing from a wisely directed Christian education under the uniform influence of parental faith, affection and fidelity. The promise given in the covenant with Abraham, and handed down in all its preciousness, and faithfulness to the faith and hope of the Church of God in all ages, "*I will be a a God unto thee, and to thy seed after thee,*" stands in bright relief to the recognition of believing parents. From the very birth of their children, it is their privilege to cast them upon this covenant promise, and to

"lend them to the Lord" by their faith, prayers, and vows in their daily access to the Mercy Seat. God said concerning Abraham,—"*I know Abraham, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord to do justice and judgement, that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which he hath spoken.*" The deep feeling of parental responsibility, the vigorous, earnest, and importunate exercise of faith and prayer, and the diligent discharge of every parental duty, are connected in God's appointment with the conversion of children to God, and the moulding and training of their characters and habits for usefulness, honour and happiness. How beautiful and fit is this instrumentality in its adaptation for such effects, and how clearly unfolded in promise is that grace which renders it effectual? There are frequent declarations in Scripture in allusion to the intimate connection between these, as when God promises, "*I will pour waters upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground,*" it is immediately added, "*I will pour my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring.*" When the Psalmist speaks of the "set time for the Lord's favour to Zion, when he builds her up, and appears in his glory," he states, "*The children of thy servants shall continue, and their seed be established before thee.*" "*Instead of the fathers shall be the children, and they shall be princes in the earth.*" "*As for me, this is my covenant with them, saith the Lord, my spirit that is upon thee, and my words which I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor*

out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, from henceforth and forever, saith the Lord." Parental fidelity stands interwoven with the faithfulness of the promise of our covenant God. When an evil heart of unbelief is cherished, when the spirit of the world invades the soul, when the proper means for the nurture of our children are not employed, or not used in a right spirit, nor enforced by the whole texture of our lives and examples, surely we cannot trust to the Divine faithfulness.

Nothing calls more urgently for the attention of our Churches, and individual Christians, than the cultivation of family religion in its various departments of exercise. Nothing is more intimately connected with the stability and extension of the Church of Christ; for then every family, so ordered and blessed, becomes, as it was designed, a nursery for it. Is it not to be feared, that while facilities and means for diffused mental culture are multiplied, and the age is characterized as one of action, that careful instruction in religious truth in the family circle, and the whole religious superintendance of a family, have become relaxed? It is not here my province to enter into the elucidation of a theme so vitally important, as the religious training of a family; my only aim is to commend it to the careful attention and study, and diligent improvement of all professors of Godliness. This volume, it is hoped, will be auxiliary to that end. The ripened piety of the "old disciple," *Christian Miller*, the even course of consistent, humble piety, laborious and persevering service, in the ministry of his son *John E. Miller*, cut down in the meridian of

his usefulness; the fair model of maternal character, moulded in piety, of *Sarah Smith Miller*, and the bright promise of future usefulness in the development of talents, piety and industry in her son, *Isaac L. K. Miller*, cut off by death on the verge of his entrance into the ministry,—are here brought together, and illustrate the faithfulness of God in his promise, in connection with the faithfulness of his people in their prayers and labours. These members of the *families which Jesus loved*, have been translated, one after another, to their rest in Heaven, while the blessing, "even life forevermore," has been diffused among those who remain. Happy the families where the presiding influence of the united head is continually exerted with wisdom, affection, and fidelity; where the members thereof become partakers of the grace of life, linked in one common faith, and service; and where, amid all their separations by distance, in time, and at last by death, they feel themselves bound up together in the bundle of eternal life, with the sure "hope cast within the veil" of an everlasting and perfect reunion in the family of the Redeemed in Heaven.

"Blest are the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet."

"Thus on the heavenly hills,
The Saints are blest above;
Where joy like morning dew distills,
And all the air is love."

THOMAS DE WITT.

MEMOIR

OF

CHRISTIAN MILLER.

CHAPTER I.

His Parentage.—His Removal to the United States.—Extracts from his Father's Letters to him.—His Conversion.—Removal to Albany.

Christian Miller was born in Germany, in the city of Hanau, near Frankfort on the Maine, on the 7th of March, 1767. His parents, eminently devoted to the fear of God, anxiously sought to impress on the minds of their children a sense of the importance of personal religion. And while they carefully instructed them in the principles of God's Holy Word, and prayed with and for them, they set before them an example of consistent piety well worthy of their imitation. Though the subject of this memoir was, while still very young, removed from the immediate influence of his parents, a remembrance of the important truths in which they had instructed him was carefully cherished, and tended, without doubt, to produce his early sub-

mission of himself to God. While still under the parental roof, so diligently had he improved the opportunities of education afforded him, that, at the time of leaving his native land for this country, he had acquired a sufficient knowledge of the German, Low Dutch, and French languages, to enable him to converse, read, or write fluently, in each of them. At the age of fourteen, in company with his father, he visited the United States. His father, after remaining in this country for a short time, returned to his native land, leaving his son in the employ of Mr. Thomas, at that time an eminent merchant in the city of New York. That neither father nor son had, at this time, the most remote idea that their separation would be final, and they meet no more until they should be reunited in Heaven, is evident from letters subsequently written. "You say," writes his father, in March, 1786, "that in eight or ten years, if God will, you will return home and visit us. I would the time were already here, that I might see you, and that you might find yourself engaged in an honourable business." Nor was it until the year 1790, that the subject of this memoir relinquished the expectation of returning to and again residing in Europe. From a letter of his father, dated April 14th, 1790, it appears, that he had recently written to him, to learn whether it might not be possible for him to obtain some situation in Holland. His father's reply probably settled his mind on this subject, and led him ever after to regard this country as his

home. "You are better off," wrote he, "in America, than you would be in Holland. Can you not improve your condition by going to another State? or is one place as bad as another? Since you are in America, do your utmost, and ascertain where you can live most easily." In a postcript, he advises him, by all means, to remain.

But though, in early life, widely separated from his loved and loving parents, he was not deprived of their affectionate and salutary counsels, while their prayers continually ascended to God, for His blessing to rest upon, and His Spirit to guide their absent son into all truth. His father's letters, filled with sage instruction and pious admonition, followed him across the Atlantic, and while, without doubt, the means of deepening his sense of the importance of personal religion, and of his obligations to live only for Christ, were preserved with the utmost care, to the end of his life, as a monument of parental affection and fidelity. Under different dates, he thus writes: "May God and His Holy Word be not far from your eyes; that you may be henceforth and forever under His protection." "When you next write to me, write a few lines to the Rev. Mr. Corel, in English or Dutch; and thank him for the book which I will send you. Apply it to your soul, and keep God always before you, that you may be kept from heinous sins; in all you do be faithful and diligent; fear God, and the fruit thereof you will enjoy forever; pray to God earnestly, for James, V. 16. says, that the effectual fervent

prayer of the righteous man availeth much; and by such prayer you will obtain all that is useful for soul and body. Your mother is much concerned for you, and desires to send a great deal of love to you; she implores you earnestly, not to suffer God and His Holy Word to be out of your sight, and God will then never forsake you; do this, my son, if you would live."

After his experience of God's renewing grace, the subject of this memoir thus wrote to his parents under date of June 9th, 1787. "From my heart I am glad that you are all so well. As for myself, thanks to God, I am well and prospering. Dear parents, how delightful a thing is that religion, which obtains a lodgement in the *heart* of man. How glorious a friendship is that, which permits us to speak to our Great Friend in prayer, and tell him all our joys and sorrows. I hope it seems thus with you, and that you can freely present all your wants to him. God has given me every thing I enjoy; and would I receive more, it must come from Him. Much have I already received, not worldly riches, but heavenly, and all that I ask, is that Jesus Christ, the Great King, may be my dear friend. With Him there are sufficient riches. I hope He, also, is as dear to you. Without Him, our condition is indeed sad, and I trust that as His presence is every thing, you have Him, also, in your family. Dearest parents, I have many a time rejoiced in the love which you have towards me, and I hope that as long as I live, I

may repay the kindness, and return the love with which you have loved me."

November 21st, 1787, his father, in reply, writes: "On the 18th of July, I received your letter, and am glad to learn that your health is still good; particularly am I called upon to rejoice that it is well with your soul. What a pleasure does it excite in the breast of parents, when they can say, we have nourished and brought up children who walk in the ways of the Lord. My son, continue as you have begun, and in your religious life be never deceived. Since Satan lays great snares for the children of God, and seeks by every artifice to destroy them, therefore, the true Christian must be always on his guard, and through prayer to God, night and day, ask that he would not take His Holy Spirit from him. I am well assured that you will make this your daily practice." And again, under date of April 16th, 1789, "we are pleased to hear that you are prospering, particularly that it is well with your soul. It is indeed a delightful source of comfort for the children of God, if they can at all times apply the merits of the bleeding Mediator to their immortal souls, and place all their trust on Jesus Christ, as the beginning and end of their salvation. The Christian, in such a state of reliance on God, stands connected with the covenant of grace; and no misfortune or persecution will separate him from God; he stands firm in his faith upon Jesus. On the other hand, Satan steadily casts his arrows

against the children of God, (and this has been your own experience,) but this malicious fiend can be easily banished by watchfulness and prayer. I am exceedingly delighted to hear that you associate with God-fearing men. I doubt not, but you will find that in their company your soul is comforted; and this comfort is a thing far above all the world's treasures! a happy state! a delightful change! a new creation!" Further extracts from his letters, manifesting the life of God in his own soul, and his watchful holy care, for his absent son, might be given; but these already quoted are sufficient to exhibit the manner of his spirit, and to prove the subject of this memoir, a witness to the faithfulness of God, in fulfilling His gracious covenant with His people, to be a God to them and to their seed after them. Mr. Miller's mother died in July, 1792, in the 54th year of her age, "in the full exercise of faith upon the merits of Christ, in happiness and peace." "While she still lived, (writes his father,) she often said, could I but see Christian once more, I would willingly die, but your distance from her prevented the gratification of this earnest wish." In April, 1796, his father died, aged sixty-five years.

But to return to the narrative. It was while still in the employ of Mr. Thomas, and when he was about eighteen years of age, that the prayers of his pious parents were answered in his conversion to God; and he brought forth from the world to own himself a friend and follower of Christ. The

ministry of the venerable Dr. Livingston appears to have been peculiarly blessed to his soul. It is said, that oftentimes under the preaching of this man of God, he was, at this period of his life, so deeply affected, as to "be unable to refrain even from weeping aloud in the public assembly." With the church of which Dr. Livingston was one of the pastors, he connected himself, then commencing a profession, which, for sixty years, he adorned by a walk and conversation becoming the gospel. Soon after his conversion, his mind was directed to the subject of the ministry, and the question was carefully and prayerfully agitated by him, whether it was not his duty to devote his life to preaching the gospel of the grace of God. On consulting with his friend and pastor on this subject, and freely opening to him his mind, the Doctor advised him to remain in the calling in which God had placed him. "My son, (said he,) God needs pious merchants, as well as pious ministers." His advice was followed, and the history of the man of God, whose life we are tracing, shows that it was judicious, given under the direction of the Spirit of Truth. As a Minister of Christ, there is no doubt but that Mr. Miller would have been eminently useful; but would he have been more so, than in the station he occupied? Who can tell the quickening, cheering, sanctifying influence, a layman of Mr. Miller's devoted piety exerts on the servant of Jesus Christ, under whose ministry he has placed himself? or the influence such an

example as he uniformly exhibited, of devotedness to God, liberality of spirit, and constant desires to do good to others, exerts on the church and the world?

Having, by his strict integrity of character, his conscientious devotedness to the interests of his employer, and his mercantile abilities, secured the esteem of a large circle of friends, when his term of engagement with Mr. Thomas had expired, many and liberal offers were made him. In Divine Providence, it was so ordered, that through the urgent solicitations of the late John Taylor, (afterwards Lieutenant Governor of the State,) he was induced, in 1789, to remove to Albany. With him he continued as chief clerk until 1792, when he engaged in business on his own account. On his removal to the place of his future residence, (which, in a letter to his father, dated 1789, he describes as "a little city called Albany, about 150 miles from New York,") he transferred his relation to the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church in that city. On the division of this Church, he connected himself with the Middle or Second, (now under the care of the Rev. Dr. Wyckoff,) "of which he continued to be a member, and a liberal supporter to the day of his death."

CHAPTER II.

His Marriage.—His Character as a Man of Business.—His Usefulness as an Officer of Christ's Church.—The universally acknowledged Sincerity of his Piety.—His Family Government. —Its Results.

In June, 1791, he was married to Miss Maria Van Schaick, one who with him feared God, and who during the long continued period of their conjugal life, ever sought to be a helper to his faith; who still survives, and though much enfeebled by her advanced years and disease, still brings forth fruit in her old age, waiting, with faith and patience, the time when she shall be released from all her infirmities, and in union with the loved ones who have preceded her, worship God and the Lamb in the Upper Sanctuary. On the birth of their first-born, John Ernest, (whose memoir will be found in this volume,) his father thus wrote, April 10th, 1793: "It is with no little pleasure, that I learn from your letter, that the Almighty hath blessed you with a son, and I am quite pleased to learn that he bears my name. I hope that this pledge from God, may on God confer honour, and that you may from him derive much happiness. May he prove a support to you in your old age." How literally these wishes were fulfilled will be seen in the memoir of his grandson.

Mr. Miller was engaged in mercantile business until the year 1824, when, by his industry and diligence, having acquired a competence, he relinquished all business cares and anxieties; retiring from active life, with the respect and esteem of all who knew him. During the long period of his engagement in commercial business, he preserved his Christian profession unspotted; no charge of fraud, or of the slightest kind of deceit, was ever preferred against him. His character was beyond suspicion or reproach. And the reason of this is found in the fact, that the rules of God's word regulated his whole life. He was a Christian in the store, as well as in the church. He was "in the fear of the Lord all the day long." And what things soever he desired that men should do to him, the same did he to them. He never sought great things for himself, but was content with that measure of prosperity his Heavenly Father, in His infinite wisdom, should see fit to grant him. Far rather would he have preferred poverty, and that in its most appalling form, than prosperity through the exercise of any act sinful in the sight of God, and injurious to the cause of Christ. In the sermon occasioned by his death, the Rev. Dr. Wyckoff, speaking of him in his business relations, thus remarks: "We bring no railing accusation against an honourable business, when we say that mercantile pursuits, in their nature, are scarcely less trying to Christian integrity, than a soldier's life. What solicitude these pursuits awaken, amidst the uncer-

tainties and mutations of the market. What engrossing care they bring on the mind, by the diversity of matters and customers, and credits which they involve. What a spirit of speculation and haste to be rich, a few successful mercantile movements wake up in the soul? What opportunities and temptations to overreaching and undiscoverable fraud they present. How absolutely impossible does it seem, in an extended and successful business, to keep the Sabbath, to keep a thanksgiving, to take time for family instruction, and for morning and evening prayer? But amidst all this fire, our Christian friend walked, like the Jewish children in the furnace of Nebuchadnezzar, not only unburnt, but without the smell of fire upon him. He preserved an integrity before God and man, that was not only unimpeached, but unimpeachable. So exact was his mercantile accuracy, that he would seek, a whole day, for a penny's disagreement in his balance sheet. So scrupulous was his sense of truth and justice, as to time as well as amount, that he would have fasted a week, rather than fail in one hour or one shilling of his engagement. And he had time and spirit to be devout, to fear God with his house, to give much alms to the people, and to pray to God always, notwithstanding the pressure of an extended and increasing business."

At an early period in the history of his Christian life, the devoted piety manifested by Mr. Miller drew the attention of the church to him, as one

eminently qualified by God's Spirit for usefulness; and led to his preference to office, as one worthy of bearing rule. His discharge of the duties connected with the office, first of Deacon, and afterwards of Elder, was characterized both by fidelity to God and man, and acceptance in the sight of the church. He ever felt the full force of his ordination vows, and regarding his office, not as nominal, but devolving upon him many and important duties, both sought and found time to attend to them. As an Elder, he carefully watched over the church, ever ready to encourage, console, or reprove, (as his knowledge of their cases required,) the dejected, timid, or erring. And while zealous for the purity of doctrine, and anxious for the preservation of the faith, he steadfastly set his face against all innovations and the beginnings of error; he sought and that most successfully, to uphold the hands of his minister, and to render himself (according to God's design in calling him to office,) a help to him. And all his official duties were discharged without infringement of, or interference with the peculiar duties of the ministry, or a diotrephean spirit of thrusting himself forward. The rule, the inspired Apostle has given for the government of the church, "let every thing be done decently and in order," ever regulated his conduct. By the bedside of the sick and dying, he ever felt it his duty to be found; and while, with words of holy instruction or consolation he sought, through God's blessing, to prepare

them for his will, and commended them in earnest and fervent prayer to God, most liberally, if their necessities required it, were their wants supplied from his own purse. He was, indeed, an Elder that ruled well. Said his Pastor, "For a period of fifty years, he was the leader of the church prayer meeting, never absent except by necessity, and always ready to take a full share of the services. Indeed, it was evidently a pleasure to him to pray. When he opened his mouth to the Lord, he seemed to feel that he was speaking to a familiar and beloved friend, and poured out his heart with such freedom and fluency, that he seemed scarcely to know when, or where, to pause. And it was not that he loved to stand forth and speak, though he was never ashamed of his Master, or his cause, but that he loved the devotion. For he was as assiduous and attentive in the house of God, when he could only join in prayer, as he was in the prayer meeting." His increasing deafness, (originally springing from a cold taken while assisting to extinguish a fire,) compelled him, a few years before his death, altogether to withdraw from the duties of office in the Church of the living God; although to the last of his life, he was found abounding in the work of the Lord, doing, with his might, whatever his hand found to do.

Said one, speaking of Mr. Miller, a few years before his death, "I never see the old gentleman, without applying, in my own mind, to him the words of our Saviour respecting Nathaniel, 'be

hold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile.'" And this was the testimony of all who knew him, and most of those who knew him best. He walked with God, and none who knew him were ignorant of the fact. When with God's people, or the world's servants, at home or abroad, in his store, or in the way, his conversation was as becomes the gospel of Christ. He wore not a long face, nor did he assume an appearance of peculiar holiness; on the contrary, he was cheerful, pleasant, and ever courteous. Yet with a soul habitually impressed with a sense of the unspeakable importance of eternal things, he could not but make it evident to all around him, that while in, he was not of the world. There was a guilelessness about him which spoke for itself.

In every relation of life, he sought the glory of God. He lived not for himself. Says Dr. Wyckoff, "Although naturally of a rather playful mind, yet was he uniformly serious, as if ever meditating divine things. The thoughts of God and of duty were evidently uppermost in his mind, as they were always foremost on his lips. Seldom did he meet any person, young or old, religious or worldly, to whom, in a moment's conversation, he did not address an affectionate exhortation, or at least, convey a hint respecting the great concern of salvation. Religion was, indeed, the element of his life, the food of his soul, the spice of his enjoyments."

In his family government, the precepts of God's

word were his guide; "as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord," was his steadfast determination. He felt, that as the head of a family, he was clothed by Jehovah with authority, and wisely used that authority for his Saviour's honour. All under his roof were expected to meet around the family altar, when the morning and evening sacrifice were offered; and all were required and compelled to reverence the Sabbath day, by abstinence from all unholy engagements and amusements, and by regular attendance on the services of the sanctuary. It was his constant effort to recommend religion to his family; and while strictly conscientious in the discharge of his every known duty, to prove, by his sympathy with them in all their joys and sorrows, by his unwearied anxiety, in every proper manner to promote their gratification, and by the manifestation of all possible acts of kindness, that it was from regard to his Master's honour, and a desire for the promotion of their own best interests, that he forbade what was wrong, and enjoined upon them required observances.

To the son, whose birth we have already noticed, it pleased God to add, in course of time, three others. One of these died, ere he had completed his second year. In the welfare of the remaining three, Mr. Miller and his excellent wife, (who ever cordially co-operated with him in the service of God,) were deeply interested. And from their earliest years, anxiously and prayerfully, did these devoted parents seek to impress upon the minds of

their children a sense of their obligations to God, their sinfulness, and their need of an interest in the atoning blood of Jesus. They taught them the scriptures, carefully instructed them in the catechisms of the church, seized upon every offered opportunity for exhibiting to them the depravity of their natures, spoke to them frequently of the wondrous love of Christ, set before their view an example of consistent piety; and prayed with and for them; and their prayers were, in the case of each one, speedily answered, and their exertions crowned with desired success. One of their sons died in the 16th year of his age; having, before his removal from this world, given the brightest evidences of vital piety, and leaving his bereaved parents, as they called to mind the holy joy and triumphant faith with which he beheld death's approach, the holy and heart-cheering consolation, that their beloved son was not lost but gone before. The life and death of their oldest son are exhibited to view in another part of this volume. The third still survives, an active member and useful officer in the church of his fathers. Thus was the subject of this memoir permitted, through God's goodness, to enjoy the fruit of his labours; and long ere he was summoned from earth to Heaven, to witness his sons walking in his steps; with the delightful assurance, that when his head should be laid low in the dust, they would occupy his place in seeking to advance the interests of his Redeemer's Kingdom.

CHAPTER III.

Character of his Piety.—Extract from a Letter to his Father.—His Enjoyment of the Assurance of Hope.—Incidents in Illustration.—Remarks on this Assurance.—Means by which he attained it.

Mr. Miller's piety was deep seated, it was the religion of the heart. No record of the early exercises of his soul remains to inform us of the conflicts, and scenes of trial and solicitude, through which he passed, ere he attained the enjoyment of that full assurance of hope with which, during many of the closing years of his life, he was favoured. The few letters of the venerable saint which have been placed in the writer's hands, are of comparatively recent date. From a letter to his father, written in 1794, it is, however, evident that at an early period of his Christian life, he had, under the influences of the Divine Spirit, determined to know that Jesus Christ was in him. "One year has almost passed, and my life is still preserved. Yes, my dear father, when I think, as I often do, how little I live for my gracious God, I feel ashamed and sad that the world should claim and receive so much of my time. I am created for Eternity, and I find it necessary often to meditate upon the existence after death. The Bible teaches us, that "not every one that saith, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven;" and therefore, *I seek*

to obtain an undoubted interest in Christ. Yet my life is as though it were death. How sad, that so many exist in the world as though they had no souls; and since Heaven or Hell must be the termination of each one's course, how miserable must those be, who, in such a matter as this, have no petitions to offer, and live as though there were no God in Heaven. I hope, through God's grace, not thus to conduct my life, but to live entirely for Him." And his hopes were realized; God, of His grace, rendering him sufficient to fulfill the holy desires of his soul.

That, for many of the latter years of his life he habitually enjoyed that peace of God, which passeth all understanding, and without doubt or fear, could say of Jehovah, "my father God," is well known to all, who were favoured with his intimacy. A few instances, in illustration of the fact, may however be profitably afforded. To the writer, he, many years since, said: "When I am visiting at your father's, and friends call in and sit around, I cannot, (on account of his deafness,) understand their conversation, then I glide out of the room, and going to the Battery, seat myself on one of the benches; where hearing nothing of the bustle around me, I meditate on the glorious works of God; and oh, how delightful are these thoughts to my soul!" For a number of years, it was known by himself as well as others, that he was affected with a disease of the heart, which ultimately would be the occasion of his sudden

death. At one time, some eight or ten years prior to his decease, while walking with his wife, he began to ascend some rising ground rather hastily; said his watchful companion, checking his haste: "do you not know that you ought not to walk fast when going up a hill? The Doctor said it might kill you?" "Ah, yes, my dear," was his reply; "yet it makes but little difference to me, whether I go to my Father's house from my own dwelling or from the street. On another occasion, many years before his death, while sitting in the parlour, his eyes became closed, and he seemed as if entirely insensible. His wife observing him, became alarmed, and endeavoured to arouse him, but had to repeat her call several times, ere his thoughts were recalled to the world. When aroused, he said to her, "Oh, my dear, why did you disturb me? My mind was completely absorbed in the subject of redeeming love. How precious and delightful to my soul, were my views of my Saviour! Why, oh, why, did you disturb me?" In a letter to his son, during the prevalence of the Cholera, in 1832, he observes, "many of our citizens are gone from the city, and have shut up their houses and stores. We are perfectly happy and as secure here as any where else. Business in the store, (his son's,) is very dull; the farmers are afraid to come to the city; poor people, they forget the Lord is every where. I attend to my official business as usual, and go wherever I am called; I entertain no apprehension; I know I am in safe keeping. We use

all the precautionary measures, and commit our concerns to the care of Israel's God, who never slumbereth nor sleepeth, in whose hand our breath is, and whose are all our ways. It is for want of faith, and humble trust in Him, that so many are dejected, and give way to that unbelieving fear, which is always running before the Lord.

In his last letter, dated about fourteen days before his death, he thus writes to his son: "as to myself, I am as well as when you left us, excepting the severe attacks of my old complaint, which at times are very severe, and which will, no doubt, terminate in death; *which* I look for without dread, relying on that arm which has supported me, and will not leave me when flesh and heart shall fail. This is my hope, founded on the everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure."

The means, God blessed to Mr. Miller's attainment of such habitual joy and peace in believing, were those, God will bless to the production of the same happy and bliss imparting effect, in the case of all his people, who trust and who obey his word. Spiritual blessings, the rich gifts of God's grace, are to be prized and sought by Christians, in order that they may be enjoyed. A course is marked out for them in God's word, which, if they will follow, will lead to joys unspeakable and full of glory. "O," said God, to his ancient people by his servant Isaiah, "that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments; then had thy peace been as a river." It is the divine command to His people,

"rejoice in the Lord always." And provision, for their fulfillment of the precept, is made. "We desire," says the Apostle to the Hebrews, "that every one of you shew diligence, to the full assurance of hope to the end." "These things," said Christ to his disciples, "have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy may be full." But this fulness of joy is only experienced by those who cherish the mind of the Spirit; who realize the excellence of the precepts, "Set your affections on things above; love not the world, neither the things that are in the world; be careful, (that is, inordinately solicitous,) for nothing, but in every thing, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God," and who, in humble dependence on promised grace, anxiously and habitually strive to be obedient. The world must be kept in its place, in order that the Christian may look at the things which are not seen and eternal, and a sense of the superiority of spiritual over earthly enjoyments be deeply fastened on the mind, that he may count all but loss, that he may win Christ. Duties must be attended to in their time and place; and that done which God requires, and that avoided which he forbids, in confident reliance on his promise, that he will make his grace sufficient, and his strength perfect in weakness, and with that cheerfulness of spirit. which a knowledge of the excellence of his will inspires; while the means of grace are diligently and faithfully used, and progress in holiness

as his duty and privilege, is ever kept before the Christian's view. In a word, religion must be the one business of his life, who would habitually walk in the light of God's countenance. "If a man love me, says Christ, he will keep my word, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him."

Mr. Miller, as has already been observed, soon after his entrance on the Christian life, determined in God's strength to live entirely for him; and, through divine grace, was enabled to carry his resolution into practice. Though exposed to such temptations and allurements as are common to God's people, and compelled to pass through many a painful conflict; his faith, firmly fixed on Him who is Satan's Lord and ruler, gave him the triumphant victory over his adversary. He believed, that with God for him he had nothing to fear; and could say in the spirit and words of the Psalmist, "I will go in the strength of the Lord God, I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only." He knew, both what it is to resist the devil, and to have him vanquished retire from the field, a discomfited, even if not a discouraged foe. The great business of his life, was to know Christ, to be formed in him, the hope of glory. To this his prominent care, all others were rendered subservient; and while his prayer was, "there be many that say, who will shew us any good? Lord lift up thou thy countenance upon me," God heard his prayer, and diffused through his soul a peace

the world cannot afford—for it is the peace of God.

There are some traits in Mr. Miller's character as a Christian, on which we would dwell for a few moments, with the desire of exciting those who are by the Holy Spirit required, "not to be slothful, but followers of those who through faith and patience, inherit the promises," to follow him as he followed Christ; that thus they may imitate him in his usefulness, and resemble him in his joys.

While, wherever he went, he carried his character as a Christian with him, and under the influence of the constraining love of Christ, embraced every opportunity afforded him for glorifying God and promoting his fellow creatures' welfare; he never would permit sin in his neighbour to pass unrebuked. He felt himself as God's servant, called to stand forth in defence of His honour, and would rather incur the risk of a fellow-creature's displeasure, than suffer him, unchecked and unwarned, to go on in sin. But speaking the truth as he did in love, seldom was it that any offence could be taken.

He anxiously and successfully sought to unite fervour of spirit with diligence in business. He saw in Christ's caution to his disciples, "Take heed, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with the cares of this world;" a precept which could be obeyed, and, through grace, was obedient. While conscientiously punctual in all his engagements, and strictly attentive to all the duties of

this life, so methodical was he in the disposition of his time, as ever to leave himself full leisure for attention to the far more important duties of religion. He was in the habit, from his youth, of rising very early in the morning, that thus he might secure sufficient time for the performance of all the duties of the day; especially, that he might, by commencing the day in communion with God, experience the hallowed effects of such communion through all its passing hours. When journeying, it mattered not how early the period set for the stage or steam-boat's departure, it was his invariable practice to rise from his bed at an hour, which would secure him sufficient time for the duties of the closet.

His obedience had respect to all the commands of God. The lesser as well as the greater duties of the Christian, received his most careful attention. He realized, for the perfection of the Christian character, the necessity of obedience to the whole will of God. He did not imagine, that attention to the more important duties required would justify him in the neglect of any minor obligation, either to God or his fellow-men, but remembered Christ's words, "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." Naturally of a quick temper, he successfully sought, in reliance on Divine strength, to govern his own spirit, fearing lest he might bring reproach on the cause of God, by sinning with his tongue. He was tender hearted, easy to be entreated, gentle, courteous and

hospitable. He respected not the person of men, nor honoured the rich more than the poor, but was to all men, kind and obliging, ever ready to perform any act of kindness or good will. He rejoiced with them that rejoiced, and wept with them that wept.

Mr. Miller was eminently liberal. He ever accounted himself but as a steward of God, entrusted with a measure of worldly riches, neither to increase by hoarding, nor to expend in his own gratification; but to use for the glory of God, and the good of others. He devised liberal things, honouring the Lord with his substance, and was rich in good works, ever ready to distribute, willing to communicate. Says Dr. Wyckoff, in his funeral discourse: "He was a man of great benevolence. Giving much alms to the people was but one form of his charity. He did, indeed, care for the physical suffering and want of his fellow-creatures, and many regular pensioners had he on his bounty. The poor, without distinction of sect or denomination found a 'fast friend' in him. Much as he disapproved the doctrine of Romanism, many a poor Romanist has eaten his bread, and felt more respect for Protestantism than before. But he cared more for the souls of men; here his hand was ready to every good work. He was one of the first who projected the Tract operations in this city. He was the early and unchangeable friend of Sabbath Schools. He was among those who organized the 'Northern Missionary Society,' (the

first of the kind in the state,) the object of which was to dispense the gospel to the Indians of this country. Of this society, he was chosen a manager and the treasurer, and continued to fill these offices, until the society merged into the A. B. C. F. Missions. He was also a patron and manager of the Albany Bible Society, and one of its first and warmest friends; and also, an earnest and liberal friend of the Albany Humane Society. He was likewise, deeply enlisted in the German Benevolent Society, and was of eminent service to many of his countrymen, who needed counsel or aid in their settlement in America. To all these benevolent objects, he not only gave much time and service, but frequent and substantial pecuniary proofs of his attachment." Mr. Miller was taught by the Spirit, that it is more blessed to give than to receive—and knew, from his own experience, the luxury of doing good.

Mr. Miller loved the means of grace, for he knew their blessed efficacy; nor was any engagement permitted to interfere with his attention to them. His place in the sanctuary was never vacant, while he continued to enjoy health; even when his hearing had become so much impaired, that he could only understand a part of the things that were spoken, his place was regularly filled. But when, towards the close of his days, his deafness had become so entire, as to prevent his understanding a single word spoken, he remained at home on the Sabbath, (the seasons of the adminis-

tration of the Lord's Supper excepted,) worshipping God in his own house, and after the model of the sanctuary services; at the hour when public worship commenced, he would, in the retirement of his own room, invoke God's presence, read his word, sing, pray, and read some practical and edifying sermon. Occasionally, his family, when returning from public worship, would find him still thus engaged. "Your church," he would then say, "has been dismissed sooner than mine." After his hearing had entirely failed him, Mr. Miller was in the habit of visiting the Alms House, on the Sabbath, praying, conversing with, and reading to the sick and suffering, until the increasing infirmities of his disease rendered it longer impossible for him to endure the fatigue of the necessary walk.

Prayer, all prayer, was his delight. He could, indeed, say, "I give myself to prayer." We have before mentioned, that, for fifty years, he was the leader of the Church Prayer Meeting. Whereever God's people met to offer solemn prayer, there was a Bethel in his esteem, a place where he delighted to be. Few of God's people spend so much time in prayer, as he did daily. He was an example of obedience to the Divine command, "Pray without ceasing." Rising very early in the morning, and long before any other member of his family, he would commence the day with prayer, reading the scriptures, and meditation. Afterwards, when his wife had arisen, he would unite with her in prayer; and then, gathering the family together,

offer the morning sacrifice of supplication and praise. And when the day had closed, again gathering his household around the family altar, he would commend them to the care of Israel's God, seeking for them his favour, which is life; and, after uniting with his wife in a season of devotion, would, in the retirement of his closet, again pour forth his soul before God. Frequently, during the night, when his senses were locked in sleep, would his wife be awakened by his audible prayers. He walked with God as Enoch did, continually enjoying fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ. He honoured God's requirements, and believed his word; and God, in the fulfillment of His gracious promise, caused his peace to flow like a river.

CHAPTER IV.

His Illness, Composure of Mind, and Death.—The Respect paid to his Memory.—Copy of the Inscription on the Tablet erected to his Memory by the Consistory.

On the 21st of November, 1844, he experienced a severe attack of his disease, from which he sufficiently recovered to walk to his son's store, on the 29th. On Saturday, the 30th, he was visited with another attack of this disease, which, on the following Friday, terminated in his death. His sufferings, during his last illness, were extremely severe, though endured patiently, and without murmuring. He knew that the hour of his decease was near, and spoke of it with perfect composure and tranquillity. He conversed with his aged partner on their separation, and while he cheered her soul, as he spake of the rich abundant consolation ministered to him, he reminded her, that the time could not be far distant, when they should be reunited in the praise and service of God, in the Upper Sanctuary. He regretted that the oppression of his disease, and his sufferings of body, prevented him from saying all that he desired for Christ; but to his latest breath was enabled to bear his testimony to His faithfulness and grace. From three o'clock Friday morning, until two of the afternoon, he was in the agonies of death, suf-

fering great distress of body, yet retaining the full possession of his faculties. "His last audible exercise," says his Pastor, "was a prayer for safe transit over the Jordan of death; for a blessing on his Pastor and his labours, and for the prosperity of the Church." At last, his work done, and his patience having had her perfect work, it pleased God to release him from his sufferings, and to receive him to the enjoyment of His perfect bliss.

The intelligence of his death, soon and widely circulated through the city, (of which he had been so long an honoured and respected resident,) produced much sensation. Although he had attained an advanced age, and had long been the subject of a disease, men knew would prove fatal, yet when the blow actually fell, it was felt, that one of the best friends of his fellow-men, one whose influence was constantly and wisely exercised for the good of the community, had fallen, and that it would be long ere his place could be filled. On receiving the intelligence of his decease, the Consistory of the Church, of which he had for so many years been an officer and member, convened, and sent a deputation of their number to his family, with the request that the arrangements for his interment might be entirely given over into their hands, and his funeral take place from the Church. This request, his family, though deeply sensible of the kindness which prompted it, felt it their duty respectfully to decline. And he was buried from his own dwelling on the Sabbath; an immense

concourse of men, of every rank in society, assembling to testify their respect to his memory.

At a joint meeting of the Consistory and Board of Trustees of the Second R. D. Church, held on the day subsequent to his death, it was,

"Resolved, That the members of this Consistory are deeply sensible of the loss the community, and this Church in particular, have sustained, by the death of Christian Miller; that they entertain the highest regard for the memory of the deceased, and for the many virtues and excellencies which adorned his character, as a man and a Christian, during his long and useful life.

"Resolved, That, in testimony of respect for his memory, we will attend the funeral of the deceased in a body, and will wear the usual badge of mourning."

The Directors of the Great Western Turnpike Company, among other resolutions occasioned by his death, adopted the following: "That while we regret his loss as an officer of this Board, we cannot but extend our sympathies, and with the public, deplore the death of a good and upright citizen, with the Church the departure of one of its most sincere and brightest ornaments, and condole with his bereaved family upon their deprivation of a kind and affectionate husband and father."

The Rev. Dr. Wyckoff, on the Sabbath succeeding his interment, delivered a solemn and highly interesting sermon from the peculiarly appropriate text, Acts, x. 1, 2. "Cornelius, a Centurion, a devout

man, and one that feared God with all his house; which gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God always." This sermon, on the request of the Consistory and Trustees, was afterwards committed to the press.

The Consistory have erected, in the Church, a handsome Tablet to his memory, bearing the following inscription:

CHRISTIAN MILLER,
An Old Disciple,
Born at Hanau in Germany, on the 7th of March, 1767,
Died in this City, on the 6th of December, 1844.
A Devout Man,
One that feared God with all his House,
Gave much alms to the people,
And prayed to God always.
For 60 years, a Professor of the Gospel of Christ,
He illustrated his profession, by a life according
to Godliness; and departed in the full assurance
of Faith.
This tablet is erected by the Consistory of
this Church, to perpetuate his memory; as a
testimonial of their gratitude to God for
such an example of the Christian virtues.

CHAPTER V.

The Strength of his Friendships and Affections shewn by Extracts from his Letters.

Having sought to exhibit Mr. Miller's character as a Christian, we shall close the memoir with a few quotations from his letters, illustrative of the strength of his affections and friendship.

Between Mr. Miller and Isaac L. Kip, of New York, there had existed for many years a warm and intimate friendship; a friendship, founded on a similarity of views and feelings both as men and Christians, and cemented by the marriage of both the sons of the one with the daughters of the other. A constant correspondence was kept up between them by letter, and frequent and pleasant visits interchanged. The intelligence of the sudden decease of Mr. Kip, in January, 1837, overwhelmed his old and long tried friend with sorrow, and led him thus to write immediately to the bereaved widow. "This forenoon, about eleven o'clock, a letter was received, announcing the melancholy intelligence of the departure of our respected and beloved friend, your kind and affectionate husband; the news overwhelmed me with grief and sorrow, and I do most affectionately sympathize with you on this truly painful occasion. May you find consolation and strength from Him,

who is the *Widow's* God, to support you under this bereavement; may He put underneath you His everlasting arms. Under his promises, you will find more comfort than this world can give you, strength equal to your day, joy and peace in believing. Our dear friend has gone to his rest; free from all pain and the infirmities he was subject to for some few years, he has entered on that state of blessedness, where nothing shall interrupt the peace of the soul; and where he will join the many redeemed souls, whom he has known on earth, in singing that song "Unto Him that has loved us and has redeemed us by his blood, unto Him be praises for ever and ever." That you may experience the Lord's presence during the remainder of your journey through life, and be prepared for the coming of the Bridegroom, is the prayer of him, who, with you, will feel his loss. As he is, I think, the last of my friends, I expect to follow him soon."

Subsequently to the decease of Mrs. Kip, in 1841, he wrote a letter to one of her children, manifesting, at the same time, the strength of his affection for the mother, and his earnest heartfelt desire for a blessing to succeed the dispensation so painful to the sorrowing daughter. "The loss of such a beloved friend is very severe to dear children, who have enjoyed such long and sweet and intimate intercourse. The loss of a mother is to a daughter, peculiarly trying. Next to a husband are parents, and very few have been so highly favoured as yourself. As you were fully sensible

of the piety of your departed parents, you know how to appreciate their worth. May you become a rich partaker of the blessed inheritance they enjoy. The scriptures inform us what is necessary for this. As I trust, that precious volume is prayerfully perused by you, may the Spirit of God so teach you, as to enable you to make a full surrender of yourself to Him. Daughter give me your heart; the authority of God demands it, and nothing short of it can satisfy the convinced sinner. The mere moralist will patch up a garment of many colours, which is nothing but wood, hay and stubble, and will be burned up. The third chapter of John, gives you the Gospel epitome. Whoever reject this method of God's sovereign way of saving sinners, it had been better for them if they had never been born. The natural unconverted man rejects this way, it humbles his pride; he wants to be saved in his own way, that he may have a claim by way of purchase to a seat in Heaven. Reject this soul ruining doctrine, it is from the soul destroyer of man, the Old Serpent. The Gospel holds forth no such doctrine. Men and many carnal ministers propagate these errors. "Search the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me." None who experience a desire for a comfortable hope of a blissful Eternity, need be discouraged, but may come with freedom to Him who has said, "the bruised reed I will not break, the smoking flax I will not quench." May you find,

by happy experience, the comfort arising from an application to Him, who knows, when afflictions are sent, how to make them work together for good. In the trials undergone in the loss of dear friends, you are not to sorrow as those who have no hope, but to rejoice that they are partakers of unmingled and uninterrupted happiness for ever. I cannot pursue this delightful subject any further; but hope if I am spared to see you, that you will be able to tell me, that the loss of your mother and dear friends has been sanctified to you, and that you intend by the grace of God, to give your heart and hand to His Church."

To two Christian friends from whom God had taken a beloved niece, whom they had adopted as their daughter, he thus wrote: "It is a comforting reflection to a Christian, that his Heavenly Father sends the rod to teach him not to place his affections on things below, but on things above. If afflictions were not sent to them who love the Lord, they would have reason to doubt their sonship. Through this medium, he weans their affections from the world, and affords them richer comforts than those can give who are near and dear to us. I trust you see the hand of the Lord in this dispensation, and humbly reply, "Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord and not evil also?" He does not afflict willingly the children of men, but it is for their profit, and to his glory. May you have grace given you in this trial, to be enabled to say, "not our will but thine be done

And may you experience the sanctifying influences of the blessed Spirit, in this bereavement, to bring you nearer to Him in heavenly spiritual mindedness and communion."

To his grandchildren, Mr. Miller was devotedly attached. Over their interests he watched with parental anxiety, making it his constant desire and effort, to promote their happiness and welfare. When seized with his last illness and enduring severe sufferings, it was observed that whenever a little granddaughter (who from the period of her mother's death, had resided under the same roof,) entered his room, even, though unable to speak, his eye would follow her around the apartment, and a smile of affection light up his countenance. Three of his grandsons were, at the same time, members of the same college. From a letter written to them jointly, we make the following extract, as evincing his warm affection for them, and his earnest desires for their spiritual and temporal interests. "As you are all very dear to us, I cannot address you separately, nor am I sensible that there are any existing causes that call for it. I feel happy that our grandsons are so near and in reach of each other, that as time and opportunity are afforded, they may consult and impart information to one another, as well as spend a pleasant hour to drive away dull care. Hours, however, with students, are a valuable commodity; and as now is your season for improvement, and laying up in store for time to come, I need not urge you

to obtain that valuable gem, knowledge. But, my dear boys, there is one more object of far greater importance. You are candidates for Eternity; and how necessary is it for you to know your state and condition as sinners in the sight of a Holy God. As you are unable of yourselves to merit the favour of an offended God, and nothing short of an interest in the satisfaction of Christ can procure your pardon; what encouragement does the assurance, that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sins, give to the poor helpless sinner, who feels his need of the Balm of Gilead, to come freely to the Physician that is in Israel. No, required conditions are prescribed, it (salvation) is freely bestowed, and it is worthy of your constant application. I trust you know something of its importance; your dear parents and grandparents carry you in prayer to the mercy seat, and they wait in faith to have the promise fulfilled in the Lord's own time: you are very near their hearts, and I dare not believe that the Lord will disappoint their expectations. You have been brought up very tenderly, and we have no reason to complain. You have been obedient; this is from the Lord; and we now feel much for you, being among strangers and among inexperienced youth, you are in danger, by the example of infidel young men, as well as other temptations. Listen not to their syren songs, go not with them. Shun the company of scoffers of religion; associate with those from whom you can learn, and whose

conversation and conduct are worthy of imitation; have few confidants. Be courteous and kind to your fellow students, and respectful to the officers of the College. Behave like gentlemen in the family where you board; and let your whole conduct speak louder than words how you have been educated at home; this will gain you the approbation of all around you, and afford you the pleasing satisfaction, that you have not disappointed the expectations of dear parents and friends. You will, no doubt, follow the advice formerly given you when with your parents. Live in love; promote each other's happiness, and the God of love and peace be with you."

One of his granddaughters, (named after his wife,) had spent a few weeks with him, the summer preceding his death. When, about to return to her own home, she found, laying on her trunk, a letter (enclosing a handsome present,) beautifully exhibiting the tenderness of his love for those nearly related to him. "My dear granddaughter, as you are about to return to your father's house, I wish to express to you the satisfaction we have enjoyed in the visit of yourself and brothers. If we have administered any religious instructions to you or them, we hope it may be sanctified to you all. As it is not probable, at our advanced age, we shall be long on this earth, we wish to leave to our children and children's children the blessed inheritance, not of this world's possessions, but of that which endureth unto everlasting life. We

hope to have an answer to our prayers, (in the conversion of our grandchildren,) it may be before we die. We leave your parents, and you my dear M. in His hands, who was pleased to give grace to your dear grandmother in her younger days. May you prove worthy of her name, who, always since we were married, has evinced the reality of her profession. Any eulogy from me is unnecessary. Her name is recorded in the book of life. May the remainder of our grandchildren, all be rich partakers of that grace which has been so freely imparted to us. And may the prayers of your dear parents be heard and answered. With this I leave you, my dear Mary, a name I love."

It is gratifying to remark, that the strong desires breathed forth in this letter, (written in the 78th year of his age,) for the salvation of his children's children, were, soon after his decease, answered in the hopeful conversion of four of their number. The most of them, who have passed the season of childhood, are now professors of faith in Christ. One of them, just when entering on the work of the Ministry, was, in the wise Providence of God, transferred from earth to Heaven. Another is now actively engaged in the work of the Ministry in the Church of his fathers.

We close this memoir with an extract from a religious paper, published in Albany at the time of his decease. "We have at present but a moment, before putting our paper to press, to express any opinion of the character of the deceased. We

can only say, that he was an eminent Christi an his love of the Church never faltered; a generous philanthropist, the poor never went empty from his door, and often they were sought out and nourished; the best of citizens for he prayed for his country; beloved and revered in all the relations of life; a most affectionate husband, and kind and wise parent; a uniform and active friend. The Church and the community have reason to mourn, for the like of him, like angel visits, are few and far between."

MEMOIR

OF

SARAH SMITH MILLER.

CHAPTER I.

Parentage.—Early Character.—Conversion.—Marriage.—Removal to Albany.—Mutual attachment between herself and her husband's parents.

Sarah Smith Kip, the daughter of Isaac L. Kip and Sarah Smith, was born in the city of New York, on the 28th of December, 1800. It was her privilege to be the child of parents, who, themselves in covenant with God, most anxiously sought the blessings of this covenant for their children. Regarding them as immortal creatures committed to their trust, that they might bring them up for God, not for the world, it was their constant prayerful effort, (under a deep sense of their responsibility,) to train them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. While under the influence of the most tender affection, they ever sought, in all proper ways, to minister to their gratification, and bestowed the utmost care on their instruc-

tion in all useful knowledge; their desires and anxieties had especial reference to their salvation. With Abraham, their prayer was, "Oh, that they might live before Thee." Under such parental influence, the subject of this memoir was, through the Divine blessing, brought, in early life, to the knowledge of Christ. From childhood, she had manifested a peculiar tenderness of conscience towards God and man, which while it led her to constant and implicit obedience to parental authority, and to the manifestation of the strictest reverence for truth, and of regard for integrity in all her intercourse with her juvenile associates, also led her to fear offending God, and rendered her habitually attentive to all the means of grace, public and private, she had been taught to prize. A single instance, occurring in very early life, will serve to exhibit the spirit of reverence for parental authority she ever manifested. Her mother, leaving her for a time, with others of her children, enjoined upon them a certain course of conduct. After a short period, the others, in the thoughtlessness of childhood, forgetful of the injunction given them, began to indulge in a manner, which, though pleasing to themselves, was in direct disobedience to their mother's commands. She looked upon them as they were engaged in their amusements, with a strong desire to participate; but as she afterwards said, she did not dare to transgress her mother's precepts. It was not the fear of punishment that restrained her, but a

sense of her duty in all things to be obedient to parental authority. It is indeed doubtful, whether from early childhood she ever wilfully disobeyed her parents' commands. Her tenderness of conscience, while it inspired the deepest filial reverence, also rendered her anxious to fulfill all incumbent duties, and in all her intercourse with others, to avoid whatever she knew to be wrong. No inducement could prevail with her to violate the law of truth. On her word firm reliance could always be placed. At school, such was her diligent attention to her studies, so great her care to avoid any violation of the rules imposed, and so respectful was her regard for her instructers, as invariably to secure for her the esteem and affection of those under whose care she was placed. From early life, she was conscientiously attentive to the reading of the scriptures, private prayer, and the services of the sanctuary; ever manifesting the most profound reverence for holy things. While from childhood, her mind was often and seriously exercised about eternal things; it is without doubt the case, that at a very early period in her history, that good work of grace was begun, the effects of which in after life were so clearly exhibited.

In the 20th year of her age, after a long continued and faithful examination of the evidences of her piety, she connected herself, on a profession of her faith, with the Collegiate Reformed Dutch Church, in the city of New York. During the

brief period of her union with this Church, she was actively engaged in the Sabbath School, and sought, as far as opportunities were afforded her, to promote the glory of her God and Saviour. This connection was, however, soon terminated, by her marriage, in May, 1821, with Mr. William C. Miller of Albany, to which city she immediately removed, transferring her relation to the Second R. D. Church, then under the pastoral care of the beloved and lamented Dr. John De Witt.

The first few years of her married life were spent under the roof of her husband's venerable parents; by whom she was, on her marriage, welcomed as a daughter, and ever regarded with the most sincere affection. Having no daughter, (their only children being the Rev. John E. Miller, and the husband of the subject of this memoir,) the arrangement, which secured the residence of their son and his wife, under their roof, was exceedingly agreeable to them. This arrangement continued, in uninterrupted harmony, until the increase of their family led Mr. and Mrs. Miller to desire a separate habitation, as affording them increased opportunities for promoting the welfare of their children. Yet the venerable parents and their children were never far separated, the proximity of their dwellings enabling them to indulge in daily intercourse. The affection cherished and evinced for her, by her husband's parents, was fully reciprocated by Mrs. Miller. She regarded them with reverence, and taught her children to

revere them. In all things she sought to please them, ever successfully striving to fulfill a daughter's part. No difference could be observed in her treatment of them and her own parents. She honoured them, and enjoyed God's promised blessing. And, when it pleased God to remove her from them by death; though they sorrowed not as without hope, they wept and were in bitterness of spirit, even as one that mourneth for a first born. Said an intimate friend, in a letter written to the relatives of Mrs. Miller, immediately after her interment, "Old Father Miller shows most outward suffering, and the dear old lady seems to feel more for his sorrow, than for that of those whose youth gives them fortitude to bear the stroke." During the interval between her decease and interment, he remained in his son's house; and, often through the day, would kiss the clay cold lips of his dear daughter, as he delighted to call her. In a letter written to Mrs. Miller's mother, about three weeks after her decease, he thus expresses his sorrow. "Since the spirit of our dear Sarah has departed, my mind has scarcely been composed to write you on this affecting occasion. I believe she is mingling her songs of redeeming love, in sweet harmony, with dear departed friends, and an innumerable throng around the throne of God and the Lamb. She gave evidence in life, that she belonged to the followers of the dear Redeemer; and as she lived the life of the righteous, so she died their death, in peace and serenity of mind. If I pos-

sessed the ability, a volume might be written on her worth and character; nor do I know, that the strength of language could give a better outline of her, whom we all loved, than the inspired record, she 'being dead yet speaketh.' I cannot give utterance to my feelings, and have often to suppress, before my wife and children, the emotions of my agitated bosom. But why mourn that she is gone a little while before us? My dear wife is much supported, and tries all she can to compose my mind." To have awakened such affection in the minds of those with whom she was not connected by the ties of nature, it is evident, that she must have fulfilled all the duties devolving upon her, in the relations into which her marriage brought her.

CHAPTER II.

Birth of her Children.—Home the especial, though not exclusive, field of her labours as a Christian.—Her Piety founded on intelligent views of the method of Grace.—Her growth in Grace anxiously and successfully sought.—Means through which attained.

In 1823, God was pleased to make her the joyful mother of a son. Six other children were, at subsequent times, added to her family, two of whom were removed by death, in the summer of 1833, within the space of three weeks. The responsibilities, in which the maternal relation involved her, were ever and most deeply felt, and led her, under a sense of her own impotence, to the throne of grace, to seek assistance in the fulfillment of her solemn covenant engagements, to bring her children up for God. But of her character as a mother, we shall hereafter speak.

Mrs. Miller was naturally modest and retiring, reserved when among strangers, and ever disposed to speak but little of herself. Intimacy with her was necessary, to render any one acquainted with her real worth. She habitually felt more than she said, and acted, where others, with more pretensions would have talked loudly. While from her first connection with the Church, she cheerfully and cordially co-operated, to the extent of her power, in every effort to promote God's glory, and

the best interests of her fellow-men; with enlightened views of duty, she saw that home was the especial field of her proper labour. A growing family required her chief care. She saw the necessity of seizing upon the infant mind, and sowing in it the seeds of truth, and lodging in it those impressions which can never be effaced. And to her family she devoted herself. It was in her own house, that her character was exhibited in all its fulness of beauty, and that she shone as the Christian wife and mother. "Her children arise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her." Yet could her Pastor, in a tribute to her memory, say, (when speaking of her, as one of the little band of nineteen, who left the Second, for the purpose of organizing a Third R. Dutch Church) "into this new enterprise Mrs. Miller entered cordially and fully, and by her active and zealous co-operation in the promotion of all its interests, temporal as well as spiritual, (until prevented by her last illness,) she shewed, that her zeal in this behalf was not abated."

In her life there was but little incident. Having as much of this world's riches as she desired; ever surrounded by those who most tenderly loved her, and anxiously sought to minister to her gratification; and but very seldom called to mourn over the loss of those near and dear to her; her life was passed in an almost uninterrupted enjoyment of temporal mercies, enabling her to adopt the language of the Psalmist, "Blessed be the

Lord who daily loadeth me with benefits, even the God of my salvation."

Although it is probable that, from an early period in her religious life, Mrs. Miller kept some record of the exercises of her soul; the only one found after her decease commences about ten years before her death, and is principally, though not exclusively, devoted to the exercises of her mind on sacramental occasions. A second book, of earlier date, is filled with texts of scripture and verses of hymns, such as she felt to be appropriate to herself at the various times when penned. From these and her letters to some dear friends, we shall, in the progress of this narrative, draw matter, tending to show what manner of spirit she was of.

Mrs. Miller's piety was deep seated, founded on intelligent views of the method of grace. When she became a Christian, she knew what and why she believed. God enlightened her mind to discern her sinfulness and utter helplessness, and the excellence of the plan of salvation, when He shone in her heart to give her the light of the knowledge of His glory in the face of Jesus Christ. Then, with the Apostle, she learned to count all things but loss for the excellence of the knowledge of Christ. She not only knew that she was a sinner, but felt herself to be justly condemned by the law she had broken. She realized the utter impossibility of justification by any works of the flesh, and was shut up to the obedience of faith.

She saw with wondering eyes, and melting heart, the magnitude of God's love towards a lost world, the riches of His grace in the gift of His dear Son, and learned how God can be just, and the justified of him who believeth in Jesus. She heard the voice of God, addressing her through His word, "I have laid help on one who is mighty;" and with faith, itself the gift of God, was enabled confidently to commit herself for salvation from sin and wrath to Him, who is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God through Him. She clearly understood, and most heartily received the doctrines of grace, as revealed through the holy scriptures, which, it might be said of her, as of Timothy, from a child she had known; and which, after her conversion, became the subject of her most unwearied study. When, in the exercise of faith, she had committed herself to Christ, she, to the end of her life, clave to him with full purpose of heart. Her choice of Christ, as her Saviour, was deliberate, and it was never regretted. But her constant language was, "Blessed be the God and Father of my Lord Jesus Christ, which, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten me again to a lively hope, through the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." Her religion, springing, not from excitement, but from the work of the Spirit in her soul, through enlightened views of her duty, and her interest exerted, even to the end of her life, its influence on her heart and practice. She walked with God; here-

in exercising herself to have a conscience void of offence both towards God and man. Her religion was not of a fitful character, dependent on sudden impulses or excited feelings, at one time filling her soul with joy and rendering her all devotedness to God's service, and at another suffering her heart to be so overcharged with worldly cares, and her life to be so brought under their influence, as to give occasion to the world to inquire, "What do you more than others?" but it was uniform, exercising its daily proper influence upon her. It was the source of her joys, the regulator of her life. Though she was not perfect, yet her life was a written epistle, in which all who knew her read the power of divine grace. None could ever justly charge her with the least inconsistency. She lived as in the presence of God, habitually realizing that His eye was on her.

Her constant growth in grace was anxiously, and diligently, and properly sought by Mrs. Miller. She knew the danger of self-deception, and was not ignorant of the devices of Satan. Believing the scriptural description of Christians, that they go from strength to strength, advancing by progressive steps from infancy unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ, to be literal; regarding the precept, "grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ," as imperative, and obedience as a necessary test of discipleship; while, at the same time, she ever felt the drawings of a Saviour's love, and with confidence

relied on his promise, to perfect that which concerned her; she gave all diligence to make her calling sure. Taught, by her own past experience, that the Lord meeteth them that remember him in his ways; enabled to say, "I know that God is a prayer answering God, because he has often answered me, and directed events, and given his blessing just according to my prayers;" sensible of the blessed effects of the scriptures, in perfecting her holiness; a witness to God's truth, "that He sendeth strength out of Zion," and a partaker of those blessed consolations, Christ imparts to His people when, in the exercise of faith, they draw near the sacramental board; she could say, to the end of her life, that her soul followed hard after God, in the ordinances of His appointment. Prayer was her delight. Her closet was to her a Bethel, to which, with holy joy, she was wont frequently to retire to converse with her God; a consecrated place, of which she could say, "never less alone, than when alone." Her stated hours of devotion were considered sacred time, nor were other cares, save when unavoidable, permitted to trespass on this time. She knew that prayer is the Christian's vital breath, and while aware of the importance of the duty, regarded her freedom of access to God through Christ, as her highest privilege; rejoicing in frequent evidence afforded her, that the Lord had heard her, and had attended to the voice of her supplications. The secret of her spiritual enjoyments, of her unwearied

efforts in her sphere to glorify Christ, and of her success is found in her prayerfulness.

She delighted in God's holy word, and, with the devout Psalmist, could sincerely say, "O! how love I thy law." It was her constant practice, to spend one hour every morning, in the prayerful and diligent study of the scriptures. By this practice, not only did she obtain great familiarity with the word of God, but, under its sanctifying influences, as she increased in knowledge, also grew in likeness to Christ. Her memory was so well stored with the rich treasures of the sacred volume, that in her seasons of sickness, while lying upon her couch, she could recall to mind chapter after chapter of holy writ, meditating, with intense delight, upon the mind of the Spirit as revealed.

The ordinances of God's house were highly prized by her. She knew their loveliness; nor ever, save when the hand of God was upon her, and she was shut up, so that she could not go into the house of the Lord, was her place in the sanctuary vacant. With David, she could say, "A day in thy courts is better than a thousand." Feeling, as she did, a sense of God's loving kindness preferable above all the joys that could be afforded, and finding her happiness, in communion with her Saviour, she diligently and gratefully sought, through the means God graciously gave her, that growth in holiness they are designed to effect; ever anxiously avoiding whatever might prove an impediment to her increase in piety, and hastening, without delay, to

do the Lord's will as made known to her. And God, who is the rewarder of all them that diligently seek him, withheld not, from her, his blessing. The influences of the promised Spirit were largely granted her, while the peace of God kept her heart and mind through Christ Jesus. Though she, at times, was forced to contend with doubts and fears, and anxieties; it was her happiness, especially in the closing years of her life, to walk in the bright sunshine of God's countenance. She was, indeed, deeply sensible of her infirmities and short comings; yet she felt assured, that her hope was stayed on the Rock of Ages; and could say, with cheerful confidence, of Christ, "Who, of God, is made unto me, wisdom, righteousness and sanctification." "Them that honour Me" says God "I will honour." "Thou" says the Prophet, "wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." To the truth of these promises, the subject of this memoir could, from her own experience, testify.

CHAPTER III.

Her interest in the various benevolent operations of the day, and in the Church, with which she was connected.—Her zeal for the salvation of her unconverted friends, illustrated by extracts from her Letters.—Her confidence in God, and resignation to His will.

HEARTILY anxious, as Mrs. Miller was, for the promotion of her Saviour's glory, she cherished a deep-seated and growing interest in the various benevolent institutions of the day. The Bible and Missionary Societies, with all kindred associations, lay near her heart; and, while she felt it a privilege to pray for their success, she deemed it an honour to be permitted, through her contributions, to co-operate with God in the world's conversion. Her prayers and her alms went up together for a memorial before God. And, at a very early period of their lives, did she, by teaching them the wretchedness and sufferings of those destitute of the gospel, seek also to enlist the sympathies of her children for those who were perishing for lack of vision, striving to persuade them, not only to give, but to give cheerfully, from their little treasures, for the relief of those, whose circumstances were so different from their own.

For the Church, with which she was connected, she prayed, and, (so far as the cares of a growing family would allow,) laboured, seeking its tempo-

ral and especially its spiritual prosperity. It was dear to her heart. The conversion of souls to God, that which awakens rapturous joy in heaven, ever produced a like effect upon her soul, and was the subject of her continued importunate wrestlings with God. She felt it to be both a duty and privilege continually to commend to God, in prayer, her beloved and honoured Pastor; seeking, for him, the guiding, comforting, and upholding influences of God's Spirit. And who can tell the effects of such prayers? God often answers petitions for individuals, when they know not that others have prayed for them. How often, in answer to the prayers of some humble and noiseless Christian, the drooping spirits of the minister of Christ are revived, and the cloud of sorrow and of gloom, that was settling on his breast, is dissipated, and the sad lament, in which he has been indulging, "Who hath believed our report?" is exchanged for joy, as one and another are brought into God's kingdom, the fruit of his labours, will never be known, until the day when the secrets of time shall be disclosed. God distributes gifts to His people, as it seems good to him. Let each, as he would be approved of God, and be useful, employ these gifts and leave results with His Maker.

Possessed of strong natural affections, and most fondly attached to her near relatives. Mrs. Miller could indeed say, respecting those of whose conversion to God she had no hope, that she travailed in birth for their salvation. Writing to one, she

says, "And now I wish to speak on an interesting subject. Your letter, especially one part, afforded me satisfaction; although you appear discouraged, and feel that your mind is darkened. This is the condition all naturally are in; but it is not given to all to see their blindness. He, who has given you to see your darkness, alone can illumine. Do you desire to have your mind enlightened? I think I can hear you reply, I certainly do. Then "*ask and you shall receive,*" there are no peradventures in the case. The Eternal God has said it. Ask *sincerely, fervently, and perseveringly,* and you will be heard. I do not say, that you will be immediately heard, but determine to persevere. None ever sought in vain. Seek in prayer, no matter how broken your petitions. Remember, the Spirit is promised to lead us into all truth. Make the word of God your study. It is not enough to read it; meditate upon it, pray over it, pray that God would enlighten your understanding when you peruse it. It is the word of the living God, and if he blesses it to you, you will discern beauty in it. Above all do not be discouraged; do not, I entreat you, grow indifferent, for there is no other way, in which you can be saved, than the name of Jesus." In another letter she says, "None of these things (referring to worldly enjoyments,) can afford true comfort. There is nothing, but an interest in Christ, can give solid peace. O, that you possessed that interest. I was very much shocked with a death that occurred last

week. Mrs. T. young, handsome and interesting, was taken, on Saturday night, with inflammation of the bowels, and died on Monday. But short as was the summons, she expressed her willingness to depart, (although she had every thing to attach her to life.) There was little time then for preparation, she was in great distress of body. Ah! *had it been you*, would you not have been alarmed and terrified? O, then, put not off the solemn work any longer. I think sometimes, you will be weary of the style of my letters, and perhaps think they are calculated to depress your spirits; but you must think of these things sometime or other, and O! lay them to heart now, when they may prove the means of bringing peace to your soul. I feel deeply interested for you, and, of course, feel anxious for your eternal welfare." In another letter she writes, "Since I left you, I have again been privileged to commemorate the Saviour's dying love. It was a delightful season to me, and while my soul was fed I remembered you. You and my children lie near my heart. How much I feel for your eternal welfare, I cannot tell. There is *peace and joy* in believing. O be more in earnest, let religion be your chief concern, not a secondary consideration." Writing to a most fondly loved relative, whose only daughter had been very suddenly and unexpectedly removed by death, she says, "I thank your husband for writing to me in the midst of his deep affliction. To tell you, that I feel for you both, would be useless; my heart

aches for you; but He who wounded can alone heal. The shock to me was great. I know that you must feel that words are unavailing; they cannot restore your darling to you. But still, it is a satisfaction to us to have our friends weep with us, when we weep. Your dear M. was a lovely child. When I saw her last, I could not help viewing her with pleasure, but she is more lovely now.

> "O, could your weeping eyes behold her rise
> Soaring aloft, through yonder brilliant skies;
> Fond as you are, you would not wish to rob
> The new formed angel, of her crown and God."

Think of the dangers she has escaped; how many troubles she has been spared; she will never sorrow or mourn, but is forever at rest in the arms of Jesus. I assure you, such reflections as these were very consoling to my husband and myself, when it pleased the Lord to remove our little boys. We felt, that those who had gone were more to be envied, than those who were left. Your dear M. is perfectly happy. What more could you desire for her? You will never know cares and anxieties for her; she is at rest, with the others of our dear children who are gone, praising the Lord, that their troubles were ended almost as soon as begun. But as respects yourself, I wish to say a few words. God does not willingly afflict, nor grieve the children of men. He has some wise end in view. As it respects your child, it is well, O that

it may be well with you both also; remember, afflictions never leave us as they find us, they always soften or harden the heart. I pray, that this affliction may be the means of leading you both to God; then you will have cause to rejoice in this trouble now and hereafter."

Every opportunity offered her, for pressing on the attention of her unconverted friends the all important matter of their souls' salvation, was most eagerly and anxiously improved. Out of the abundance of her heart, her mouth spake. She felt deeply concerned for their welfare, and love for Christ, and love for their souls constrained her to use all fidelity in effort, to bring them to Jesus. She had no greater joy, than to behold her friends walking in the truth.

Mrs. Miller's piety was eminently characterized by filial confidence in God, producing humble submission to His will. She believed His promises, and trusted in His love. She knew Him to be too wise to err, too gracious to inflict any unnecessary sorrows; and persuaded that all things would work together for her good, could leave herself and all her interests, calmly and contentedly, in the keeping of her covenant God. As a mother, and a daughter, she loved with an intense affection. Yet, when God laid his hand upon her children, and her revered father, (who entered into the joys of the Lord, but a few months previously to her decease,) her language, although her heart was filled with grief, was, "It is the Lord, His will be done."

On the 31st of May, 1833, she was called, very suddenly, to part with a fine, sprightly son, of nearly four years of age, who, at noon, played with the babe, and by six the next morning was a corpse. On the 20th of June, her youngest child, a son, of about eight months, followed his brother to the grave. In the interval that occurred, and two days before the decease of the youngest, she wrote a letter to a relative, from which we extract a few sentences. "I can scarcely realize that my dear little Leonard is gone. Although the thought, that we shall never in this world see him, is distressing to my dear husband as well as me; yet I trust, we are entirely reconciled to God's dealings with us, in removing our child; and sometimes we can rejoice to think that our dear child now triumphs with the glorious host of Heaven. I trust and believe, my dear boy is now in the arms of Jesus, and this more than reconciles me, it is joyful to reflect upon it; so early at rest. I believe, as it respects us, the afflictive dispensation is in love. But my dear B. the loss of our dear little Leonard is not our only sorrow. My dear little De Witt has been, as you have heard, very ill. He has appeared, for some days past, to be mending, but this morning he is again very ill. Whether he will recover or not, is known only to Him, who is above; my heart aches to see him suffer. I feel hardly able to write."

A few days subsequently to the decease of the youngest, she thus writes to one very dear to her heart. "It affords me a melancholy pleasure to speak of my dear departed boys. It is not *nature* but *grace*, that can alone bind up our bleeding hearts. O, my dear S. when nature alone sustains me, I feel as if my heart would break, to think my precious little boys are lying side by side in the burying ground; but, through sovereign grace, I am permitted, by faith, to view them glorified spirits around the throne. You cannot imagine, how lonely I feel. When the children go to school, I sit entirely alone, and of course think much of them; not always dull, sometimes pleasing are my reflections. On the one hand I rejoice to think that they are safely landed, before they have known what trial was. On the other hand, I deeply feel my loss. My dear little Leonard was a very wild, sprightly child, full of noise and mirth. And my precious little De Witt, I can hardly suffer myself to speak of him, was inexpressibly dear to us, so pleasant in all his ways. I fear he was too dear to us. Yes, they are both gone. Never in this world shall I see them again, but I trust we shall meet in a better. I believe most firmly, that our Heavenly Father has sent these afflictions in love; in love to our beloved boys, in taking them to Himself; in love to us, to draw us nearer to Himself; and we feel reconciled to His will, and never have we wished either of them back." In her diary, dated July 1st, is the

following entry. "Again, Lord hast thou chastised us, and taken our dear little babe from us. But what shall we say? To part with two dear children, in three weeks, is trying to nature; but we rejoice that grace can overcome nature. We would not murmur, we believe

"It is well with our children, washed white at the fountain,
Presented unblameably pure at the throne."

And we trust it will be well with us, for Thou hast given us both an earnest desire, that these afflictions may be sanctified to our souls. O, hear our prayer; make us more heavenly, more holy, more humble, more self-denied, more like our blessed Saviour. Have mercy upon our remaining children. May we meet, at last, an unbroken family in Heaven."

In the verse book, (to which we have referred,) the following entry, made about this time, is found. "Now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." 2 *Sam.* XII. 23.

"Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will,
Tumultuous passions all be still,
Nor let a murmuring thought arise,
His Providence and ways are wise."

The sudden decease of her father, in January, 1837, overwhelmed her with grief. Her affection for him had ever been of the most tender character, her veneration deeply marked. "Is," said she, in a letter written to one of the family, soon

after the painful intelligence had reached her; "Is our dear father gone? Shall we never see his face again? I feel overwhelmed with the reflection. O, what a loss he is to us all. How affectionate he always was to us, how pleased to have his children around him. I feel very much dispirited, and think, if I could have been with you, to have seen the last of my dear father, and to mingle my sorrows with the rest of you, it would be a consolation to me. Oh, you know not the anguish, the thought of our dear mother's widowhood costs me. How much I think of her, and pray, that the Lord would make up her earthly loss, by Heavenly joys." In her diary, under date of February 5th, she thus refers to this mournful event. "O Lord, Thou hast visited us, and taken our dear father to thyself. How painful to us is the breach Thou hast made. Our kind, affectionate father, we shall see no more on earth; but we trust our loss is his eternal gain, that, while we mourn, he is rejoicing. Keep us from murmuring. May we be entirely submissive, and say, from the heart, 'Thy Will be done.' Comfort and console my dear mother; be as Thou hast promised, 'the God of the Widow.' May it be a solemn warning to us all, that life is uncertain; and may this afflictive dispensation be sanctified to every member of the family." To her bereaved mother, she thus wrote, under date of January 27th. "My beloved mother, how shall I address you? What shall I say to you? God has visited you and us all.

Oh, how painful is the stroke. I cannot realize the fact. My dear father gone. But, though deeply trying to your children, I feel, my beloved mother, that you are far the greatest sufferer. None upon earth can supply your loss; but the Eternal God can, and I trust will, for He has promised to be the God of the widow. I rejoice to hear that you are supported. It is my earnest prayer, that God would put underneath you his everlasting arms, and sustain you. My dear mother, you are hardly out of my thoughts, my heart aches for you. O, if I could but be with you, to mingle my tears with yours, to converse together, to pour out our hearts together before God, it would be a consolation; but that privilege is denied me, and deeply I feel it. But, while we mourn, he, (whom we lament,) we believe, is rejoicing with joy unspeakable.

> "For now he sees, and hears, and knows,
> All he desired or wished below:
> And every power finds sweet employ,
> In that Eternal world of joy."

Yes, my beloved mother, could you see his happiness, you would not wish him back. L. mentioned, that on the very evening preceding his death, he was led to speak of the exercises of his mind, while suffering during the night season from the pains attendant on his disease; that amid his sufferings, his thoughts of God were so precious to his soul. How consoling this to us.

It was as his dying testimony. Be comforted then, my dear mother, I trust you will meet again in peace. My heart is sad and heavy, it is difficult for me to write. May the Lord bless you, and strengthen you for every duty." With her accustomed eagerness, to seek to improve every event to the glory of God, in the good of those she loved, writing to one, who participated with her in all the soreness of this affliction; after speaking of the anguish the dispensation had occasioned her, she asks, "What improvement have we made of this solemn dispensation?" Afflictions do not pass by without producing some effect. You have lately been much afflicted. Ask your heart, have these sore trials been sanctified to me? Say my dear S. had you been called, as he, we mourn, was, would you have been ready? Pause, and reflect. Remember, one hour's delay may prove fatal. For you and my children, I feel exceedingly anxious. O, be in earnest, cast aside every impediment, and go to the Saviour, and say "Lord save or I perish."

CHAPTER IV.

Her anxieties for the welfare of her Children.—Scripture, the source, whence she drew her rules of family government.—Her religous instructions when commenced, and their nature.—Particulars as to her mode of government.—Last entry in her Diary, a prayer for her children.—Results of parental fidelity.

We have spoken of Mrs. Miller, in a former part of this memoir, as one, who felt that her family had an especial claim on her time and attention; and who devoted her energies to their welfare. To bring up her children for God, and by impressing on their minds the principles of His Holy Word, to fit them for usefulness in this life, and render them a blessing to their fellow-men, was the end she kept in view from the very commencement of their existence. While she loved them with the most ardent affection, she knew, that by nature, they were depraved and sinful, prone to all evil; and felt assurred that nothing but the religion of Christ, experienced in its power, could restrain them from evil, or afford their parents any sure expectation of even their present continuance in well doing. Ever bearing in mind, that they were immortal and responsible creatures, hastening to the judgemnt seeat of Christ, and feeling, as every truly Christian parent must, that all things this world affords are insignificant, when compared with preparation for being found of God

in peace, without spot and faultless; her great (and to themselves, evident) desire, was, to behold them reconciled to God. Herself a prayerful and diligent student of God's Word, on whose mind its blessed truths had exerted a saving and sanctifying power, she found in it all needed precepts for the wise and proper regulation of her family. "No where," observed her Pastor, in a sketch of her character, published soon after her death, "no where did Mrs. Miller more excel, than in the judicious management of her children. As a mother, she had few equals. She seemed to take possession of the young mind at the first dawn of its intelligence, and to hold over it a complete control. Her influence was not confined to the nursery, nor was it maintained by her personal presence or authority. Wherever her children where, it was remarked by all, that the propriety of their conduct and the correctness of their principles bore testimony to the thorough and judicious instructions they received at home." One of her sons has furnished the writer with some remembrances of his mother's mode of government; from which we shall freely draw matter in seeking to illustrate the character of her maternal discipline, and to exhibit the secret of her success. Her daily example of consistent piety, both prepared her children to receive and profit by her instructions, and submit themselves obediently to her will. They saw, in her love of God's word, in her holy delight in prayer, in her strict conscientiousness and her

marked efforts in all things to make the scriptures her guide and rule, the power of religion; and from their earliest years, learned to respect and revere holy things. While at the same time, as her son observes, "We felt that her holiness gave such an authority and purity to her commands, that doubt and disobedience on our part were out of the question. We felt that so pious a mother had peculiar claims on our serious attention."

Her religious instruction of her children was commenced, as soon as they were able to understand the meaning of simple words, and to comprehend the force of the most simple illustrations. A catechism in rhyme, easily learned and easily remembered, was taught them line by line, and often repeated, with such explanations as even a child of two years of age could understand. To this succeeded Brown's, which she carefully sought to impress deeply on their memories; while the simple, yet comprehensive and instructive answers given to the questions proposed afforded her most desirable and carefully improved opportunities, for unfolding to their view the truths of God concerning their eternal welfare. She seized upon their minds while young, and sought (and successfully,) then to implant those right principles, from which future temptations would not be sufficient to draw them aside. Says her son "My strongest impressions of her represent her to my mind, as sedulously using every means to teach us, (though hardly capable of understanding them,) the funda-

mental truths of the Bible. In plain and simple language, by illustrations readily apprehended by a child's intellect, she would open to us the mysterious plan of redemption, and tell us how an offended God could, through the righteousness of Christ, forgive his rebellious subjects, and by his Holy Spirit purge them from an evil conscience. I think, I may say of all of us what I am free to say of myself, that I never remember to have been compelled to study the plan of salvation; it seems as if I had always known it. And although subsequent study and the Spirits influences have removed some misconceptions, and rendered some of the more obscure parts more intelligible, the general outline needed no alteration." In the instruction of her children, one of the truths she constantly, and from their earliest years, sought to impress on their minds, was that the eye of God was ever upon them; that every sin they committed, and every duty they violated, every improper word they spoke or evil passion they indulged, God knew; and for these things would bring them into judgment. "Closely connected with this truth," says her son, "was another, that God was as much displeased with disobedience to a parent's commands, when the parent was absent as when present. In either case, we were taught, that we sinned against our Heavenly Father, by neglecting the commands of our earthly parents; and thus, obedience being established on the Divine command, we felt at all

times under obligations to obey, because God witnessed our actions although our parents might not. This she would frequently recall to our minds when she expected to be absent from us; and the truth often restrained from disobedience, when a temptation solicited the heart to evil. And this feeling of the constant presence of God had its influence on other duties; and our mother employed it as a means to restrain us from other sins, than that of disobedience.

"When," continues her son, "we were old enough, to relinquish the usual forms of children's prayers, she questioned us concerning the subjects of our petitions, to ascertain whether we might not pray amiss. She also required us, every week, to commit the whole or a portion of a hymn, some questions in the catechism, and some verses of scripture; and so particular was she in insisting upon this, that on every Saturday morning the task must be committed before we were permitted to engage in our usual sports. On Sabbath afternoon, after service, these were recited to our father, and we were expected to give some account of the sermons we had listened to during the day.

As an illustration of her constant zeal in impressing religious things on us, I may observe, that often when alone with her, she would ask us to repeat some texts of scripture, or some scripture narrative, or would propose some questions which needed certain texts of the Bible as answers.

But on the Sabbath she seemed peculiarly interested in our religious instruction. Besides the exercises above mentioned, she used to converse with us, individually, on the state of our souls, read to us, and always close her remarks by taking us into an adjoining room; and then on her knees, with us bowing around her, would she implore her Father in Heaven, to deepen the faint impressions she might have produced in our sinful hearts, and to make us early the children of God."

Mrs. Miller diligently and anxiously sought to inspire her children with a strict regard for truth; labouring to impress on their minds a sense of its excellence, and of the baseness and meanness, as well as sinfulness of its opposite falsehood. She stored their minds, from their earliest years, with those passages of scripture which teach God's abhorrence of the liar, and ever kept before their view the awful threatening, that "all liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone." Equivocation, on the part of her children, considered but as a lie in another form, was as much discouraged, and as certainly punished as actual falsehood; while she carefully sought to guard them against all exaggerations, as tending, in their very nature, to weaken the foundation of their love for truth, and as often leading those who indulge in them, (even if not intentionally,) to represent matters contrary to fact.

In her intercourse with her children, there was not the least manifestation of favouritism. All were subject to the same rules, and alike rewarded or punished, according to their behaviour. If she loved one of her children more than another, no one even suspected it. Her children, and they would have been the first to detect partiality had it been shown, knew that they equally shared in their mother's affections, anxieties, and cares; and thus, were they preserved from all jealousy of each other, and those envious feelings which beget ill will and destroy affection. In connection with this remark, we may observe that she utterly discouraged all talebearing. If one of her children had been guilty of some gross misconduct, which might prove of evil consequences to himself to leave uncorrected, or which it would have been wrong on any account whatever to keep concealed; then she required those, who were cognizant of the offence, to make it known to her. But she never would allow her children to be running to her, with tales of those little faults of which childhood is constantly guilty. Nor would she permit one to be a spy on the actions of others. She knew the evil a tale-bearing habit exercises on the one who indulges it, and in view of the meanness of spirit it begets, as well as the dislike it awakens in the minds of others towards the one who practises it, she ever manifested, before her children, her perfect detestation of it in every form.

In her government of her children, the prompt obedience she ever required is thus described by her son. "As she understood the thoughtlessness of childhood, and knew that many a trivial error is committed without a wicked intention, but only through the restlessness of youth; she was not continually rendering obedience irksome, by imposing an endless number of little duties or discouraging us by unceasing fault-finding. For real offences she reproved, for such committed wilfully she punished, and sought by giving us the principle of love, on which obedience is firmly established, to secure our compliance with her commands in small as well as in great things. But while she suffered some unimportant derilictions of duty to pass unnoticed, she required implicit obedience in important things, taught us, that a parent's wisdom is not to be called in question by a child; and that the essence and virtue of obedience consisted, not so much in the outward compliance, as in the free and cheerful alacrity of the heart. Promptness and cheerfulness in obedience, not sullen discontent or peevish remonstrance, were the consequence. As far as might be consistent, our wishes were consulted; but these, we were taught, must not be suffered to interfere with our own or our parents' duty. Hence, when the command was given, continued remonstrance with the child's waywardness was unnecessary. When our mother's wish was known, the mere

raising of her finger was sufficient to make us stop in our disobedience."

But, while Mrs. Miller ruled her children with a firm hand, ever remembering her accountability to God for the manner in which she discharged the important trust committed to her; her government was that of one, who loved her children, and who convinced them of the strength and tenderness of her affection for them. Says her son, "No harsh language, no harsh actions were used by her. Her power was felt, but it was the power of love free from fear. When reproof or punishment was necessary, we never, for a moment, supposed that either was inflicted in any other spirit than that which longed for her children's good; and although our childish logic could not altogether reconcile the infliction of pain with a sorrowing heart and sincere affection; yet we could not long believe her harsh, when we saw that our disobedience wounded her more than it pained us."

We have before spoken of Mrs. Miller's anxious efforts to enlist the sympathies of her children, in the various causes of benevolence, in which she herself felt deeply interested. She wished her children to give of their own stores to these causes, that they might form the habit of benevolence; especially that they might become personally interested in them. And she wished her children to learn to give at the expense of self-denial. But she wished them to give freely. Never, was the pleas-

ure their parents would derive from witnessing their liberality, nor parental displeasure, in case of their refusal, urged as an argument. If any of her children declined giving to any benevolent object, preferring the expenditure of his money in his own gratification, a word of reproach was not spoken, nor even a reproachful look fastened on him.

Such was Mrs. Miller in her family. So wisely and anxiously, and prayerfully, did she labour for her children's welfare, seeking to educate them for usefulness in the world and in the Church, and for glory, honour and immortality.

She was indeed a Christian mother, aware of her responsibilities, conscious of her influence, and ever resolutely bent on the fulfillment of her duties to God, the children, and the Church.

The last entry in her diary, made a short time before the commencement of her last illness, is a prayer for her children, which, though brief, while it manifests her strong faith in the promises of a covenant keeping God, proves that we have correctly described the principles by which she was governed in her intercourse with her children. "Lord, I come to Thee, on behalf of my children; and dost Thou say, 'What is thy petition? What is thy request?' *It is the salvation of all my children.* And I ask, in His name who has said, 'if ye ask any thing in my name I will do it.' Fulfill that promise, 'All thy children shall be taught of the Lord.' Give them, but an interest in Thy love, spread Thine Almighty arms around them, keep

them from the evil that is in this world. May they grow up a seed to serve Thee, and be useful and respectable in whatever station Thou shalt choose for them, blessings and comforts to their parents and friends. I ask not, for them, the great things of this life. Thou knowest what is best for them. Help them early to give themselves to Thee, and then to Thy Church; and, if Thou shalt see fit to call any of them to Thyself, may they leave a good testimony behind."

Her prayers, in faith offered, were speedily answered. Within three years from the time of her decease, her oldest children, both sons, (the youngest then in his seventeenth year,) gave themselves first to Christ, and then to the Church. And since that time, another of her children has publicly professed her faith in the Saviour; two still young, being yet left to prove the efficacy of her prayers. Of her sons, the memoir of the oldest given in this volume, will exhibit his character, and show, that while God did "see fit to call him to Himself," he permitted him to "leave a good testimony behind." The second son now preaches that blessed gospel his mother loved, and early taught him to prize. In a communication to the writer, referring to his mother's constant anxious efforts for the conversion of her children, he remarks in words with which we will close this chapter. "These solemn, earnest pleadings of soul, (when praying with her children,) I can never forget; they are to me the most hallowed periods

of my childhood; my faith loves to look back upon them, for I think that those prayers truly entered Heaven, and have obtained a Divine benediction for her children. Those Sabbath exercises long since gone, those affectionate pleadings long silenced by death, that dear mother now a saint in the Upper Sanctuary, these are the happy topics, on which my memory loves to dwell, in the scenes of my childhood; and which, not even now, can return to me without a tear for that mother who so carefully guided me, and taught me that God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

CHAPTER V.

Her sickness.—Composure of mind.—Death.—Interment.—Extract from a letter of condolence to her friends.

Early in the autumn of 1837, Mrs. Miller's health, for many years rather feeble, began sensibly to decline. In September, she visited her mother and friends in New York for the last time, returning home, (though neither they nor she then anticipated the event,) to sicken, waste and die. Her disease, (Marasmus,) while it very rapidly wore away her strength, did not, until it had almost completed its work, confine her to her room or bed. She was still able, within a few days of her decease, to walk about the house, and even to ride out in a close carriage for exercise. It was not indeed until a short time before her death, that either she herself, or those who tenderly loved her, regarded her case as altogether hopeless. When made fully aware of her situation, and conscious that a few more days must end her pilgrimage, her mind was composed and even joyful. She knew in whom she had believed, and was persuaded, that He would safely keep that which she had committed to His charge. Death's sting was taken away from her. Her language was, "Thy righteousness has been imparted unto me, and I am safe with Thee." Dearly as she loved her hus-

band and her children, she was ready at God's command to bid them farewell; believing, that she and the partner of all her joys and sorrows, who had been helpers to each other's faith on earth, would meet again in that blessed world where parting is unknown; and fondly hoping, that the seed of religious instruction, so carefully and prayerfully sown in the minds of her children, would bring forth, in God's own time, the fruits of righteousness; and thus that parents and children would meet, an unbroken family, around the throne of God. During the whole of her illness, she was kept in perfect peace. She spoke of no rapturous joys or ecstatic prelibations of Heavenly bliss, but continually declared her humble, cordial, confident reliance on the merits of her dear Redeemer. "Jesus the Lord, her righteousness," was her hope, He was near her, He strengthened her upon the bed of languishing, and made all her bed in her sickness. She feared no evil, His rod and His staff they comforted her. Once, after her return from New York, she was permitted to commemorate the Saviour's love for His Church. Speaking of this season, she remarked to her Pastor, "I had, at that time, not a doubt remaining as to my interest in Christ. I believed, that as certainly as I tasted the emblems of his body and blood, so surely, I received the Saviour in my soul, and was by him fed and refreshed."

On Wednesday, the 27th of December, a great change was visible in her looks. She did not com-

plain of any pain, but spoke of her excessive debility. Whether she imagined her end so near, as it proved to be, none can tell; though during the whole day, her conversation was of that character, which would have been expected, had she known that death had commenced his work. To an intimate female friend, who spent the day with her, kindly ministering to her in every possible manner, she said, "with how many mercies am I surrounded, though deprived of health. I have a kind husband and dutiful children. How much cause to thank and bless God." She then requested her friend to read the eighth chapter of Romans. After listening to it, she remarked, "What a sweet chapter. How comforting to know we are the Lord's. I know that I am His. I have no doubts or fears; but I wish I might have greater joy and peace in believing. Our light afflictions are but for a moment, and work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." During the day, her conversation was exclusively of things not seen and eternal. It seemed as if she was done with earth. Its cares troubled her not. All her interests had been committed to the care of a wise, and kind, and loving Saviour. Towards evening her husband inquired, would you not, my dear, like to have mother stay with you? Why, she asked in reply, what makes you more anxious? Do I look worse? On his answering that she appeared to be very feeble, she said I know I am feeble, but you can take better care of me than

any one else, and I would rather have you. Her husband read to her in the evening from Bickersteth on Prayer. She expressed her delight in the sentiments of that excellent writer, sentiments the truth of which, she well knew from her own experience. At the hour of family worship, her husband assisted her in rising from her bed, and she once more and for the last time united in family prayer. After the family had retired, her husband read for her from that word of truth in which her soul delighted, and engaged in prayer. In this exercise he was led to review, with much enlargement, God's spiritual mercies and blessings bestowed upon them both, during the period of their congugal life, and to bless His Holy name for all the temporal mercies enjoyed. He then lifted her again into the bed, (for she was too feeble even to turn herself without assistance,) after which she bade him good night and soon fell asleep. At twelve o'clock, her husband awaking found her also awake. He enquired how she felt. She replied, that she had slept comfortably, and felt refreshed. On her telling him that she would take a drink of water, he raised her up in the bed, when she took the glass in her own hand and drank. Feeling her hand to be icy cold, and finding her pulse feeble, he became much alarmed; and, immediately calling the children and servants, hastened after his mother, who resided very near them, and who arrived just in time to witness the decease of her loved daughter-in-law. Within

half an hour of the time in which she had spoken of herself as very comfortable, she calmly yielded her spirit to God, dying without a groan or struggle, passing from pain and feebleness to perfect joy.

Her remains were deposited in the grave on the succeeding Tuesday, with every possible manifestation of respect that high esteem for herself, and sympathy for the afflicted could afford.

A Christian friend, sincerely attached both to Mr. and Mrs. Miller, writing to one of her family immediately after her interment, uses the following beautiful and appropriate language. "It is usual to offer condolence to the friends on such occasions; but, my dear sir, if the unlettered and heathen Parthians should mourn at the birth of a child, as but just commencing a career of afflictions, alleviated by small intervals of happiness, should we not rejoice when one, emancipated from this dark valley, is born to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, eternal in the Heavens?* I trust you will not

* The writer is reminded by this beautiful thought, of the remark of a brother in the ministry, when called, in the Providence of God, to part from the wife of his youth; an affectionate wife, a devoted mother, and an eminent Christian. We walked, arm in arm, behind her corpse, as the bearers were carrying it with slow and measured tread to the house appointed for all the living, and the solemn tones of the tolling bell fell sadly and heavily upon our ears. "This," says he "to me appears like a triumphal procession, in honour of a saint called home." What, but the religion of Jesus Christ, could give such a view, so full of comfort and peace, to the soul ready to sink under its burden of sorrows?

think it affectation in a brother believer in the Christian's hope, to say, that I offer you my congratulations that our dear departed sister has left this scene of sorrow, for never ending bliss, and is now drinking deep draughts of health from the glorious fountain of light and love, instead of languishing in pain and wretchedness in this vale of tears. May our Gracious God sanctify the dispensation to all.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE

DIARY OF SARAH SMITH MILLER.

We append some extracts from her Diary, the record of the exercises of her soul in the sight of God; both as illustrative of the depth of her piety, and calculated, through her testimony to the faithfulness and love of God, to cheer and encourage their souls, who are seeking to be followers of those who through faith and patience inherit the promises.

1827, *July* 1.—O that my ways were directed to keep God's statutes. I resolve and re-resolve, yet live the same. I find myself so often erring on the very point, with respect to which, I meant to have been particularly guarded, that sometimes, I am almost tempted to sit down in despair. Among the greatest of my trials, is a natural warmth of disposition, which often distresses me.

> "When shall Thy Spirit's sovereign power
> *Destroy* it that it rise no more?"

July 21*st*, *Saturday Afternoon.*—Again I have the invitation to attend the Lord's table. To-

morrow that table will be again spread; but dare I go? Or dare I remain away? O, when I look within, I am discouraged, for no one but God and my own heart knows the corruption I have to contend with; so much unbelief, fretfulness, impatience, murmurings, that I sometimes fear they cannot be consistent with a state of grace. Often I exclaim,

> "Could my heart so hard remain
> Prayer a task and burden prove?
> Every trifle give me pain
> If I knew a Saviour's love?"

O Lord be near unto me, and reveal Thyself to me in pardoning mercy; thou knowest my desire to love Thee better, and to serve Thee more. O, to-morrow be near unto me.

October 3d.—Saviour, before Thou didst ascend on High, Thou didst leave as a legacy, peace to thy people; but how little do I know of that peace. If I am Thine, why am I thus? How often have I prayed, "take peace away from me when I sin," and art Thou now answering my prayer? I know that I have sinned. I constantly sin, my iniquities are more than the hairs of my head, my spirits are depressed. I have not only to mourn over original sin, but daily and actual sin. The Lord has given me temporal comforts almost innumerable, yet even these are embittered by my discontented temper. But Lord hear me, remove every unhappy feeling, and give me peace in Thee. O that I may have delight in

Thee, and walk in the fear of the Lord all the day long.

1828, *May 4th.*—Dost Thou Lord say to me. What is thy petition? What is thy request? Give me Lord love to Thee love more Supreme, to Thy ways, Thy people, Thy word, peace with God, and peace within. Thou knowest, Lord, my besetting sin; Thou knowest how often I have prayed and entreated Thee to remove it. O when wilt Thou hear my repeated request? When wilt Thou cause every angry feeling to be hushed, and make me as my Saviour was, "meek and lowly in heart." O my God, say thy desires are granted.

1829, *January 18th.*—Thy people Lord are now surrounding Thy table, but I am detained at home. My desires are there. I desired again to dedicate myself to Thee; but in Thy wise Providence I am prevented. Meet with me then at home, dearest Redeemer, and grant me these blessings which I desired to receive at thy table. I do, now, solemnly renew the dedication of myself to Thee, as if I were at thy table. Make me more circumspect for the future.

> "Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
> Be Thine through all eternity."

1830, *July 18th.*—Again, Lord, in obedience to Thy dying command, I have approached the sacred board, and commemorated thy dying love. I thank Thee, for what I enjoyed there. Although, Lord, my love to Thee is weak and feeble, yet

Thou knowest, that the desire of my soul is towards Thy name. O that Thou wouldst hear the petitions put up at thy table, subdue corruptions that are the grief of my soul, and increase my love to Thee. And now let me not walk unworthy of my high calling, and grieve Thy blessed Spirit.

December 28*th.*—This day commemorates my birth. Thirty years of my short life have fled, forever fled. Can it be that I have lived thirty years? I can hardly realize the fact. Ah, how has that time been spent? Much in folly, much in sin. How can I answer Thee, O, God for one of a thousand of my transgressions? Most probably the greatest part of my life is gone. I know not, Lord, how long Thou shalt see fit to continue me here, but hear my petition; let the past time of my life more than suffice me to have wrought the works of the flesh; henceforward may I live in the Spirit and walk in the Spirit. "So teach me to number my days, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom."

1831, *January* 18*th.*—I thank Thee, Saviour, for what I enjoyed at thy table last Sabbath. Enable me to review the frame of my mind while there. When I took of the bread and wine, the symbols of Thy broken body, and shed blood, did I not, by faith, receive that broken body and shed blood, as the life of my soul, the only sacrifice for my sins? On that sacrifice, I build all my hopes of everlasting life. Now, Lord may, religion be

the business of my life. May I live devoted to Thee, and glory to own Thy name.

July 20th.

"When sin pervails, and gloomy fears,
And hope almost expires in night,
Lord, can thy Spirit then be here,
Great source of comfort, life, and light?

Yes, Lord, I believe I am at all times equally safe in Christ, though I have not, at all times, the comforts of the Spirit. I believe my sins have been fully atoned for by the precious blood of the Saviour, and therefore they are not imputed to me; but I would not sin, because grace abounds. God forbid! Sin is my sorrow, thereby the Spirit is grieved, and his comforts withdrawn, and my soul is rendered unhappy.

September 22d.—Lord, am I redeemed by Thy precious blood, shed on the Cross? and justified by Thy perfect obedience to the Divine law? Hadst Thou thoughts of mercy to me from all eternity. O what astonishing love! Why me? Why was I chosen, while others more amiable than I are left? It is all free grace. What do I not owe Thee? How can I express my gratitude? Thy word delcares, "Herein is my Father glorifyed, that ye bear much fruit. This is the will of God even your sanctification." It is also my earnest desire, but corruptions abound. Mortify in me the works of the flesh, and cause me to bring forth fruit to Thy praise. Give me grace to know and do Thy will.

December 25th.—This day we commemorate

the Advent of our Saviour. O what would this world have been hadst Thou not come, and performed for us, that which we could not have performed, for ourselves. For sinners Thou wast born, and bled, and died. I thank Thee, blessed Saviour, that Thou hast enabled me to rely upon that one sacrifice once offered for sin, upon the cross. I believe Thou hast atoned for all my sins. I trust my surety has paid my debt. Can it be that I am deceived? Lord I trust Thou hast enabled me to believe. Thou hast wrought faith in my heart, for it is Thy gift. O sanctify me, make me more holy in heart and life, teach me what Thou wouldst have me do, and then give me strength to perform it.

1832, *June 25th.*—(In prospect of the cholera.) O God, look in mercy on our guilty country. What shall we say unto Thee? Our sins deserve Thy severe judgments we confess. But, O God, remember mercy. Save, save our guilty country from the dreaded pestilence. Remember Thine own word, "If I send pestilence among My people, if my people, which are called by My name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways: then will I hear from Heaven, and will forgive their sins, and will heal their land." Now be it according to Thy word. Almighty God, surely Thy people send up many supplications to Thee; in mercy hear and save our land. Thou didst promise, "if but ten righteous men were found in Sodom, Thou wouldst save the city for their sake." And

notwithstanding the grievous sins that are committed in these United States, are there not many righteous in Christ? for their sakes, spare our guilty land, and say it is enough. Soon, soon may we rejoice.

August 4th.—(During the prevalence of the pestilence.) O God, what a solemn gloomy time is this! Surely our country has never been so deeply afflicted. Every day, numbers are carried to the grave with little warning. O God interpose; save us. How easy would it be for Thee, to say, "It is enough," and all shall be well. "In wrath remember mercy."

> "Oft has Thy mercy sent relief
> When all was fear and hopeless grief."

What shall we say? Thy judgments are just, we have deserved them, and even more. O, if it be thy blessed will spare our family, and those who are dear to us. Give charge to thine Angels concerning us; let no plague come nigh our dwelling. Soon may we rejoice in thy goodness. Hear the prayers of thy people, in behalf of our country, and smile upon us. Sanctify this deep affliction to our whole community.

September 23d.—O Lord, how shall we sufficiently praise Thee for Thy goodness to us, to our city, and our land? In the midst of justly deserved wrath, Thou hast remembered mercy. Again we rejoice in Thy goodness. That deadly pestilence, that has been among us for months, appears to be nearly extinct. Let it not return,

nor severer judgements follow; and above all preserve us from hardness of heart. May we remember that God has been in the midst of us, and may this affliction be sanctified to this nation. I thank Thee, that Thou hast preserved all my dear friends from this pestilence.

1833, *Saturday, January, 19th*—Again, dearest Redemer, Thy people are about celebrating Thy dying love. I trust also to be there, and partake with them. But do Thou be present, or it will be an unmeaning celebration. May I by faith feed upon the body and blood of Jesus. May my soul be strengthened, refreshed, and comforted. I would adore the riches of that grace that loved me from all eternity. Why me? So corrupt, so vile. Even so Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight. It is of grace.

> "O wondrous love and grace
> Did Jesus die for me?
> Were all my numerous debts,
> Discharged on Calvary?"

O God, inflame my heart with Divine love. My earnest prayer is that I may grow in grace. Blessed Spirit, take up Thy abode in my heart.

1834, *June 7th.*—Can it be that I am a partaker of that same religion with those who are willing to give up all for Christ, to go and dwell in heathen lands to proclaim that gospel? and I at ease at home, dull, cold, and stupid. O Lord, revive thy work in my soul, rouse my slugglish, dull affections, animate me to duty, take the first place

in my heart, give me peace in believing, and may I know what communion with God is.

Lord I would dedicate all I am and have to Thee. And what have I to offer? Nothing but a polluted heart, but that Thou wilt receive. O that I could love Thee more, and serve Thee better; may thy love to me animate my love to Thee. I believe, blessed Redeemer, that my sins have been imputed to Thee, and full satisfaction made for them. Remove from me every fear, let me roll every care upon Thee. Keep me from every agitation of mind in fearing any evil, remove from me the fear of death, may Thy will be my will, and help me to believe, that the Lord will give me strength equal to my day. Hear me Lord, ever keep my mind in perfect peace, stayed on Thee.

1836, *July 7th.*—How often I have thought, before I had a hope in Christ, that if God would be my God, my mind would be in perfect peace; nothing would trouble me. I trust, I have now a hope. (O let it be well founded,) and yet, how often do I mourn, that "every trifle gives me pain." Why is this? O, give me peace in believing, enable me to cast all my cares upon Thee, firmly believing that all things will work together for my good. Remember thy word unto thy servant, upon which Thou hast caused me to hope.

"Cast, he said on me thy care,
It's enough that I am nigh,
I will all thy burdens bear,
I will all thy wants supply."

November 10*th.*—(Written during the sickness of her husband.)

> "O Thou prayer-hearing-answering God,
> Take from my heart this painful load."

Give me grace ever to be resigned to Thy will, to believe firmly, that what Thou doest is ever best. Preserve me from discontented rebellious thoughts. May Thy glory lie near my heart. Increase every Christian grace in me. Remember my husband in mercy, make him also to grow in grace, and give him bodily health. O God hear my desire. Remember the word unto Thy servant upon which Thou hast caused me to hope. Hast Thou not said, "The prayer of faith shall save the sick?" *Lord I believe,* speak but the word, and Thy servant shall be healed.

(At the commencement of the year 1837, the year of her death, she thus writes.) The year has closed, and I am spared to see the commencement of the new, and still we are spared as a family. Death has not entered our doors; we are together. How long this may continue, God only knows. How will it be at the close of this year? Shall we still be spared? O be merciful, and bless us with all needed blessings, and especially make us to grow in grace. Give soundness of constitution to my dear husband. O Thou prayer-hearing-answering God, hear and answer in mercy.

July 1*st.*—When I try myself by the marks, which Thy children should possess, I am often dis-

couraged and feel that I come far short. But have I not fled for refuge to Thee, dearest Redeemer? Do I not rest upon Thy sacrifice, and with my whole heart, rejoice in the plan of salvation? Am I not Thine? And wilt Thou not perfect in me that which I lack? I do desire to abound in love to Thee more and more, to love Thee for what Thou art in thyself, as well as for what thou art to me.

July 13*th.*—I will offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving, I will pay that that I have vowed.

> "Now shall my solemn vows be paid
> To that Almighty power,
> Who heard the low request I made
> In my distressing hour."

How often hast Thou answered my petitions, removed every difficulty, and been better than all my fears. Often hast Thou answered me, when hope was almost gone. And what return can I make. The sacrifice of thanksgiving is all I can offer. Hear all unanswered petitions.

(The following is without date, but immediately precedes the last entry in her diary). Lord, remove from me all undue anxiety respecting my body. Where I have committed my nobler part, let me not fear to rest my frail body. Let me not fear any evil, but ever realize that every thing is under the controul of Him, who is my kind father. Wherever duty calls, there may I go and fear no ill. Thou knowest, in many cases, how timid I am; how often I inwardly say, there is a lion in the way Thou knowest; remove every fear.

We subjoin a few extracts from her verse book, which, while illustrative of her spirituality of mind, shew that the word of Christ dwelt in her richly, and that "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs" ministered to her sweet instruction and consolation.

1823, *January 24th.*—"Ask what I shall give Thee? 1 *Kings* III. 5.

And dost Thou say, ask what thou wilt?
Lord I would seize the golden hour;
I pray to be released from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's power;
More of Thy presence Lord impart,
More of Thine image let me bear,
Erect Thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.
Give me to read my pardon sealed,
And from Thy joy derive my strength,
To have Thy boundless love revealed
In all its height, and breadth, and length."

1824, *August 2d.*—"Shew me a token for good." *Psalm* LXXXVI. 17.

Lord in a day of power divine
Thy grace prevailed and made me Thine,
To Thee, my soul when young, I gave,
And trusted in Thy power to save.
But where remain the joy and peace
Which then I thought would never cease?
If I am thine, how can it be
That comfort should forever flee?

October 18th.—"Search the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me? *John* v. 39.

"Whatever else your mind pursues,
To comfort, edify, amuse;
To save from error, daily choose
To search the scriptures."

October 23d.—"Pray without ceasing." 1 *Thessalonians*, v. 17.

"Would you o'er sin the conquest gain,
And to the Saviour's love attain,
Nor let a hostile thought remain?
Live much in prayer."

October 28th.—"The time is short." 1 *Corrinthians*, VII. 29.

"Should worldly prospects vast and fair,
Or creature's love your heart ensnare:
Deep-rooted, in your bosom bear
The thought of dying."

"Therefore be ye also ready, for in such an hour, as ye think not the of Son man cometh." *Matthew*, XXIV. 23.

"Ye pilgrims passing towards your home,
Ye mortals, verging to the tomb,
Not knowing when your Lord may come,
Be always ready."

1825, *May 6th.*—"Who, when he was reviled, reviled not again." 1 *Peter*, II. 44.

"But we alas, how soon the storms
Impetuous in our bosoms swell,
What stores of fuel in our breasts
To feed these raging fires of hell,
Spirit of grace do thou descend,
Envy, and wrath, and clamour chase,
With thy mild influence, quench these fires
And hush the stormy winds to peace.

September 28*th.*—(During the illness of her husband.)

In anger, Lord, rebuke me not,
Withdraw this dreadful storm;
Nor let thy fury grow so hot,
Against a sinful worm.
O hear when dust and ashes speak,
And pity all my pain,
O save *him* for Thy mercy's sake,
And send *him* health again.
Is not some smiling hour at hand,
With health upon its wings?
Give it O God, thy swift command
With all the joys it brings."

October 4*th.*—(Written after his amendment.) "I love the Lord, because He hath heard the voice of my supplications. Because He hath inclined His ear unto me, therefore will I call upon Him as long as I live." *Psalm,* CXVI. 2.

"O bless the Lord my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Where favours are divine.
O bless the Lord my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die."

1827, *March* 2*d.*—"Lord all my desire is before thee." *Psalm,* XXXVIII. 9.

"Did I the earth and seas possess,
Planets, and stars, and skies command,
I'd part with all, to view Thy face
And ever dwell at thy right hand."

1828, *October* 26*th.*—(On removing to a new

residence.) "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." *Joshua*, XXIV. 15.

"Come King of glory come,
And with thy favour crown,
Our dwelling as thy dome,
Our family as thine own;
Beneath this roof, O deign to shew,
How God can dwell with men below."

1831, *August*, 15*th*.—"Beware ye of the leaven of the Pharisees which is hypocrisy." *Luke*, XII. 1.

"Lord search my soul, try every thought,
Though my own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a false disguise;
I beg the trial of thine eyes.

1832.—(During the prevalence of the cholera.) "Let all the earth fear the Lord." *Psalm*, XXXIII. 8.

"Lord when thy judgements shake the land,
Thy people's eyes are fixed on thee,
We own thy just uplifted hand
Which thousands cannot, will not see.
Lord hear Thy people, every where,
Who meet to mourn, confess, and pray,
The nation and thy churches spare,
And let thy wrath be turned away."

July 14*th*.—"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." *Isaiah*, XXVI. 3.

"Thou art all my trust and aid,
All my help from Thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing."

July 25th.

"May prayer prevail to save our land,
May they who love the Saviour's name,
Be heard and mercy hasten down."

1834, *January 8th.*—"In my distress, I called upon the Lord, and cried to my God and He did hear my voice." 2 *Samuel*, XXII. 7.

"Yes, I can my witness bear,
That the Lord is still the same.
When I feared He would not hear,
Suddenly deliverance came.
To the goodness He displayed,
Let me now my praises give;
And by sweet experience taught,
Call upon Him while I live."

1836, *December 28th.*—(Her birth-day.) "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come." *Job*, XIV. 14.

"The morning of my life is past,
The noon is almost o'er,
The night of death approaches fast,
When I can work no more.
My flying years time urges on,
What's human must decay,
My friends, my young companions gone,
Can I expect to stay?
Saviour, then soothe the mortal hour,
On *Thee*, my hope depends,
Support me with Almighty power,
While dust to dust descends."

October 4th.—"My lips shall utter praise." *Psalm*, CXIX. 171.

"How often hast Thou brought relief,
And every want supplied;
Yet soon again my unbelief
Says, can the Lord provide."

(Commencement.)

"How many Ebenezers stand,
To mark the mercies of Thy hand;
How many prayers have reached Thy throne,
How often has Thy grace been shown."

MEMOIR

OF

ISAAC L. K. MILLER.

CHAPTER I.

Parentage.—Early traits of Character.—Feelings on the death of his mother.—Extracts from letters.—Enters college.

Isaac L. K. Miller, the son of William C. Miller and Sarah S. Kip, was born in the city of Albany, on the 24th of February, 1822. From his earliest childhood, he manifested an unusual degree of talent, and evinced the strongest desires for the acquisition of knowledge. At an age, when most children can only be interested in stories written expressly for their amusement; works of real merit and utility constituted his chosen reading. Placing his selected volume on a chair, and seating himself on a little bench, with his eyes drawn down to the page, (on account of extreme near-sightedness,) so intensely would he become interested in the contents of the work he was perusing, as to decline participating in the family meal.

In a letter, written to her mother, when Isaac was in his eighth year, Mrs. Miller observes, "Isaac has become quite a politician. He appears very much interested in reading and hearing of the proceedings of the Turks and Russians. When it was reported, that the Russians had taken Constantinople, he seemed to be quite engaged, and said to me, 'the next thing mother, I expect we shall hear, will be, that they have taken Adrianople.' I did not interest myself much about it; but when news arrived, that Adrianople was taken, I could not help smiling to think that he should have calculated so well. He is engaged in reading the newspapers, and is looking over his atlas, to find places near Constantinople, that he may judge what place will next be taken. I shall be obliged to review my old lessons, for he reads the histories of nations and of great men, and talks to me about them when he is alone with me, and proposes to read aloud, thinking, of course, I can answer every question that puzzles him."

After receiving the rudiments of his education at the elementary schools, he was sent to the Albany academy, then as still, under the superintendence of Dr. Beck, in which excellent institution, he remained, strictly attentive to his duties as a scholar, (his diligence and assiduity being frequently rewarded with the highest testimonials of merit given,) until September 1838, when, being a little more than sixteen years of age, he joined the junior class at William's College. In Decem-

ber of the preceding year, it pleased God to remove from him, by death, his affectionate and most tenderly loved mother; and long and bitterly did he mourn her departure.

How acute were his feelings, on this mournful occasion, may be gathered from some letters, written to near relatives, a few days after her decease. "We have indeed met with a loss, the greatness of which, none but those who have suffered like affliction, can realize. We greatly miss her wise advise, her affectionate warnings, and her fervent prayers for our welfare; and a feeling of desolation comes over us, when we look at her empty arm-chair, and think that she is now no more, and her voice silent, and her beloved form cold in death." "Her anxiety for our welfare, her kind and judicious advice, her earnest appeals to us, and her fervent prayers for us, will I trust never be effaced from our memories. Though her tongue is now silent, we may yet be profited by her counsels and example, by treasuring up in our minds all we can recollect of her." "You expressed a desire to learn something of her government of her children. Its chief characteristic was firmness, accompanied by a wise affection, that did not procure them a transient gratification, at the expense of their future happiness. She always manifested a deep interest in our spiritual welfare, 'Ceasing not to warn every one, night and day,' and praying not only for us, but with us. How sensibly shall we feel the want of her instructions and prayers. Yet

dreadful as is the bereavement, I, for my part, am not so selfish as to wish her back. She has done with all sorrow and anxiety, and even we, who are left, may have cause to thank God for this mysterious Providence. Those instructions and admonitions which, during her life, were disregarded by us, speak to us now with double solemnity. We cannot now disregard them." To some young relatives he thus writes. "The burden of grief seems lighter, when we have so many to bear it with us; and I cannot do less, than express my gratitude, for your kind and sympathizing letters. A. says that he can pity us, when he thinks how he would feel, if deprived of one of his parents. But imagination falls far short of the reality. I have often anticipated my feelings, on the death of my mother, but such a feeling of loneliness sometimes comes over me as I never expected. I cannot accuse myself, of any gross disobedience or unkindness to my mother; but there are a thousand little attentions, that might have been paid, but were thoughtlessly withheld, which fill my mind with sorrow. I had a mother once, you have one still. Take lesson from me. Never think any service too great to be rendered to her, never suppose any degree of affection too warm. I never knew till now, how much I loved my mother. She was taken from me, before I knew her worth. We seldom prize blessings sufficiently till they are taken from us, and when they are taken away we wonder at our former indifference."

His mother, as is evident from these extracts, had lived long enough, and her light as a Christian had shone with sufficient brightness, to convince him both of the importance and excellence of religion. And her instructions, dropping as the rain, and distilling as the dew, had penetrated his heart, and were soon to bring forth the fruit she desired, and for which she had long and earnestly prayed. Writing to a brother, two years younger than himself, who had just made a profession of religion, under date of December 31, 1840, he thus gratefully bears testimony, to the force of her instructions, example, and prayer. "It is New Year's Eve, and I cannot help thinking of the happy circumstances under which we shall commence this year. Three years ago, (their mother died on the 28th December,) we were all in the deepest affliction. But now our mother's prayers have been in some degree answered, and I, at least, can ascribe to her death, the commencement of my spiritual life. I trust, that the God, in whom she trusted, will yet bless her example and answer her prayers, for all her children; and for us, that having been brought to the Saviour, we may become useful members of His Church." Prior to his matriculation at college, symptoms of that disease, which hurried him to an early grave, manifested themselves. Yet medical advice being sought, and temporary relief obtained, the pleasing hope was cherished by his friends, that he might outgrow his disease, and be spared for that bright and

useful course, he gave such fair promise of running. With the hope that he might derive benefit from the clear and salubrious air of the Highlands, he spent several weeks of the summer of 1838, in the family of the writer of this memoir, at Fishkill. The change of air, with cessation from study, and proper exercise, proved beneficial to him, and answered for a time the anxious desires of his friends; giving, as he remarked, "his health an impulse which lasted for three months." While at Fishkill, by his amiable deportment, and unchanging pleasantness of manner, he secured the esteem and affection of every member of the family; and awakened an interest, in the minds even of those not related to him, which death only terminated. A few extracts, from letters written by him at this period, will serve to illustrate his character. To a younger brother, he thus expresses himself, "I am sorry that you did not enjoy the 4th of July. With A. S. for a companion, you might have found much amusement. Perhaps you made a very common mistake, that of expecting too much. You have no idea of the value of the precept, 'Learn to be content;' and you can never learn that lesson, till you begin to disregard trifling disappointments." And again, writing to this same brother who mourned over their separation. "My poor lonely brother, I am very sorry for you, but perhaps it is as well, that I am away from home, as I must soon go to college and stay there, probably three or four months without see-

ing you. I know it is hard for you, but you must consider it, as a piece of discipline, which will make you better, or worse, according as you improve it. If you give way to impatience, it will spoil your temper, and make you unhappy ; but if you cheerfully engage in some active employment, you will find that the source of happiness is in yourself, and you will become more contented. I wish you would read the 10th chapter of Abbott's Young Christian on trial and discipline. It will give you a much better view of the subject than I can. I suppose you are preparing for examination, and hope you will pass a good one. As for the premiums, I hope you will think just as much of them, as they deserve. Unless you have some higher motive for improvement, than a premium, your exertions will cease, with the prospect of losing it. Study for usefulness." These few extracts will serve to convince the reader of this narration, that Isaac, at the age of sixteen, was a youth of no ordinary character. His advice to his brother, rather appears to be the counsel of experienced age, the result of long and deep reflection, than that of a lad just entering upon life. Yet these same letters, and they were all hastily written, without a thought that they would ever be seen, but by the family, abound in pleasantries evincing the natural playfulness of his disposition.

Soon after leaving Fishkill, he, as above stated, entered William's College, where he acquitted himself with the utmost credit, securing the con-

fidence and respect, both of his professors and fellow-collegians.

On presenting himself before the Faculty of this Institution, as a candidate for admission into the junior class, he was subjected to a most rigid examination, which was well sustained to his own credit, and the honour of the Academy, in which he had received his preparatory education. The Professor, who conducted the exercises, observed at their close. "I have been more particular than usual in this examination. Judging from his youthful appearance, I thought that he was not sufficiently advanced for so high a class. But he has proved to be a ripe scholar, and already evinces traits of high excellence."

With the institution and the place he was well pleased. But disease was accomplishing its work, and slowly though surely preparing him for the tomb. After remaining but a few months at Williamstown, he was compelled, by ill health, to return to his father's house; where he remained through the summer. In a letter written while still a member of the college, we find the following sentence; "There is considerable attention to religion in college; many of our class are serious. Several professors of religion, who had not conducted themselves consistently, begin to repent of their past conduct. My room-mate feels quite serious. He and I have prayers in our room every evening." A mother's instructions were doubtless now beginning to produce their fruit.

In September, 1839, he connected himself with the senior class of Rutger's College at New Brunswick, New Jersey. It was hoped, that in a more southern climate, than that of Williamstown, his health might improve, and he be able to prosecute his studies without interruption. And events proved the judiciousness of the change of location; for there, with little interruption from sickness, he continued till July, 1840; when, with the highest esteem of all with whom he was connected, he took the degree of A. B.

CHAPTER II.

Moral Character.—Incident.—Conversion.—Extracts from letters.—Enters the Theological Seminary.—Compelled by ill-health to return home.—Subsequently relinquishes all hope of regularly completing his Theological course.

Very soon after his graduation, he connected himself by a profession of his faith with the Third R. D. Church, at Albany, then under the care of the Rev. Edwin Holmes. From earliest childhood, Isaac, through the influence of parental instruction and example, had maintained a strictly moral character. He abhorred a falsehood, ever cleaving to the truth whatever might be the consequence. Vice, in every form, was disgusting in his sight. Of peculiar tenderness of conscience, cherishing and manifesting the most ardent affection for all with whom he was connected by tender ties, of marked industry as a student, and possessed of that acute sensibility, which led him to sympathize with others and relieve their wants as far as was in his power, he was beloved by all who knew him, and most by those who knew him best. It may not be amiss or uninteresting here to relate an incident showing his benevolence of disposition when yet a very young boy. From his grand-parents and other relatives, he frequently received presents of money. His judicious and prudent mother, unwilling that her children should

squander the money given them in selfish indulgences; and at the same time, fearing lest, if they should be taught to hoard their little treasures, miserly habits might be acquired; persuaded her children to devote their money to such benevolent objects, as presenting themselves to their attention elicited their sympathies. At one time, Isaac's little store had increased to a considerable amount, and he himself proposed to his mother its expenditure in the purchase of a new cloth cap. His mother acceding, the cap was procured, and Isaac child like, gloried in his new possession. The next day was the Sabbath, and Isaac, after occupying his accustomed seat in the Sabbath School in the morning, returned home sorrowful, to impart to his ever sympathizing mother, the occasion of his sadness. Some benevolent cause had been presented to the attention of the scholars; a cause he approved, and which he desired to aid. But alas! he had no money. He had expended his all, on the previous day, for that cap which he now regarded as an unnecessary purchase. His mother, to test the strength of his interest in the cause he desired to aid, offered to purchase the cap from him at the price he had given for it. He gladly embraced the offer, and bringing her the so lately prized article of dress, received the amount of its cost. And now his heart swelled with joy, for he had money of his own, to put into the Lord's treasury. Anxious fully to test his feelings, his mother laid the new cap by, and watched, as the

time for afternoon school drew near, to discern, whether he would not regret the step he had taken. With delight she beheld him, as the sound of the bell struck on his ear, hastening from the house with his old cap on his head, happier, in his ability to contribute to the cause that had elicited his sympathies, than he was, when the possessor of the new article of dress, he had desired. It is scarcely necessary to add, that he was immediately recalled to receive as a gift, the cap that he had so cheerfully relinquished. Yet with all the amiable traits of character he exhibited, one thing was wanting, a heart sanctified by the Holy Spirit, leading him in every thing he said, thought or did, to seek the promotion of the Divine Glory. Nor through the riches of Divine Grace, was he long left insensible to this want. For the blessed Spirit, gradually enlightening his mind in the knowledge of his utter corruption and entire helplessness, led him, when in the eighteenth year of his age, to a joyful reception of Christ, as his Saviour, and an unreserved devotion of himself to His service. From this time he lived for Christ. A few extracts from some letters, written shortly after this period, will exhibit the clearness of his views, and the depth and strength of his feelings; and, at the same time, may, through the salutary instructions they convey, be profitable to some reader of this memoir, whose desire it is to know the way of life. "I am glad to find from your letter, he writes, addressing a beloved brother, that your religious

feelings are not the result of a momentary impulse, but of a settled and serious conviction, of your need of salvation. But this conviction, though necessary, is far from being *all* that is needful. Faith in Christ is the grand requisite on which the Bible insists. And this faith is not merely a belief that the Saviour is able and willing to save all that come unto Him; it is necessary, that you do *actually* come to Him. Have you actually trusted in Him, and in Him alone, for salvation from sin, and eternal death? If you have not, and cannot, you know that faith is not of ourselves, it is the gift of God. I remember well, when I thought, that no one could be further removed from all legal righteousness and self-dependance, than myself; yet all this while, I never suspected my inability to believe. But if you think, you have this faith, let me ask you one question, which you will do well to answer to your own conscience after serious reflection. Is there any sin, which you are conscious of practising, that you would be *unwilling* to abandon? And let me add one more somewhat similar. Is there any obvious duty, which you cannot resolve to perform, the grace of God strengthening you?

One thing, I think, I can safely aver, that if you really desire to be free from every sin, those of the heart as well as of the conduct, there is a strong evidence for you to suppose, that you have been renewed of the Spirit; for the natural man does not hate sin, and when he appears to improve in

external conduct, it is very often, sin exchanging one form for another, as when the lust of gain succeed the lust of pleasure, as age advances; or the sin may only be concealed. You will find great difficulty, in the self-examination my question requires, and if you learn nothing else, may learn the deceitfulness of the human heart. Recollect, that here, as every where else, the aid of the Holy Spirit must be diligently sought in prayer." In another letter to the same, he writes, "Only believe. Believe, that Christ is infinitely able and heartily willing to save you, who must otherwise perish; and believing this, confide yourself to Him; trust in Him, for salvation from eternal destruction, and for grace to serve him all your life. If you cannot exercise this faith, *pray for it.* Jesus Christ is called in the Bible the Author of faith, and to him you must go for faith. Recollect this promise, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' If you come in the humble spirit of insufficiency, and with a childlike trust in his power, and willingness to save you; and with these feelings say, 'Here Lord I give myself away, 'tis all that I can do;' you need not fear that he will fail to fulfil his promise." Writing to the same relative, after receiving a letter from him, informing him that he had made a profession of his faith, he thus expresses himself, "If, as I cannot help believing, you are really converted from sin to holiness, and are fully convinced of the Divine nature of the change wrought in you, you have

done well. Nothing is gained by hesitation and irresolution. A Christian life is a life of action, and action is necessary to maintain it in vigour. Holy sentiments and fervent resolutions need more than meditation and retirement to sustain them; they must be brought into the daily conduct of life. A profession of faith brings with it many duties, which exercise and invigorate every gracious principle. I can testify to the evils of postponing a public profession of religion from my own experience, and I am rejoiced to see, that grace and strength have been given you to avoid this snare. It may seem needless for me to remind you, that though a great step has been taken, it is but the first step; and that almost every thing yet remains to be done. I have myself made so little progress in the divine life, that it may seem almost presumptuous in me, to advise you; but you may, at least profit by a knowledge of my errors, and avoid them. You have, as I said before, taken the first step, you have exercised faith in the Saviour, and professed it before men. Now learn from the Bible, your sure guide and counsellor, what is the next thing to be done. Add to your faith virtue; that is manly resolution, Christian courage. Never avoid, never shrink from, an obvious duty; but, after assuring yourself, that it is your duty, do it, relying on the support of God. His strength will be more perfectly manifested through your weakness. If you fail in the performance, you will at least learn humility and re-

nounce self-dependence; if sustained in it, you will be encouraged, and your faith strengthened. My dear brother, let us both remember that if we are His children, we must bear His image, and be filled with His Spirit. It is only lately, that I have been sensible of the full extent of this duty of personal holiness and zeal in God's service. I set knowledge before virtue, and the consequence was, that while my head was full of speculative theology, I made little growth in grace, or progress in active duty. Neither are to be neglected, but it is certainly a higher duty to believe and obey, than it is merely to learn what ought to be believed and obeyed."

Writing to a relative, with referenee to the fact of his brother's profession of his faith, he says "The news of this made the present New Year, the happiest I have ever spent. I could not help reflecting how soon my mother's prayers had been answered for her children."

In September, 1840, when in his 19th year, Isaac entered the Theological Seminary of the R. D. Church, at New Brunswick. To the studies now requiring his attention, he applied himself not only with the utmost diligence, but with great interest and delight. In a letter to a relative, dated Jan. 13, 1840, he says "I am as happily situated, and as pleasantly occupied now, as I ever have been in my life; probably as I ever will be. All circumstances concur, to make the study of my profession at once easy, and pleasant. One thing

has a little surprised me, and that is the want of fervent piety in the seminary. It seems, as if the *critical* study of the Bible, and a daily familiarity with sacred things, had a tendency to destroy the sense of their reality, or at least of their practical importance. I feel afraid for myself, lest, while, I prepare for the discharge of *professional duties*, I should lose the feeling of *personal* interest in them." But the worm was sapping the root of the gourd. While looking forward, with holy joy, to the ministry of reconciliation, and anticipating the time when the Church should send him forth, furnished with the necessary qualifications to declare to the world the riches of Christ's grace, disease laid its hand upon him, and further study was forbidden, and rest enjoined, as the only hope of prolonged life and future usefulness. With a sorrowful heart, yet with cheerful submissiveness to his Heavenly Father's will, after spending one year in the Seminary, he was obliged to return to the home of his childhood.

What were his personal views, with regard to the need of ardent piety in the minister of the cross, may be gathered from a letter, written to his brother, a few months after the commencement of his theological studies. "I do not know whether you intend to study theology or not. If you do, it will be of the utmost importance for you to cultivate the gift of prayer; if you do not, it is still a thing by no means to be neglected. There are not many, who can pray to the great profit of

others; and the gift needs great cultivation. Only be careful of one thing; that you do not neglect the *grace* of prayer. To feel the emotions of contrition and thankfulness, and love to God, is far more important than to express them fluently. Many, who pray well, and easily, are deficient in the spirit of prayer. It is essential, that our graces should be fully proportioned to our gifts, or our gifts will choke the growth of our graces. Even in spiritual duties, when we are remarkably successful, and have experienced great enlargement, pride is apt to spring up in our hearts, and make us forgetful of God, the author of every good and perfect gift. Pray for humility, and covet earnestly the best things; not those things which will make you most admired by the world, or even by your fellow Christians, but the things most pleasing to God; faith that gives him all the glory, submission to his will, and the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. Excuse me, (he adds with his characteristic modesty,) if I give advice too dictatorially; for such is not my intention; and take the advice, in the same spirit, as that in which I trust, I have given it, as far as it shall be approved by your own conscience, and the word of God."

After leaving the seminary, Isaac remained for a little more than a year at home, hoping through abstinence from study, and due attention to exercise and diet, to regain his health; and it did apparently, in a partial measure, improve. But this year was not passed in indolence. For him, to

abstain from the pursuit of mental improvement, so long as he had strength to sit by his desk, was altogether impossible. What others thought, and would have termed severe application, was, in his esteem, amusement. A desire after increase of knowledge, and a determination to seek it, seemed to be wrought in his very nature, inseparable from the man. Amid all his bodily infirmities he endeavored continually to pursue a systematic course of studies.

In October, 1842, he returned to the Theological Seminary, indulging the pleasing expectation that his health would prove sufficient for the completion of the course of study requisite for licensure.

In a letter to the writer, whose health had been feeble, under date of Jan. 14, 1843, he says, "I am glad to hear that your health is sufficienly re-established to enable you to discharge pastoral duties with comfort. On the score of health, I can sympathize with any one, for mine has been often so bad, as to lead me to look forward to the ministry with many misgivings. But I have no reason to complain, for my health is much better than it was all last summer. Although the middle year is the most trying of the whole course, and I have not neglected my studies, I find myself for the most part well; though an occasional sick headache, or attack of dyspepsia, does come to prevent the monotony of uninterrupted health." His hope, however, that he would be able uninterruptedly to

pursue his theological course, was to be disappointed; for in the early part of the year 1843, he was attacked with a hemorrhage of the lungs, rendering the immediate relinquishment of his studies neccessary.

CHAPTER III.

Visits Michigan.—Disappointed with regard to recovery.—Extracts of varied character from his letters.

On leaving New Brunswick, he returned to his father's house, and there remained till the following June; when, with a hope of benefitting his health, he set out for Wisconsin, accompanied by a kind friend, who had taken up his residence in that state, and who proved himself ever ready to afford every attention, in his power, to the interesting but complaining invalid. Writing to a relative, prior to his departure, he remarks with reference to himself, "But the future is always doubtful. I ought to be done with forming plans, as so many (of my past) have been disappointed. There is nothing better than to live and work from day to day, letting the morrow take care of itself." After remaining for a few weeks at Wisconsin, he determined on a trial of the climate in Michigan, and set out for Grand Rapids, where he continued until July, 1844; when he returned home to languish and die. During his sojourn at this place, there were times when he fondly hoped that his health was materially improved. But an attack of sickness, early in the summer of 1844, completely prostrated him, and induced his return to Albany, far worse in every respect than when he

had left. "All the time," says he, in a letter to a friend, written a few days before his return, "all the time spent in Michigan seems to have been lost." Death had marked him as his victim. "What a disappointment, (he writes in a letter to his father, announcing his proposed return,) it will be for you all at home, to see me returning an invalid. I feel resigned and quiet, but not in good spirits. A sea voyage and a winter at the south may possibly restore me; nothing else can. I cannot express the longing I feel to get home; at this distance of time and place, it seems like a little paradise. My judgment tells me that this is a great exaggeration, but feeling will have its own way. I look at preaching, much as (many) Christians do at the millennium; a thing very desirable but no one knows how far off. As for me, I will never cease hoping. Three times I have been brought to the very extremity of weakness, and as often been restored. And when I observe the important events, that have been subserved by this long illness, I see no reason to repine at this affliction. When I look at the thoughtlessness, self-confidence, ambitious views with which I looked forward to the ministry, I feel shocked, and cannot help comparing my case with those stubborn Israelites, who were made to wander forty years in the wilderness, that God might humble them, and prove them to know what was in their hearts."

A few extracts, of a varied character, drawn from his letters, written during his sojourn in the

West, may prove interesting. We have before alluded to his natural love of humour. It was never lost, but whatever might be his outward circumstances, would occasionally burst forth, though always, in strict consistency with the most devoted piety. Religion is not designed to abridge, but to increase man's sources of enjoyment. He who deems it an offence to smile, a sin to laugh, may be sincere; but is most sadly mistaken in his views of the proper and necessary effects of religion. It renders its possessor serious but not sad. It is the only source of true cheerfulness. The truly pious man, he, who can call God his Father and believe that all things are his, the world, and life, and death, and things present, and things to come, he only, has a right to be cheerful. Grace renders man a new creature in Christ Jesus, it eradicates his natural evil passions, it inspires altogether different desires from those he formerly cherished, and brings him under the habitual influence of motives, pure and estimable, in the sight of God. Yet it destroys not his taste, nor takes from him his interest in matters proper in themselves, nor does it render him a whit less susceptible to the enjoyments of a refined humour. The subject of this memoir, while, he set the Lord always before him, was favoured with that cheerfulness of disposition, which found amusement in every passing scene, and enabled him by the graphic descriptions given them to render his friends partakers of his enjoyments.

In one of his letters from the West, he thus describes a ride from Church. "Yesterday we went to Church at D. four miles, a rough road, a wagon without springs, and a horse perfectly possessed. When he chose, he would stand stock still, and when he would, he would gallop. It almost broke my bones. The Church was a room, which was crowded by the presence of thirty persons. We started for home, the whole eight of us in that wagon, with the seats breaking down every half hour, and that horse *oh!* OH!! OH!!! OH!!! I I walked the last quarter of a mile. Old Bay got well lathered, that was our comfort." And again, "Yesterday I ploughed three furrows, the whole width of the field. Yet, lest you should deem this a great thing, it is necessary to add, that there is no easier work. You lean lazily on the plough, and walk after the horses, that's all; *except the stumps*, and they spoil the poetry of the thing." And again, writing to his brother, then in the Theological Seminary, "How I feel for you boys, toiling at the Seminary. Imagine me, with a ragged coat, the old satinets, and a two shilling straw hat, tramping over the fields, with that very curious gun on my shoulder, 'spectaculis erectis auribusque,' looking and listening for black birds. Yesterday I walked one hour, hit one black bird, and scared another, missed a good shot at a chipmonk, in consequence of mistaking him for a chip without the monk. So while I approached to smelling distance, he walked into his hole. How-

ever all things must have a beginning. Practice makes perfect. Do you think I shall be prepared for an examination? My preparation differs from yours. However your senior brother has not neglected the cultivation of the mind in taking care of the miserable body." These few extracts are inserted to shew that his ardent piety was consistent with cheerful pleasantry. In him the two were indeed so beautifully united, as to recommend the religion he professed. A remark of Dr. Cheever, in his lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress, might with much propriety be applied to him. Speaking of the conversation of Hopeful and Christian, "It is," says he "as becometh saints, grave, sincere, full of good sense, and discrimination, with much cheerful pleasantry." But we proceed to some other extracts, designed to exhibit him, to the view of the reader both as a student, and an independent thinker. "I study," says he in a letter to his brother, "very moderately, yet continue to make progress in Gibbon, Euclid, &c. As to Theology, I wish you could pursue it, as free from the trammels of another man's system. I take some important subject, make my own definitions, follow my own order, and select my own proofs; generally taking a good look at the original and the context, to be sure that they *are* proofs. What is so learned is remembered very readily. You however will learn many things, which I must give up with resignation; and, (he adds with his natural modesty,) whether my sys-

tem will suit my examiners is not quite so clear." "You ask me how I divide my time. A good deal of bitter experience has taught me, that it is not best to form an extensive plan of study, and attempt to carry it out in minute particulars. It is well to keep before the mind those things which must of necessity be learned. For indispensable studies, a time ought to be fixed; and they should never be neglected at that time, without the best reasons. But it seems to be not generally adviseable, to force one's self to what may be called studies of supererogation; much less to select half-a-dozen different books, Euclid, Greek History, Theology, the Hebrew Bible, to be studied with the regularity of clock-work. The mind, that is so jaded, will refuse to retain all that is forced on it, and the soul also will suffer. My plan at present, is to spend my mornings in the study of Theology, and the afternoon in reading Gibbon. Once a week, I read a little Hebrew to keep it fresh, and try to learn one problem a day, the rest is free time. I have chosen a motto, (which it will be well for me to observe, το μηδεν αγαν 'nothing in excess,' very nearly answering to an old English proverb, which Coleridge thinks is full of philosophy, 'Avoid extremes.' To me it seems only common sense, but S. I. C. could find a deep meaning, perhaps, in so common a phrase as 'it's very fine weather.' And again, 'Have you patience for another discovery? as old at least as David, yet which every one must make for himself?' It

is this, that more is to be learned of theology, philosophy, and human nature, in the Bible, than in all other books. I do not despise Owen, or Baxter, or Edwards; nor do I despise Coleridge, or Shakspeare; far from it. But he who has rightly studied the Word of God, has a better philosophy and theology, and a better knowledge of men too, than all human authors can furnish. It is not much more than a year, since I began in my daily reading to study the Bible; and instead of growing weary, flat, stale and unprofitable, it every day discloses new riches. I fear you may ascribe all this to fanaticism. But a fanatical enthusiastic spirit is not fostered by the Bible. It is a plain, simple book, and even when it describes the most stupendous events, it is done with a noble quietness of spirit. The Bible makes activity in duty, the chief evidence of spiritual life. It says nothing of transports; it enjoins no painful mental dissections, like those in which some excellent men have indulged. It *does* require love to God, and a childlike humility, and reverence; but these feelings must not form the substance of pleasant dreams, but the incentives to noble, manly exertion. The Christian is a traveller, who must spend his time, neither in gazing at the beautiful sky, nor inspecting his (wounded weary) feet, but must walk right on. "After finishing the perusal of Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, he thus wrote to a friend who had requested his opinion of the work. "I think it is

in vain for any man, to wade through Mosheim and the other common Church histories, until he has become tolerably familiar with Gibbon. The character of Christians, as of other men, depends much on their circumstances, and the age in which they live. Are we astonished at their rapid degeneracy? at the indolence, and ignorance, and bigotry, and vice of the Church, just before and during the dark ages? Look at the state of the Roman Empire; and our astonishment will cease. The Christian's were not worse, they were better, than other men. First a despotic government destroyed all ardour and energy in that part of the human race, which was governed by the Cesars. There was no room for individual enterprize; every thing depended on the will of a Master. Hence arose a slavish submissiveness and apathy in all classes. There was left but one place for human activity, and that was the Church. Ambitious men, who in other times would have sought political, now toiled for ecclesiastical eminence. The office of Bishop was desired, as earnestly now, as that of General or Proconsul formerly. The consequence was, that men of little or no religion, came into the Church, from motives of private interest. At the same time, the Church was not so free of Imperial influence, as not to partake in the general venality of the age, and the luxury of the court. There were some noble exceptions; but on the whole, the Church had become a political arena. Then came the flood of Barbarian invasion, sweeping before it

arts, science, literature, and the comforts of social life. Learning and genius fled from the earth; was it strange that Christianity should be affected by the loss? When the world was ignorant, no wonder if the Church was ignorant also. But the Barbarians had previously been converted to a kind of Christianity. They respected the churches and the ministry; they did more, they paid, to them, the same implicit reverence, that had been before exacted by heathen priests. As the small remains of learning were with the church only, her dignitaries had the power which knowledge gives; and the confusion of the times, enabled them, by taking advantage of circumstances, to increase that power. Amidst the fragments of the Empire, one organized body long remained, to concentrate in itself whatever was left of influence and dignity. Now put all these things together; and you will not be surprised, that the Church degenerated. Every thing tended to it." "Gibbon is useful for other purposes. He shews you the chaos of the Middle Ages. And, one by one, you see, coming out of the smoke and confusion, the monarchies of Modern Europe. I will not speak of his faults. They are plain to the most careless eye. No one can read that history, without deciding that the author was a filthy libertine, and a cold-hearted sceptic, to whom virtue of the purest, simplest kind, seemed a hollow mockery, and there were no beauty that he should desire it. Humanity appears to me to have been his only virtue."

CHAPTER IV.

Extracts from Letters continued.—Obtains a dispensation of licensure from Synod.—Severe illness.—Composure and peace of mind.

Again, "I have lately resolved on a new course of study. It is to read the New Testament hereafter in Greek, instead of English, daily, and make myself familiar with the original text, some how or other, my heart always remains unmoved, till my understanding is satisfied. And I believe, that a critical reading of the Bible is best even for practical and devotional purposes, provided, we do not rest satisfied with the mere meaning of the words, and phrases, but try to read in the same spirit that the author wrote." We append a few extracts, illustrating the fervency of his piety, taken from some letters written towards the close of his sojourn at the West, and near the end of his life. "Bene orasse est bene studuisse," is the motto prefixed to the life of Payson; and I believe it now, if not before. Improvement of the heart, self-devotion, zeal, prayerfulness, and Christian experience, and self-knowledge are the best preparations for all Pastoral duties, from preaching to writing." "There are depths in fervent religion, that you and I know nothing of. We are satisfied, if we avoid open sin, or at most if we read

and hear the word attentively, and at times pray in good earnest. To be always spiritually minded is what most Christian's hardly imagine to be possible. But I have seen, in the letters of the Scottish Rutherford, that there may be a love to God, the very ebb of which would be high tide to an ordinary man. Nothing seems to concern him, but his own spiritual life, and the interests of his Master's Kingdom. His letters so abound in instances of bad taste, that I would not like to see them in the hands of an unconverted person, or even of a cold professor; but you can hardly fail to see, in them, a life, a reality, a freshness of religious feeling, that is very uncommon, I met with one idea, every way beautiful, which I give you. "Believe Christ's love more than your feelings. Your *rock* does not ebb and flow, but your sea!" "You are very fierce against hypocrisy. It is a bad thing no doubt. But many men fall into it insensibly, by *trying to be good.* They cannot keep the heart right, and so they attempt to regulate their actions. Others are morbidly conscientious, yet without discrimination. They will equivocate in conversation without a twinge, but catch them whistling on Sunday. As we do not know the heart, we ought to be charitable even towards apparent hypocrites." In his last letter to his brother, written about ten weeks before his decease, after speaking of the uncertainty of his recovery, he adds; "You know my weakness, and may judge for yourself, the probability of a change

for the better. In the mean time I have a sur refuge. None ever trusted in Him and were disappointed. It is not, till every other hope fails, that we know the value of the Lord Jesus Christ. "I am glad if you can look kindly on Christians, who have no talents, but only their piety to recommend them. We ought to esteem men by the same standard, that God uses, that is, as they are holy or unholy. I remember once reconciling myself to the company of a very uncultivated Christian, by the reflection, that the associates of our Lord himself were of the rudest class. There was not one, who could sympathize with Him; for even when He spake of His coming death they could not understand Him. He, who, felt for all our sorrows, had none to feel for His own. Now if the disciple is not above His Master, we must not withhold our esteem and Christian affection for any, that he cares for, even the meanest of His flock. I know, that a want of intelligence and refinement is apt to excite aversion and disgust; but we must resist the feeling as strongly as we would any other sin. "In a letter to the writer bearing date, December, 1843, some months previously to those from which extracts have already been given, when speaking of the improvement of his health, and the hope he began to indulge of ultimate recovery, he says 'A prospect of life and of useful labour opens before me. And I do not know, how to be sufficiently thankful to God, for all his benefits towards me. Sick-

ness and health have both been good. I cannot tell which is best, and wish to have no will respecting either. Treating of the place, he remarks, "Religion is in a very low state, and the ignorance of religious doctrines is lamentable. Yet, this is no reason why weak and ignorant men should be considered sufficiently good Missionaries; for there is as much self-sufficiency, as ignorance; and errors of every kind prevail. A minister must be armed at all points, must understand his Bible and human nature. Must have great energy, and greater charity, if he would spread abroad truth and holiness in this region. And it is filling up more and more from day to day. The character that shall be impressed on this thinly settled country now, will not be effaced for many years, when there shall be a thousand for a hundred. Our good church, possessing a pure and lively faith, would be like salt to purify the rest; like leaven to leaven the whole lump." "A true Christian ought to know happiness depends not at all on place and circumstances, at least it need not. I miss my friends and my home, yet I do not know that I was ever happier." "I trust that in far more painful circumstances, Mrs. B. (the writer's mother-in-law, who was then suffering, from a most acute disease, which eventuated in her death,) may experience the same truth. It pained me much to hear of her dangerous illness. Will you please to let me know how she is, and remember me kindly to her. I have been sick, and not

expecting to recover, and I can sympathize with her; though as an older Christian her feelings may be different from mine."

Writing to a relative under date of January, 1844, he says, "Rude as life in Michigan is, I could be content to live here; and if my health admits it, to labour in this uncultivated field. Good preaching would do much to humanize the inhabitants. Even an infidel might wish the prevalence of religion, for the sake of the mental cultivation it brings with it. But the Christian may well feel anxious, that these immoral and ignorant men, may soon receive the gospel. I am glad, that our church is at length interested for the new states of the west."

During his sojourn at the West, persuaded of the utter impossibility of returning to New Brunswick, for the completion of his theological course, and cherishing an ardent desire to make known to his fellow-men the riches of Christ's grace; he sought, from the General Synod of the church, at their annual meeting in June, 1844, a dispensation for the remainder of his term, with a view to immediate licensure. His request was referred to a committee for consideration, on whose recommendation, based on the testimony of his physician, that a return to New Brunswick would probably prove fatal to him, on the fact, that he had by private study endeavored to make up the deficiencies of his public course, and on the certificate of the theological faculty bearing full, ex-

plicit, and satisfactory testimony to his piety, prudence, and proficiency, while in the seminary, and signifying their approval of this application," Synod granted the request; permitting him to apply for examination, before the Board of Superintendents of the Seminary, at their meeting in July, or before their committee in the fall. Not having returned from Michigan, in time for the meeting of the Board in July, he was anticipating his examination in the fall, and making such further preparation for it, as was in his power, when in September he was again attacked with a severe hemorrhage of the lungs, necessarily preventing his presentation of himself before the Board and all hope of immediate licensure. His earnest desire now appeared to be, to spend the succeeding winter in a warmer climate, with the hope that thus his lungs might become healed. From this, his friends dissuaded him, fearing lest the exposure and fatigue would prove too much for his feeble frame. He remarked 'I have committed my case to God, and will now abide by the decision of my physician.' When his physician candidly informed him, that he was too feeble to leave home, he cheerfully submitted himself to the will of God; from that time relinquishing the hope he had hitherto cherished, that he should at some future day preach the gospel. He remarked, 'as my strength declines, my desire to preach increases; but God knows what is best for his creatures, and he is teaching me, that he does not

need my services. He allows me to suffer his will. May I resign myself to his disposal.' From this period, he continued gradually to decline until the 22d of January, 1845, when he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. The frame of his mind, during his last illness, was calm and peaceful. He knew in whom he had believed, and felt confident that he would keep that which he had committed to his charge. Death had no terrors for him. Christ was in him the hope of glory. 'How thin and feeble I am,' said he, on one occasion; this body will soon be food for worms, but death is conquered.

CHAPTER V.

Frame of mind during his illness.—Death of his grandfather.—Communication from his brother.—Extracts from funeral sermon.

During the whole of his illness, Isaac said but little of himself. It was evident however to all around him, that he was intently engaged in the examination of his soul in prospect of eternity, and seeking, not only, but enjoying most sweet and hallowing communion with the Father of his spirit. He was contemplating death and its issues, and anticipating with holy joy, his perfect conformity to Christ Jesus. He was reflecting upon the part of his life as a Christian, and drawing, from his whole history, those instructive lessons which God by His Spirit and Providence was teaching him. And he was silent, while calm, realizing the presence of God, and suitably affected by a sense of his excellency. But a few weeks before his own decease, his venerable grand-parent, (who resided under the same roof,) was, after a brief but painful illness, called from earth to those heavenly enjoyments, for which he had been long preparing. Before his remains were deposited in the silent tomb, his grandson, consciously to himself soon to follow him to the grave, walked into the adjoining room, to take his last look this side of heaven, of that

countenance which had ever beamed with love for him. The scene was truly affecting to all who witnessed it; the dying was looking on the dead, realizing that soon very soon, the shroud would be his raiment and the coffin his tenement. Yet confident, that he would soon meet again his venerated grand-father in that blessed world, where parting is unknown. Under his peculiar circumstances, it was impossible for Isaac to feel this affliction, so sensibly and acutely, as did the other members of the family. Their separation he knew would be but for a short time. Nor only this, so habituated had he, by his constant afflictions, become to the subject of death, so bright were his views of the glories of the land beyond the flood, so sensibly was his soul affected by the presence of Jesus, that the valley of the shadow of death, through which his grandfather had passed, and he was passing, appeared not dark, but radiant with the light of Heaven. At this time, his brother returned from New Brunswick to attend the funeral of his grandfather, and observing a great change in Isaac, resolved to remain with him until he should have passed through the last conflict. From him, the following account of Isaac's last days has been received.

"Shortly after I reached home, I procured, at his request, Clark's Scripture Promises, which with his Bible he kept within arm's reach, and which I often saw in his hand. I do not now remember, that he read any books but these, and the

life of the Rev. Sylvester Larned, from this time until his death. In the course of my conversations with him, he often referred to the entire prostration of his hopes, and always with the most perfect resignation. He said to me, that we often esteemed ourselves as occupying altogether too important a position in this world; that we seem to think ourselves necessary, in carrying on the plans of Jehovah, and that He, to teach us our worthlessness, and His ability to accomplish the purposes of His grace without us, would often dash our hopes to the ground, and remove us from the sphere of action. I read to him Milton's beautiful sonnet on his blindness in reply, and directed him to the closing thought, that while God was waited on by His active messengers; 'They also serve, who only stand and wait.' He expressed his appreciation of the beauty of the sentiment; and observed, that it is a truth which we often forget, and which leads us to unwarrantable notions of self-importance; the consequence of which seems to be despair or deep melancholy, when disappointed in any of our schemes. And that if he had fully understood, that God demanded, from some, no more service than patiently to endure His chastisement, he would have saved himself much sorrow of mind. I knew of no one word, which can better express the state of Isaac's religious feelings, than resignation, cheerful and constant. I never heard the slightest murmur, the faintest wish, which was not qualified by 'if

the Lord will.' His weakness soon increased to such a degree, that it became necessary that I should be with him at night; and I therefore removed into a room, opening into his, whence I might be called in at a moment. He was furnished with a bell, placed by the side of his bed; but though he not unfrequently needed my services, the kindness of his heart was such, that he refused to call me through solicitude for my health. All my time I spent with him, in reading from the Bible, religious books, and in conversation, but his weakness was such as to prevent as frequent conversations as I wished. Thus each day passed without much variation. He was disposed to sleep, and unable from the influence of disease on his mind to read much. A deeper solemnity appeared to fill his heart, as the close of the year approached; and when the 1st of January, 1845, opened, he observed that it was his last year. He did not forget to assume his part in the annual distribution of presents customary to that day, but insisted on giving to all some memento of affection. Towards the second week of January, he became more conscious of the near approach of death. While sitting with him one evening, he observed to me, that he felt unquestionable evidences that his journey had almost ended. He expressed the firmness of his hope, the assurance of his forgiveness; and as he expected soon to be called away, he wished me to give some remembrances of him to his friends; these he specified,

and from that time, he seemed to have no more communion with earth. Until this time, he had been able to rise from his bed during the day, and sit up or walk around the room; but from this period so much had his debility increased, that he remained altogther in his bed. His disease began to affect his head and produce drowsiness and occasional delirium. A week before his death, while sitting with him, he suddenly turned to me, and with much earnestness requested me to call the Doctor immediately, for he felt in his head a most singular sensation. I left the room, and requested my step-mother to remain with him until I should return; but had scarcely prepared myself to go out, before she called to me, and said that Isaac was almost frantic. I entered the room, and handed him some Cologne Water, which he seized and poured violently on his head, declaring that his brain was leaving him. The physician was sent for, by the time he arrived Isaac had fallen into a stupor, which he felt was coming on and from which he said he would never awaken. But by some external applications he revived, though much weakened. Shortly after, his delerium having passed, his respiration became very difficult, which soon increased to such an extent, that it seemed impossible that he should continue much longer with us. This was succeeded by a slight delirious attack, and when this had passed, a profuse perspiration ensued. During one of these periods, when he recovered his mind, while labour-

ing for breath, he appeared to suppose that he was dying, and requested the family to be called. To each one, who in turn leaned over him, he addressed some affectionate remark or advice, thanking them for the attention paid to all his wants, and assuring them of the consolations which his mind possessed in the trying hour; he then took leave of us all. Soon his respiration became more difficult; he seemed to be in much pain, but he assured us, and repeated the assurance, that he was not. He lingered a little while longer, scarcely noticing any thing, though conscious till Wednesday evening, the 22d; when at half past seven, he yielded his soul to his Maker. His funeral took place on the following Friday."

From the sermon occasioned by his death, preached by his Pastor, the Rev. Dr. Campbell, we make the following extract; 'His illness was an utter prostration of all his fondest hopes; he earnestly desired to preach the gospel, and yet he was entirely submissive to the will of God.' To use his own language, 'he said that God was teaching him, that he did not need the services of His creatures, and that he could carry on the purposes of His Grace without him.' God can be glorified, he said as much by making his people suffer, as by permitting them to act, and it was evident that God had determined, that he should glorify Him by suffering affliction. This was the burden of his conversation during his last illness, always expressing his earnest desire to preach the

gospel if it were the Lord's will; and yet humbly and patiently resigning himself to the Divine disposal. He remarked to me, that God knew best, what was good for him, and good for his own cause, and he wished to have his will swallowed up in that of God. Indeed the marked feature of his Christian character was perfect resignation to God. During the whole of his illness, no murmur or complaint ever passed his lips. Tribulation in his case had wrought patience. The light of his Saviour's countenance shone upon him, His promises were the foundation of his peace. He believed that all things were his because he was Christ's; and confident of the unchangeableness of Christ's love, rejoiced in bearing as he had before, in doing his will.

CHAPTER VI.

Character as a Christian.—Humility.—Growth in grace.—Carefulness in investigation of truth.—Fearfulness.—Consistency.—His desires to do good.—Extract from a letter.

In seeking to afford a general view of Isaac's character, we would first direct the attention of the reader to him, as a *Christian.* It was not, careful as had been his religious instruction, and habitually attentive as he was to the means of grace, until after he had passed through some seasons of very severe mental conflict, and God had shewn him what was is in his heart, and had convinced him of his utter helplessness, and given him to feel his entire dependence on sovereign grace; that he was brought cordially to receive Christ Jesus, and to rejoice in a good hope through grace. Though, from a natural reservedness of disposition, he spake but seldom of his own experience, (for the exercises of his mind are principally gathered from the letters which his anxious desires, for their conversion or instruction, led him to address to his impenitent, or inquiring friends.) He once remarked, that his mind had become so excited by a contemplation of his position before God, of the character of sin, and the glories of Heaven, that he thought he would be bereft of his senses. He observed, that he had never met

with but one individual, who had experienced like emotions; and she said, that the momentous truths of the Great hereafter almost made her frantic, as she thought upon them. Nothing short of the clearest and most conclusive evidence of his experience of that change, which is from death to life, could satisfy a mind, so clear and enquiring, as his. The truths of the gospel were theoretically well understood by him. What he sought, and through God's blessing attained, was a sure knowledge of his experience of their power. When this was enjoyed, and he could say, "I know in whom I have believed," he walked henceforth in the light of the Lord. Several points in his character as a Christian, are well deserving consideration.

His *humility* was strongly marked. He thought not more highly of himself than he ought to think, but ever exalted the grace of God, while he took his own place in the dust, feeling himself to be a sinner, utterly unworthy of the Divine regard. It is impossible to peruse his letters and not discern the constant influence of a spirit of lowliness. Writing most faithfully and affectionately, to an unconverted friend, he remarks, "It is no pleasure to me to reprove and admonish. And it is not very suitable to one, who is himself a sinner, to warn others of their sins. Yet as we are all sinners, such warnings must be given by us, in all humility and mildness. If in these respects I have failed, it is not intentional. Do not reject advice,

because it is not properly given; but ask your own conscience, whether it is not needed?"

He was a *growing Christian*, his constant effort being, to go from strength to strength. While a diligent student, being, as has already been shown, ever engaged in the pursuit of useful knowledge, he anxiously and prayerfully sought to render his studies subservient to his spiritual welfare, and carefully watched against their deleterious influence on his piety. In his esteem, the salvation of the soul in its constantly growing likeness to its Saviour, was the one thing especially to be regarded. Whatever his engagements might be, the means of grace were most highly prized, and carefully improved. Self-examination, rigid and thorough, was his daily employment; prayer his delight; and God's word his meditation. He remembered God in his ways, and God rewarded his patient and diligent waiting upon Him, with constant ministrations of Grace. "His path was like the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

To quote, in illustration, a few extracts from his journal of different dates.

November 15, 1842.—"In consequence of the increased attention, with which I now read the Bible, I notice more in a day, than formerly in a week."

December 5, 1842.—"As to personal piety, I have not kept good resolutions, yet I think I see an increase; a more frequent sense of responsibility, less ambition, andmore frequent and holy medita-

tions encourage me to hope so. I have more reverence for the sovereignty of God; for his holy law; and greater desires of spiritual influence than before."

February 24, 1843.–"It is now nearly four years, since I first believed myself a Christian indeed. In that space of time, I have made but little progress. For a long period subsequent to my conversion, I stood still or went back; for more than a year past, I have advanced visibly but slowly. I find devotional feelings more frequent than formerly. I read the word with more attention, and religious authors more with a view to the improvement of my heart. I desire and strive, more earnestly, to deny myself and attain to the perfection of Christian character. I think my reverence and love for God are increased, and that I feel more dependence on Him, and trust in Him than formerly. I have a stronger sense of sinfulness. I am beginning to feel a greater love for the Church, compassion for sinners, and zeal for the glory of God, but these dispositions are yet only in embryo. Wandering affections and thoughts distract the acts and aspirations of my spiritual life, And in spite of many lessons, I continue trifling and worldly minded. And now, under the infliction of a sickness, which though now not apparently dangerous, may yet become so, through the least imprudence or any unforeseen accident; may God help me to devote myself anew to him, whose I am by right and good will, that I may be

prepared to serve either here, or in the world of Spirits. And again under date of February 24, 1844. "Pious feelings are becoming more habitual and less fluctuating, but alas! are far from fervent. Love to the Church, compassion for enemies, and zeal for the glory of God, these dispositions, which a year ago were yet in embryo, are now more visible to my consciousness, and begin to influence my conduct. I try to do good by letters, conversation, composition. In nothing, have my feelings more changed since, than in regard to the ministry. I long to be engaged in preaching the gospel. On the whole, there seems to be some growth in Grace. I thank God and take courage. May he appoint me my work, and His Spirit qualify me for it, and enable me to serve Him with my united power of body, mind, and spirit, as long as I exist, that is forever."

He was a Christian, careful in his *examination of truth.* Such was his mental constitution, that it was necessary for him, to understand, what can be understood, before he could receive it, or take pleasure in it. Another's word, however much he respected his character, was not a sufficient foundation, for his faith to rest upon. Secret things he knew belonged to God, nor did he seek to understand them. With David he could say, 'neither do I exercise myself in matters too high for me.' Things hard to be understood, which the Bible declares, he believed and cordially received. As evidence of his desire to examine truth for himself, we

remark, that he prepared an abstract of Theology, occupying more than forty foolscap pages. In this, the definitions are of his own composition, and the proof texts, such as after careful study, satisfied his own mind. He also, through the influence of his determination to be thoroughly accquainted, (as far as possible,) with all that concerned the subject of religion, commenced a commentary on the Gospel of John. Deliberately studying the meaning of every verse, and availing himself of the superior knowledge of others, he incorporated their views, as far as he felt satisfied that they were correct, with his own. Five chapters of this Gospel were thus commented on by him, in a manuscript of about fifty foolscap pages.

He was *a fearless Christian*, and ever ready to contend for the faith, in the spirit of love. From the time he was permitted to rejoice in hope, he never feared to avow himself the Lord's servant. Even before he had publicly professed his faith in Christ, he was found taking his part, with his fellow students, in the weekly prayer meetings of the College. While in western Michigan, he never hesitated to confess and maintain his Calvinistic views in the face of all the errors there prevailing. Naturally mild and retiring, yet as one who knew him well observes, "he never courted a controversy nor shunned one."

He was *a consistent Christian*.—His life was ordered by the Divine Commands. In all things he sought to promote God's glory. His conscience

was peculiarly tender. His fear of bringing reproach on Christ's cause, or injuring his usefulness as a professor, was habitual. One who was most intimate with him, remarks, "I do not remember ever to have seen him act inconsistently with his profession as a Christian, cheerful, patient, and submissive, he exhibited the beauty and grace of religion. With much natural humour, he never suffered it to transgress its due bounds; with much hope he yet suffered uncomplainingly every hope to be destroyed; with much original enthusiasm of disposition, he could yield himself without a murmur to the crosses of life.,'

He was actuated by an intense desire of doing good. An instance of his zeal for the glory of God, and the good of others, is afforded in a letter to an unconverted friend. "When," says he, "the news came to me, that you had evinced a great and hopeful degree of seriousness, I felt the sickness, which has not yet left me, just coming on. And I prayed fervently, that if my sickness and death could be the occasion of your salvation, God would mercifully take me away. I was willing to die for the life of your soul, and I feel willing still." His desires to do good are evinced in his letters to different friends, in which, moved by a holy zeal for the glory of God in their conversion, he pleads with them, to be reconciled to Christ. From two or three of them we shall make some extracts. The first is from a letter, written to an endeared relative of his mother, four years after his mother's

death, and very soon after his grandmother's, in which, while his anxious desires for the conversion of this relative are set forth, his filial affection is beautifully exhibited, and his indebtedness to his mother's prayers and efforts for his conversion is acknowledged. The letter is dated, Dec. 28, 1841. "This is a day sacred to my mother's memory, and I cannot better employ part of the time, than in doing, what she would have taken so much pleasure in doing, writing to her dear S. I only wish, that I could write with the same judiciousness, and the same spirit, that appear in her letters, or rather that she might have been permitted to live, and continue her exertions and her prayers. But it is wrong to wish her back, and you my dear A. who knew how much she mourned her father's death, and how she loved her mother, will feel from the effect of the late trial on your own mind, (the death of her mother,) that she was taken away from the evil to come. I have been attempting to recall her character to mind, partly, with a view to imitate, more closely, one who is now amidst the cloud of witnesses, watching my Christian race; partly, to revive a feeling of gratitude to her for her motherly love, and gratitude to God for giving me such a mother. I can truly say, that if I have any good habits formed, they are owing to her kind and steady discipline; and if I have any firm principles, that will influence my character and happiness through life, and after life, they are owing to her instructions. If, I have indeed

the Grace of God given me, it should be ascribed to His answering her fervent prayers. When she lived, I paid little attention to her advice on religion; but when she died, I felt, at once, that one who loved me, and prayed for me was gone, and now I must pray for myself. This thought did not entirely leave me for some time after, not indeed till I seriously determined to seek the salvation of my soul. It was not with strong anxiety, or much interest, but with a calm conviction of the necessity of religion, and the common prudence of attending to it without loss of time, that I commenced the daily serious use of the means of grace. But God was far better to me than I deserved. I became, at length alarmed at my indifference, used the means of grace with an increasing anxiety to profit by them, and sought and prayed for the requisitions of the Bible, faith and repentance, till they were, at length, in infinite mercy, granted. It seems to be a principle of our nature, that what we constantly seek, we shall at last receive, and it is certain that God, who is rich in mercy, will give His Holy Spirit to those that ask Him with sincerity and perseverance. It is not wholly in our own power to interest ourselves in religion; but when we pray to Him, God himself awakens, in our hearts, some interest in religion; and if we cherish these impressions of His Spirit, I cannot doubt but that they will be renewed and strengthened. However, I may be wrong in the theory, I am at least certain of the facts in my own case; I have detailed them,

(in spite of the natural reluctance most persons feel, in speaking of matters so entirely between God and themselves,) because I am aware, that the experience of the youngest Christian may be of service, when his advice would be useless or hurtful. I am too young, too ignorant in spiritual things, and feel too much respect for you to advise; but I can at least pray, and do, that God will now answer the petitions, which she who is gone put up for you in her life time, as he was pleased to answer my own mother's prayers for me. Do not be offended, my dear A., at what I have written respectfully. You have well read letters, which inculcate the same things with far more earnestness, and the frequent perusal of which may, as I hope, add to my dear mother's crown of rejoicing, on account of their being blessed to you.

CHAPTER VII.

The anxiety to do good further illustrated.

From a letter written to another relative, in whose welfare he was deeply interested, we draw the following extract, which, though long, will abundantly compensate for an attentive perusal; and which we quote, with the hope, that meeting the eye of some individual similarly exercised, as was the one to whom he addressed it, it may be the means of removing every vain plea for the neglect of immediate duties, and lead with earnestness to secure the soul's salvation.

"Though your letter was written so long ago, I did not receive it till last night, and lose no time in answering it. It pains me to think, that you have been for so many weeks in that unhappy state of mind which you describe. And I greatly fear, that your condition may be even worse, that you may have become by this time, quite careless. Do not, I entreat you grieve the Spirit of God. Since I wrote to you last, I have been in much anxiety, waiting for an answer. Sometimes, I feared you would be displeased, and not answer at all. Sometimes, that from the dislike of the heart to spiritual things, you would avail yourself of my unwillingness to force religion on your mind, and write me a letter containing no allusion to that subject.

I had almost resolved to write again, though perfectly at a loss how to address you, when your letter relieved me from my perplexity. Yet it can hardly be called a relief, for my mind is much agitated, and I tremble at the thought of writing any thing that might injure you. However, I have sought wisdom from above, and trusting that the Holy Spirit will in great mercy permit, and enable me to do you some good, I will give you as good counsel as my most careful thoughts suggest, and I pray you to receive it kindly. Referring to a former period, when the individual addressed had appeared to be under serious concern of mind, he asks, Did you then feel the enormity of sin, as committed *against God?* Did you feel that it is in *itself* loathsome and abominable, so as to use the language of the Bible; 'I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes? Was it the *evil* of sin, that awakened your *penitence* or the *danger* of sin, that awakened your fear? I will not dwell longer on this topic, as it relates to a state of feeling now past; but only urge you to distinguish between Godly repentence, and natural fear. The former is always found in true conversion; the latter in such *convictions* of sin, as *may*, but do not always issue in conversion. It is important to know the difference, that we may not cherish false hopes, and esteem ourselves Christians when we are not. But one feeling, which you described as existing then seems to remain still. You say, 'it seemed to me, that God was unjust in rejecting

my prayers, when He has promised, to hear all that come to Him in sincerity.' That was a very sinful feeling, and goes far to shew that your heart was not right, not even in a proper frame to seek His Grace. But let me attempt to shew you the truth on this point. God is not unjust, if he condems to eternal death, every child of Adam, and He may save, or reject, when He pleases. But then again, God has promised to save those, who seek Him in sincerity. He has said, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.' You argue, that as you came, and He rejected you, God has not kept His word with you. But though this is your reasoning, you turn away from such an impious conclusion, and say, 'Still I do not doubt the promise of God.' Let me clear up the matter a little. Do you think, God has bound Himself to answer your prayers, as soon as you offer them? If you were going to ask, of your father, a *little* favour, you would expect to have it at once; but if it were a *great* matter, you would watch opportunities, and use arguments, and ask and ask again. The reason why, a parent delays a favour, may be from a freak, or some wrong motive; but the reason, why God delays to answer, is to try us and see if we *really want* what we ask. If we do, we shall not be satisfied and sit still after one refusal; but pray and pray again. Is it a small favour that you ask of God, or a great one? If it is a great one, does it not deserve great efforts? And if you were satisfied with one or two attempts,

could you have been in *thorough real earnest*? But now, bearing in mind the promise, that those who come to Christ He will not cast out, let me try to shew you what coming to Christ is. None come to Christ, till they feel their need of Christ. Are you a sinner and exposed to eternal misery? Are you unable to keep the law of God, to please Him, to do *any thing*, which shall make you holy and acceptable to Him? If you truly feel this, you feel your need of Christ. Again, none can come to Christ, till they believe that He is able and willing to help them. In the first chapter of the Revelation, He says 'I am the Almighty,' and I have quoted his kind promise, 'Him that cometh, &c.' Do you believe that Christ is able and willing to save *you?* Observe there is no exception to the promise, *All, you* may plead it. And now what is coming to Christ? Suppose He were now standing before you, kind and compassionate as when He walked the earth, and should say, 'Sinner, *there* are the world, sin, and all earthly pleasures; and *here* am I offering you salvation, holiness, and a pure happiness;' which would you choose? Would you choose Christ? But that is coming to Christ. Suppose again, He should say, 'Sinner you do not deserve to be saved;' your prayers and tears and good works are all worthless; if you are saved, you must give all the honour of it to me. What would you do? Seek to be saved on your own terms, or on Christ's terms? Would you choose His terms? But that

is coming to Christ. Suppose once more, He should say, 'Sinner thou art proud and self-righteous, and yet thy conscience will give thee no rest. Thou wilt try to recommend thyself to Me; thou wilt *try* to do something for thy salvation. But renounce all this, and simply trust My word. Believe that I *alone* will save thee. Now can you do this and simply trust to Him, confide in Him and lay on Him your whole burden. But this is coming to Christ. It is renouncing all that displeases Him, it is renouncing all confidence in self, it is, standing on the edge of a precipice, but held by His Almighty hand, and trusting to His kind heart. When you let evil passions and sinful feelings discourage you from coming to Him, you make a great mistake. "If I desired to be a Christian, would I not endeavour to lead a better life?" You never *can* lead a better life, till you *are* a Christian. Ask yourself carefully this question. Is there any sin or bad habit, which I do not desire to renounce? Think over all the sins which most easily beset you, and as you mention each one to yourself, ask yourself, am I willing to give up this? If so, nothing need hinder you from coming to Christ. Why should you try to overcome sin before you go to Him? when the overcoming of sin, is the very reason why you need go to him. "If you tarry till you're better, you will never come at all. 'Not the *righteous*, *sinners* Jesus came to call.' And now at last, all may be in vain. You may be, as I was, when I tried to

believe in Jesus. It seemed, as if I were bound hand and foot, asleep, dead. I could not believe. But at length, I remembered that faith is the gift of God; and I prayed to God for faith. At last I was able to say, 'Lord I cannot believe, I am perfectly helpless, but Thou canst save me. I have no other hope, and whether Thou wilt save me or not, I can do no otherwise. I will cast myself on Thee.' This seemed to be the language of despair. I did not know, till long afterwards, that it was *faith*. Pray for faith, pray for light, and may God the Spirit direct and help you."

While in the West, there were times when he fondly hoped that his health would yet be restored. This restoration he especially desired, that he might engage in some service, for God, which he would render a blessing to the people among whom his lot was cast. There, he was willing, far from friends, and excluded from the enjoyments he highly prized, to remain, if he might only be permitted to promote the glory of his Saviour. His anxiety to preach the Gospel was intense. His soul burned with desires to make known to others the wonders of his Redeemer's grace. To glorify God and do good to men was the sum of his anxieties. On one occasion, after his return from Michigan, when he began to think, that God, in His providence, was cutting off all hope of his ever pleading with men as an ambassador for Christ, his pale face kindled with the ardour of his spirit, as he re-

marked to a dear friend, "If I cannot be of use in the world by preaching the Gospel, I can study; and I have thoughts of making the evidences of Christianity, which need some additional attention from the ministry, objects of study." In other words, he thought, if with his tongue, he could not advance the interests of religion, with his pen he might. That as a Christian, he was a perfect character, none will claim. He had his infirmities, over which he mourned and wept; but the grace of God was manifested in his victory over them. His natural irritability of temper was the occasion of much secret grief to him: yet, through humble, prayerful watchfulness, he had obtained such a mastery over his spirit, that very few, even of those who were imtimately acquainted with him, ever supposed that quickness of temper was a trait in his character.

CHAPTER VIII.

His character as a man.—As a student.—Extracts from Journal.—Essay on Popular Commotions.—Ode —Sermon.

As a *man*, Isaac was a lovely character Though his natural reserve kept him from continually seeking new friendships, he most fondly cherished those that were formed. The infirmities of those he loved did not seem to wean him from them. He made allowance for others' weaknesses, being duly sensible of his own. Of the circle of his intimate friends he was ever the life. His natural humour, restrained and refined by grace, contributed to the cheerfulness of those around him. He was a man incapable of a little or mean action, utterly averse to all detraction, and as far as his most intimate friends could discern, never moved by envy. An illustration of his kindness of feeling towards his friends, and of his unwillingness to offend them, is afforded in the following extract from his journal: "An unpleasant incident, occurring this afternoon, has led me to resolve, that I will not relate any circumstance, however ludicrous, which may chance to wound the feelings of another, *by being repeated to him*, or his character, when reported of him."

For his near relations, his affection was of the warmest character. To the end of his life, he

cherished, with the utmost reverence, his mother's memory, ever delighting to acknowledge his obligations to her; his love for his father, and the sense of thankfulness, he cherished for all his constant kindness towards him, were deep seated, though not ostentatiously manifested; while his intense interest, in the welfare of his brothers and sisters, was evinced by his constant vigilant anxiety to promote their best interests. Nor was his affection restricted to the immediate members of his own family. His grandparents, both paternal and maternal, as well as the brothers and sisters of both his parents, ever enjoyed the most gratifying evidences of the sincere respect, and heartfelt love he cherished for them. His father, after the decease of his mother, had formed a matrimonial connection with a lady still living, of whom delicacy forbids our saying much; but truth demands this tribute of respect, that in all things, and at all times, she sought to promote his children's welfare and happiness; watching over them, with as much care and anxiety, as she could have done over her own. For this his second mother, Isaac cherished, as well he might, the warmest love, the most sincere gratitude and respect. A short time after his arrival at Michigan, it pleased God to remove, by death, the infant child of his parents, but a young babe at the time of his leaving home. This event led him to write to his step-mother a letter, from which, as illustrative of his affectionate and grateful feelings towards her, we give a brief extract;

"My dear mother, I could not hold myself justified in neglecting to write to you, after the painful loss you have sustained of a second child. From the solicitude you have always manifested for my father's children, I can imagine, in some measure, the tenderness you must have felt towards your own. I had hardly known my little brother, long enough, to become greatly attached to him; but my feelings to him were, at least, those of cordial welcome and good will, and I hoped he might grow up to be a blessing and a comfort both to you, and to father. An infidel might think it hard, that after all your care of the family committed to your charge, your own children should not be spared; but I trust such feelings cannot enter a Christian breast. God is both wise, and good, and can make up the loss of many children. I trust, you may never feel the want of them, as far at least, as *our affection* can supply their place."

As *a Student*, Isaac, as we have before remarked, was, from his earliest years, remarkable for his ardent desires for the acquisition of knowledge, nor was it ever necessary for his parents to urge his attention to his studies, for they were always pleasant to him. From his childhood, that same desire was manifested for accurate and complete knowledge of every subject of study, for which, in riper age he was distinguished. Superficial knowledge never could satisfy him. For his diligence and proficiency while a student in the Albany Academy, he received, in addition to many other

premiums, the classical Gold Medal. His mental faculties, naturally of a very superior order, were most carefully and diligently cultivated. His mind was never at rest. Even, when in after years, suffering most severely from sick head-ache, or lying on a sick bed, under the influence of that gloomy disease, dispepsia, he would employ himself in the composition of a sermon, or occupy his thoughts with the arrangement of some new plan of study. Says one, who knew him well, "Even his mental rest was activity, and to me, the great wonder was, that his feeble frame so long endured the vast exertions of his mind.

His plans of study were deliberately and systematically formed, and not rendered subject to the whim of the moment, or made dependent on present inclination. He had his hours for every branch of science, nor did he deviate from his plans, unless compelled by circumstances he could not control. So tenacious had his naturally strong memory become, by careful improvement of its powers, and so great was his method, that he, either when writing, or conversing, ever appeared to have at hand, a full and available treasury of facts, in illustration of his subject. He was fond of the languages, but had restricted his attention to the Latin, Greek, French and Hebrew, in all of which, he had made great proficiency.

As a *Scholar* he held a high place both in the College and Theological Seminary. His imagination was naturally lively, his taste correct. Him-

self possessing some poetic talent, the perusal of Shakspeare, Spencer, and, above all modern poets, of Wordsworth, was the delightful employment of his leisure hours. His judgement was remarkably sound and correct. In illustration of his systematic habits, as a student, we give an extract from his Journal, Dec. 19, 1843. "I have, for a long time, cherished the design of making myself acquainted with all knowledge. Consequently, I have devoted much time, of late, to secular studies, Latin, Mathematics, Chemistry. But I am now convinced that this course was a mistaken one. The end of all our actions should be the glory of God. Now this is to be sought in two ways. 1st. By the careful performance of the duties at hand, and the careful preparation for them in near prospect. 2d. By the harmonious development of our whole nature. 1st. It is my duty, to prepare for an examination next summer, for the Ministerial Profession, and for preaching occasionally in this place. To this end, I must continue the study of Church History, as heretofore. It will be well, also to devote about an hour, every Saturday, to Hebrew. But Theology, which I have greatly neglected, will demand the most attention. I propose to spend the mornings of each week, for the present, in the careful study of some doctrine, and put down the result on paper, studying chiefly, clear method, undeniable proof, (from observation, reason, and the Bible,) and conciseness. The standards of our Church must be examined, and

finally the doctrine traced through church history. As to preaching, it will be easy to think out some subject in going to, and returning from, Church on the Sabbath, writing down my thoughts on the Monday following. 2d. In the development of character, the first thing to be sought, is personal holiness. I must try to take more time for devotion, first seeking preparation for it; to read the Bible more carefully and earnestly; to practice daily, self-examination; and to spend vacant time in serious thoughts. Next, health must be cared for, time enough being given to exercise. In the cultivation of mind, I read Mathematics as a discipline, at present not less than one problem a day. Latin may be pursued, for half an hour in the evening. Chemistry, when there is leisure; Music, when there is weariness. Saturday evening may be spent with Coleridge. On Sunday, the Bible has the chief claim. More definitely, Euclid every morning; Theology, Wednesday and Thursday mornings; Sermonising, Monday morning; Hebrew, part of Saturday morning; afternoons and evenings, Church History or Gibbon, and Latin, with lighter reading; Saturday evening with Coleridge; Chemistry, Letters, French, and Music, may fill up all the time that is left."

As a writer he was peculiarly happy, expressing his thoughts with combined beauty and force; conciseness, with illustrations singularly apt. Some of his essays are remarkable for their beauty of style. But, his sermons were composed with the

most studied simplicity. He abhorred all pulpit essays, despising that spirit which presents the man to view instead of Jesus Christ. His aim was, so to express himself in his sermons, as to be understood by all. If there was in them a phrase, or word, which he thought the plainest Christian might fail in comprehending, he endeavoured to correct it.

From a journal kept by Isaac, intended for his own improvement, and designed to embrace whatever interesting and useful facts, or ideas might occur from day to day; we shall subjoin a few articles of diversified character.

1842, *September 20th.*— I met this morning with a fine passage by Rev. Charles Wolf. "Christ is God manifest. He is the Word, God heard; the Light, God seen; the life, God felt."

1842, *September 25th.*—Communion Sabbath. Two excellent sermons. Resolved, 1st. To read more of the Bible, pure, unadulterated by men's opinions. 2d. To make prayer a more familiar employment, especially ejaculatory. 3d. To act out received truths, and so test them and make them practicable.

October 1st, New Brunswick.—I resume study with feelings far different from those that marked my first year at the seminary. I hope to keep my resolutions of the 25th, forewarned by repeated failures in duty, I feel my need of the *daily* imparting of Heavenly grace. My health demands regular exercise, and a quiet mind. For two or

three weeks, I shall study no more than is absolutely necessary; and during this term, perhaps all my life, shall avoid anticipating duties, and performing works of supererogation. I have resolved to decline no active duties, appropriate to my station, and consistent with my health. In outward conduct, I must cultivate gravity, and courtesy, and avoid evil speaking. A little book entitled, "Life as It Is," reminds me, that all my conduct to others must proceed from charity, as depicted by the Apostle Paul. But all in reliance on Divine assistance.

December 5th.—Yesterday was communion in Dr. Howe's church. A sick head-ache on Saturday kept me from going. But some reflections made my solitude pleasant, and profitable. I was reminded of an expression in my mother's diary, 'Thou art not confined to times and places.'

1843, *April 2d.*—I have been reflecting on *Isaiah* VIII. 6. ("Forasmuch as this people," &c.) and after establishing the two propositions, that God's appointed means seem contemptible, while man's seem formidable; and that God's means are perfectly efficacious, while man's bring him to confusion; came to some valuable practical inferences. Applying the doctrine to myself, I find, that in the pursuit of various knowledge, I am prefering human to Divine wisdom. God has not commanded us, first, to become great Geometers, Linguists and Metaphysicians; and then to pour out our treasures, in proud deference, at his feet; but to

adhere to the doctrines of the cross. Nor have His most useful stewards been noted for great acquisitions, (though often for great powers for which his word gives sufficient scope.) I have therefore resolved to study the word more, and to study it more spiritually. Not through the glass of Edwards, or the commentators, however good, nor yet relying wholly on the dictionary and grammar, but seeking Divine aid. More definitely, I resolve henceforth, beginning to-morrow, 1st. To study in the original, one verse of the Bible carefully, every day, unless I judge it not my duty, or should be hindered. 2d. To do this, if not inadvisable at the most favourable and freshest time of the day, and not to hurry it. 3d. To begin with fervent prayer for Divine aid. 4th. To end with a practical self-application, and prayer for a blessing. 5th. To review a suitable portion, chapter, or period, the Sabbath after I shall have finished them.

February 2d, 1844.—It is just one year since I left the seminary. Of this time, four months were spent in the house; for the rest of the time, I have not wanted for air and exercise. My head and stomach are much stronger; lungs not yet well, yet they are better, I can talk freely, sing bass, walk in the cold air. In November I seemed for a few days, to be almost well. But a fit of the ague pulled me back, and a severe cold, taken in a cold church, and increased by too violent exercise in the open air, and singing, gave me no small

uneasiness. The weather has been, for the most part, very unfavourable to my health. I think, the middle of next summer will find me well; but next winter ——. Hope is a duty, and so is faith, and so are resignation and cheerfulness. If God see fit, I shall preach next fall; if not it is best so.

We have referred to Isaac's poetic talents, and spoken of his essays, as possessing much beauty of style, and of his sermons, as characterized by studied simplicity. We subjoin a specimen of each.

POPULAR COMMOTION.

[Written when 13 years of age.]

In every age of the world the voice of the people has been considered as exercising a most important influence in any system of government, and although in some it may possess little weight, yet it cannot be entirely disregarded. Accordingly we find that the greatest despots stand in continual awe of the people rising in their strength, and endeavour by being surrounded with the minions and guards of tyranny, to shield themselves from the consequences due to their misrule. Notwithstanding their utmost endeavours they are often overtaken by just punishments, and serve to instance the danger of oppression. Such examples showing the immense results of great popular

movements, and the vast good or evil arising from them, are alone sufficient to entitle the subject to the highest consideration.

Power then, as the cause of these great results, is evidently the chief attribute of Popular Commotion. Effecting as it does, the most wonderful changes, and frequently undermining and destroying power not to be destroyed by any thing else; the voice of the people overthrows the strong man, because it is itself stronger. In proof of this, we need only refer to one of the most recent instances; the French Revolution. The enormous power of the monarch and his nobles, strengthened by the influence of the clergy, and confirmed by the long duration of the royal line, invincible as it appeared, yielded suddenly without an ability to resist, to a power still more enormous—the genius of the revolution. That ancient form of government, so absolutely maintained and implicitly relied on, was wholly overcome by a new and entirely opposite state of affairs, as wonderful as unexpected. Yet, though the torrent of popular opinion could not be stayed in its headlong career, it could nevertheless be turned into almost any channel. The same nation, which had dethroned and murdered a good king, yielded to an ambitious despot; and in hailing Napoleon as the Emperor, gave evidence how easily a man of talent can wield the irresistible engine of popular commotion. As with France and her king, so it was with Britain and her king, and Cromwell in the

latter, as well as Napoleon in the former, gained and kept what Charles and Louis had lost. Next to power, cruelty and injustice may be considered as the chief characteristic of popular disturbance. When those who are unaccustomed to power, find it suddenly placed in their own hands, their first impulse is to use it, and they are seldom scrupulous as to the manner. Envy and cupidity incite them to plunder the rich, hatred urges them to destroy those who are distinguished or powerful, and they are compelled to make away with the virtuous, from a conciousness of their superior worth. Of all these, instances may be given out of a single Commonwealth. The first is too evident to need illustration; of the second, Miltiades and Themistocles are eminent examples, and Aristides and Socrates, of the third. All these distinguished citizens were unjustly and cruelly punished, for the important services which they had rendered to their ungrateful country. The only distinguishing quality of Popular Commotion that remains to be mentioned is mutability. Those who seek public applause, court the favour of that blind and fickle goddess, Fortune, and are most likely to fall when they are highest on her wheel. The favourite of to-day is hated to-morrow, and the most beloved of the people often becomes contemned in the same degree as he has been esteemed. The Duke of Marlborough from being extolled and honoured in the highest degree, became despised and unnoticed by the whole British nation.

A more recent instance is afforded in the Duke of Wellington, who is as much hated now, as he was formerly beloved. The nature of Popular Commotion having been considered, the cause of it next demands our attention. These will be almost always found to take their origin in prospects of future advantage; for no nation would exchange their present condition for another equally as bad. This prospect of future advantage supposes either real or imaginary evil, which in a nation, is generally caused by the oppression of rulers. Oppression then would seem to be the primary cause of nearly all great Popular Commotion, and this view of the subject is supported by most of the instances recorded in history. The disputes between the Patricians and Plebians, the revolt of the Barons against king John, Wat Tyler's insurrection, together with the Swiss and American revolutions, may be cited as instances in which the people have been really oppressed; and the French revolution of imaginary evils. Finally the effects of Popular Commotion are most overwhelming. The mightiest monarchies have been overturned, the most ancient and established forms of government subverted, the strong holds of tyranny stormed, and changes made of which the most imaginative would not have dreamed. These changes are useful or useless, beneficial or injurious, according to the direction which the revolution has taken. If it has been directed into a proper channel and carried on without rashness,

the greatest national blessing will be the result; instead of oppression there will be a well regulated government; instead of a people groaning under their burdens, and urged on by their task-masters, there will be the cheerfulness of freemen acting under just and necessary regulations. If on the contrary, the great purpose of the revolution, namely a better form of government be not well known, constantly held in view, and steadily maintained, you will not see the oppression of one man, but of many; and anarchy will succeed tyranny. Popular Commotion embraces within itself the principles of good and evil; and though the latter cannot be entirely removed, there is one thing which can greatly lessen its weight, and that is a general diffusion of knowledge. It was for the want of this, that France is as much oppressed as ever. It is by means of this, that America is in possession of civil liberty, and her citizens in the enjoyment of as much freedom as is consistent with the general welfare of the community. Knowledge has given them a good form of government, may they ever know and appreciate its worth. 1*st Premium, February,* 1836, *Albany Academy.*

ODE.

On the day of the Celebration of our Country's Freedom in 1841, conversing with a fellow student on the glorious events succeeding the Declaration of Independence it was proposed, that each should take the pen, and give vent to his patriotic feelings, in a poetic effusion. In a short time, Isaac submitted the following ode—

Shout ! for a nation free ;
Let every heart and voice
Swelling with conscious Liberty,
In Liberty rejoice.
And let us offer to the unbattled ranks
Of ancestors, whose blood
Through limbs unfettered flowed—
But, most of all, to God,
Hearty thanks.

Thanks to that fearless crew,
By blind oppression sent
To seek a home o'er the ocean blue—
Like Abraham forth they went,
Not knowing whither ; like Him free from fears,
But not like him sustained
By a Divine command,
And the promise that the land
Should be theirs

Thanks to their worthy sons,
Who sullied not the fame
Of ancestors in those free homes,
Whence their free fathers came ;
Who knew their rights, and knowing dared maintain
That righteous Hampden bled,
And Sidney bowed his head.
And the fearless pilgrims fled,
Not in vain.

Thanks to that Patriot band,
Who in solemn Congress met;
And with unfaltering hand,
To the Declaration set
Their names; and pledged their honour and their life
To *keep* their sacred trust,
Maintain their cause so just,
Or die, if die they must
In the strife.

Thanks to the wise and good,
Who held the helm of state,
When Freedom toss'd upon the flood,
Seemed rushing to her fate.
More wise, more firm; more patriotic; none—
Than those whose hands sustained
The rights their swords had gained:
On whom thy great arm leaned—
Washington!

Thanks to Almighty God;
To Him whose justice sends
Defeat and shame against the proud,
But gives the afflicted, friends;
To Him who drove the alien from our shore,
And fought against the strong—
Let men redeemed from wrong,
Send up their grateful song,
Evermore.

God of our fathers, hear!
Thou who didst bring the band
Of weary pilgrims from afar,
And gave them this fair land,
And blessed their sons with liberty and peace—
Let peace and liberty
Still crown our jubilee;
And grateful praise to Thee,
Never cease.

It will be perceived that the following essay is not complete: the third head being, in a great measure, wanting; and what is given of this head seems to be only an outline which the author never finished.

ON FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

There is a definition of wisdom, excellent in itself and sanctioned by long use, which may well introduce the subject of this essay. It is this: "Wisdom consists in the choice of the best ends, and of the best means." If this definition be correct—and there are few that have been so widely and successfully applied—we can hardly set before us a more worthy object, one more correspondent to the two great characteristics of wisdom, than the formation of our own characters. If every man would but propose to himself this end, there would no longer be need of many vast projects that promise more and effect less; of moral associations, where the mass is mightily moved, and the individuals composing it remain, in inward character, much the same as before; of social reforms, where the favourable influence of external circumstances is vainly expected to supply the want of internal and individual excellence. In one word, if the melioration of the individual were sought by the individual, the melioration of the race would soon follow. Make the state better by making its citizens better; make the world

better by making better ourselves who dwell in it. This is the true sphere of a reformer—his own bosom—his own character. For whoever would teach another must have first taught himself, and whoever would reform another should first reform himself. Regard to this object—to self-reformation and the formation of our own character—is therefore a great part of wisdom; for "Wisdom consists first in the choice of the best ends."

He, who, having made so good a choice, shall also succeed in selecting and applying the best means to accomplish his purpose, is entitled to the name of a wise man. And this is the subject with which we have to do at present. It is "Of the foundations and the building up of a human spirit." It should tell how to discover and develop latent energies; how to detect and remove unsuspected seeds of future evil; how to induce a rapid, and vigorous, and healthy growth of the whole man, until he become mature in all his powers, yet still tending higher; in one word, until he arrive at the "fulness of the stature of a perfect man." "Theme, hard as high," and hard because high; for what that is great and worthy of pursuit is not difficult? That very difficulty implies a great object, worthy of toil and sweat, and perseverance. Nor is the difficulty confined to the investigation of ways and means. When these are discovered, we shall find it still more diffiult to *use* them. It may be hard to *think*: it is harder still to ACT. Whoever therefore, would form his own character

after a perfect model, must first count the cost. He must prepare for a labour as long as his life; for a contest more severe than have given renown to Alexander or Napoleon. For "he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

Let us then look steadily at our subject and know exactly what we seek, what we need, and what we must undergo; and then, if our courage has not failed in the survey, we have nothing to do but to act. Three questions cover the whole field of investigation. *First.* What is that perfect character which I ought to seek? *Second.* How much do I come short of that perfect character? *Third.* How shall I obtain complete conformity to it? When these questions are satisfactorily answered, our work is laid out, and our way clear before us. These questions are intimately connected. One introduces and prepares for the other. It would be vain to answer, or act on either separately, but they are most important in their mutual relations; and of those who advance with steady step from one to the other, it may be said "they go from strength to strength."

I take them therefore, in their order.

First. What is that perfect character which we ought to seek? Still bearing in mind the definition of wisdom already alluded to, this query will be found to correspond to the first division of it. It relates to the choice of the end. If we neglect to ascertain what this ought to be, it will appear at last that our exertions in the formation of char-

acter might better not have been made. The boy, who, in early life, fired with the splendid example of Jack Sheppard, shapes his mind and heart assiduously after such a pattern, who applies all the acuteness of his intellect to picking locks, and all the energy of his will to resisting law, will indeed form a character, of how much benefit to himself or his fellow men, the novelist who inspired him may best determine.

Or to take a less extreme example. Would a mind, fashioned after the model of Gordon Noel Byron, be likely to achieve anything worthy of its spiritual nature? No: not even if the end proposed were reached, and a second highly gifted and profligate poet given to the world. But what are the *actual* results of this ambitious imitation? a curious conformation of choler; a melancholy madness; an ocean of nine-lined stanzas, with all the gloom of Childe Harold, and all the licentiousness of Don Juan, without the energy of the one or the wit of the other. By all means, then, let us have some *worthy* object, that our energies may not be wasted in the manufacture of mischief.

That character which alone it becomes rational and immortal man to seek, should be absolutely perfect. What if we cannot reach it? Is it not better to be making constant approximations to perfection, than to rest satisfied with *any* meagre result that may be conveniently obtained? And who will venture to say that to acquire such a character is impossible? "It never has been" will perhaps be

deemed a sufficient answer. I grant it—as far as our observation goes. But how do we know but that the great and good, who made the most progress in so noble a work, did not reach their goal at the very moment when they vanished from our sight? Not here, I allow—not here; not now, may we expect perfection. But I pity the man who limits his noblest aspirations by the little words *now* and *here;* who, seeing nothing beyond the horizon, cannot bring himself to believe that there may be somewhere, beyond it, and beyond his narrow vision, far out in the ocean depths, a New World.

Let us then set our standard high, and aim at nothing less than perfection. At worst, we cannot make less progress for it, for a grand object will better rouse us to exertion than a little one. Two things are necessary to a perfect character. Every part must be fully developed, and the whole must be symmetrical. In other words, let each faculty be allowed and encouraged to expand itself fully: then let it take its proper place among the rest; that with strength there may be proportion. No part of our compound and various nature should be neglected. Even the body requires its appropriate care and culture. The dwelling of the soul must be kept in repair, if only for the fit accommodation of its noble tenant; nor can we reasonably expect a healthy mind without a healthy body. The wise men of antiquity knew the importance of a suitable physical education.

History disdains not to record the personal beauty of Sophocles; Pythagoras bore away, at the Olympic games, the prize for wrestling; and even the eloquent Plato sought bodily vigour in the severe exercises of the athlete. For want of this first process of Grecian Education, our times see many a brilliant genius cut off in the maturity of its powers, or in their first beautiful development, and many more lingering miserably and uselessly on the Earth they seemed formed to bless. It was a beautiful theory of a nation most susceptible to all kinds of beauty, that the perfect soul chose or formed for itself a worthy temple. A practical, observant age like ours might indeed remind them that facts sustained not the fine fancy; or suggest, as Charles Lamb has done, that if the good soul chooses its own dwelling place, it must be in many cases, a poor judge of architecture. But yet let the practical age know that in the old theory was much truth. We feel it most fitting that the body should express the soul's character; we are disappointed when it does not.

In the character of a perfect man, and it is that which we should set before us, that discord will not be found. And that we may become perfect men, we must neglect no part of our nature, not even the lowest. It is not degrading to take most excellent care of that which God made with so excellent wisdom. With all the light of modern science, we have yet to learn a lesson most familiar to the age of the Olympaids. We have good cause

to learn it better. The ancients were struck with the beauty of the body: we believe in its resurrection. But a healthy and perfect body, however needful, has a very indirect bearing on character. It is but the instrument of the mind that dwells within. That mind can indeed fulfil its purposes best with a perfect instrument; but it has often manifested its inherent and independent vigour, when the outward man was most weak and contemptible. Let us proceed to the examination of this superior nature, without which the body is no more than an ingenuous mechanism with no moving power.

It is, no doubt, impossible to analyze the soul and enumerate all its powers. They blend one with another, and our analyses and definitions result only from our desire of understanding by parts that which we cannot comprehend as a whole. Still these arbitrary divisions are useful, even necessary. But when we make them we should remember that they are arbitrary and not natural. Bearing this in mind, I will for convenience sake, in giving the qualities of a perfect character, follow a simple and approved order, and commence with the Intellect. As compound beings, composed of a material and immaterial part, we must not pass by those lower faculties by which we are united to the world without us, and through which alone, according to some philosophers, we have any knowledge. It is not to the perfection of the external senses, however, that such know-

ledge must be ascribed; but rather to greater diligence and skill in the use of them; in other words, to the habit of observation, always awake to nature and science, and man; drawing nourishment from all sources, from the air and the clouds, earths and rocks, running streams and the all-surrounding ocean; from all living things, plants and animals of every form and grade of life and intelligence; from works of art, roads, houses, churches, machines, statuary and painting; most of all from man, viewing him in his outward appearance, feature, form and motion; in sport and in anger; in all circumstances of riches or poverty, power or weakness, ignorance or wisdom. Thus all knowledge is gathered into one brain; which becomes the epitome of every thing without itself. The result is a myriad minded man; in one word, a *Shakspeare.*

Yet, not observation alone will form such a man. Memory is needed to fix the fleeting impression on the mind's camera obscura; memory, prompt to receive that impression, strong to retain, ready to restore it at bidding. These faculties furnish the materials. The power of conception, "that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude," and through which not mere outlines, or single-tinted engravings, but lively pictures are presented to the recalling mind in their own bright colours with life and motion. But the mind is not the mere passive recipient and retainer of impressions. It has the power of choosing and refusing; of fixing

and confining its regard to any selected object. This power is attention: the capability of fixing thought, of selecting some one thing in preference to any other, and making it the subject of the mind's observation or reflection: of excluding whatever may interfere with that steady and continuous scrutiny. Then the understanding takes these facts, memories, conceptions, brought before it by attention, and disposes of them in suitable order, examines their mutual relations as similar or dissimilar, identical or diverse, causes or effects, generals or particulars, and according to these relations, arranges, classifies, that the mind's stores may be, not as sea-wreck, gold and fish, and broken masts, thrown up by chance waves and scattered on the beach; but like the selected and well arranged rarities of a cabinet where like is next to like, and all things in their place. But is there not some faculty higher even than this discriminating, deductive and classifying power? Have we not also some perception of the beautiful, and the sublime, and the ludicrous; and crowning the whole grand structure, a power that recognizes abstract truths such as our senses do not convey to us, ideas of substance, of space, and of time, ideas which, when physical, are at the bases of all mathematical science, and when metaphysical, relating to spiritual existence of the science of the mind. This highest faculty, distinguishing man from all below him, has been named Reason.

Moral perceptions and feelings also are no less

indispensable to the perfect character. "A pure intelligence," is a being no where existing among men; nor is such an one at all desirable. Yet intellect alone seems, in the opinion of many, worthy of culture; and our age especially favours the opinion. But intellect alone will never make the perfect man whom we seek; and, often as the proverb "knowledge is power," has been repeated, intellect is not the lever that moves the world. Was Martin Luther characterized chiefly by *mental* endowments? Yet his influence will never pass from the sight of men. Many men have been more splendidly endowed than Washington; of greater men than he, how few! Let us look then a little at this department of character—the moral. Moral excellence consists principally of three elements, truth, justice, kindness. Without these, no man is great or wise, but a mere dexterous juggler, with circumstances, with skill it may be, dexterity, talent, but not wisdom; for without these he will never choose the best ends. These are qualities that need no definition, no eulogy. These with the *will*, are properly the character. Let him who seeks a perfect character, fix his eye on them, learn to recognize them everywhere, to admire and love them, finally so to strengthen the power of willing, that he may without fear of consequence, act according to their dictates. If their is in man any inherent grandeur, it is seen in the constant adherence of a strong will to perfect right and goodness. But

has man such inherent strength? Some imperfect traces of it may indeed be found in Cato, in Socrates, but was it complete and in no respect defective? Those wise men would not have ventured to say so. The character of man cannot be complete without religion. It is a universal want. Far as the idea of God has spread is felt the need of God. That idea, often most false, must needs suffer when translated into the language of earth; or rather, that inexpressible Being must loose much glory when translated into our imperfect idea. Such a false conception makes religion the scorn of those who know it not, in its heavenly features. It is then indeed no blessing, but like the sun eclipsed, disastrous twilight sheds, perplexing nations. But he who confounding it with the false, rejects the true, can never even guess what the perfection of His nature is. And now having assembled the elements of character, it further remains that they be blended in a harmonious and perfect union. Not mind alone, nor soul alone, nor body alone; but mind and soul and body in one make the man. All his powers, thought, reason, will, imagination sense, must be so blended as to co-operate mutually in every needful labour. Each must stand in its place and due relation to the rest. The foundation of rock, as well as the majestic superstructure; the massive walls and protecting roof, as well as the fluted column and graceful entablature are needed in this completely proportioned Temple. The danger of excessively developing some favor-

ite power is great. History here holds out many beacons. The wild imagination of the great discoverer, Columbus, led him to indulge in dreams and speculations that almost savour of insanity. The logical faculty of Clarke procured for him, from that unsparing wit, Voltare, the rather dubious compliment of being a reasoning machine. The strong will of Charles XII. serves but "to point a moral or adorn a tale." Even conscience has been perverted; for the assassin of Henry IV. of France, died without fear, supposing he had done God's service.

Such are the results of neglecting to value and cultivate our whole nature. Let the elements of character be fitly united; for we cannot have strength or beauty without proportion. Must we then seek in vain for our model? I trust not. There is one, of whom we have heard, in whom bitter enemies and lukewarm friends can find no fault at all. His mind is perfect. An eye open to the most delicate features of nature, draws instructions from the birds of the air, and the lillies of the field. An understanding, comprehensive, of the most general truths, reduces all duty to two great laws, and these to one great principle, *Love*. Yet not less practical than vast, he applies his grand principle of duty to every case, in the golden rule of "Doing to others as we would have them do to us." His reason soared to abstract truths of far higher import, than his hearers or than we can fully know. His justice is truth, His

kindness, were perfect and unfailing. His will inflexible, in right bore him through shame and pain and hatred unchanged; the same wise and kind being as before. He needed not prosperity to try, or adversity to afflict him; but the first was offered Him and He rejected it; the latter was poured out and He is manifested perfect through suffering. Behold at last a perfect man; yes, and more than man. Those who doubt, need but read His life, not once, nor twice, but repeatedly; and if at every new perusal, His character rises into greater grandeur and beauty and new traits of excellence discover themselves continually, they will at length know this excellence is vaster than they thought. It is the beautiful symmetry that at first conceals its grandeur; as he who enters the great Roman Cathedral is at first disappointed; but as he looks, the walls seem to expand, the dome to rise, every part to take a more majestic size, until he is lost in the vastness of the perfect edifice. So it is here, and he who finds it so, may know that at last he has found his model.

The idea of excellence once obtained, the model once chosen, we should often recur to it, and strive to fix in our minds every feature. Thus we shall be prepared for the *second* question proposed, and which naturally follows the view of superior excellence. How nearly do I resemble it? The question is confined within no narrow limits. It embraces the whole wide domain of self-knowledge. Whoever would answer it must know him-

self fully and truly; must know not only what his character *is*, but what it is *worth*. These two branches of self-knowledge do not always go together. Many are conscious of their peculiar mental features without being conscious of their intrinsic worthlessness. Thus a man, accused of unbecoming pride, will allow that he is not mean-spirited, and calls his pride, self-respect. Hence it appears that self-inspection may merely feed self-complacency, and no doubt, it often does. It is therefore necessary, when we have discovered a trait of character, that we rest not satisfied with giving it an honourable name, and calling it very good, we must compare it with the abstract idea of perfection, and with the perfect model we have chosen. In this way we shall learn what it is worth, and generally find it not worth so much as we were at first inclined to suppose. This is, of course, not pleasant. And herein is the chief difficulty of self-knowledge. We cannot venture to lift the veil from off the mind because we are afraid of what we may see there. It is like probing a painful wound. Yet in moral and mental as in bodily maladies, it is vain to apply medicine until we know the disease, and self-scrutiny is the science of diagnostics. First of all, then, is necessary in this work a thorough conviction of its necessity, and a courageous resolution to go through with it without faltering. "It is the first step that costs trouble," and whoever can take it, and fairly commence, will no doubt reach his end. Yet it is

well to know that the next step is troublesome also; that in this journey the hill, Difficulty, always presents its steep sides; that ease is to be had not from any smoothness in the way, but from increased strength and muscle.

If it were not disagreeable to survey ourselves truly, it would still be difficult. The operations of the mind are silent, hidden. We see not usually the moving power; but infer it from seeing the work, just as we know by looking at the dial-plate, whether a clock goes well; if it keeps good time, we conclude it to be in good order, if not, something is the matter with it, but it requires a skilful mechanic to say what the matter is, and what should be the remedy. Yet many men understand the works of a clock; how few, the more complicated movements of the mind! Indeed some are perplexed when required to judge by outward appearance; to say whether a certain course of conduct indicates a healthy mind or not. They stand confused like the child when asked what time of day it is. Indeed, unless we have watched ourselves closely, we are all thus ignorant. To know ourselves, we must commence with the easiest lesson. We must watch our actions, our words. We must judge by outward results of the power that produces them. Thus, if in studying mathematics, I have been obliged to commence a problem three or four times without getting beyond the ennunciation, it is easy to conclude that I am deficient in attention. If I can read the "Tempest," with feelings

utterly unmoved, as if the work of Shakspeare were a newspaper advertisement, there is no doubtful sign of a want of imagination. Or to illustrate, in the same way, the workings of our moral nature. It is certainly not hard for a man who has just struck his neighbour, in a violent passion, to infer that he has not a perfect command of his temper; or for one who has just turned away from the plea of a hungry man, to conclude that he has not too much benevolence. Thus, from outward actions, we may learn the quality of the mind and heart from which they spring, always supposing what is most necessary, that we be fair and impartial, and only desirous to know the truth.

This scrutiny must be frequently repeated, or we shall arrive at false results. One observation must be corrected by another, since our characters do not always appear the same to us. They do really change in new circumstances. As in the study of natural phenomena, many observations are needed, so there are here. He would be a very foolish philosopher who would take the height of the thermometer in January, and let that serve as the measure of heat in July. But not less foolish is the self-examiner who, finding his deportment most admirable in favourable circumstances, while nothing tries him, concludes that his temper is most excellent; when suddenly, a man insults him, and lo! how fast the mercury rises to summer heat. Day after day, we must look and record; the average will give us our character. It

is also to be borne in mind that we are very imperfect observers. The eye turned inward on itself is subject to aberrations enough, which, alas! there are no lenses to correct; and which can only be corrected by repeating frequently the observation. No doubt the only way by which we can obtain an approximation to the truth, and an approximation is all our utmost science is able to effect, is to examine ourselves at a frequent and stated time. If the time be not stated, it will not be frequent, for we shall always find ourselves disposed to put the matter off to a more convenient season. Finally, this examination must be universal. Not one, but every faculty should pass in review before us. We are not to linger with a fond affection on the most pleasing: we are not to pass quickly by the rude and disagreeable. Indeed we should reverse this system. That which is well may be let alone; the sick need a physician. Wherever we find a moral fester, there we are to fix the microscopic eye, and firmly resolve to know its utmost pollution. No doubt the diseased part will shrink; so much the more it needs to be carefully handled, secure amputation or cleansed. Then the whole is to be surveyed, that we may know where our labour is most needed; that we may see what is weak and needs strengthening, what is vigorous and needs pruning, what is unseemly and needs to be removed. Then, if we have been faithful, we may sometimes have the pleasure of seeing order and beauty gradually take

the place of the "wild where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot." It may be remarked that others will assist us in the work. We may have load on load of advice if we will but take it, for of this all men are liberal, and it should not be wholly disregarded. Friends and enemies may equally aid us: and enemies even more than friends. A German Poet says: "my friend tells me what I *can*, my foe, what I *ought* to do." Many a good or evil quality lies hidden from its possessor; yet known to many who see him daily. This quality is more likely to be a bad than a good one; yet it may be good, and unsuspected. How often does a man labour through a long life without even discovering his talent, that peculiar talent which he might most efficiently use! How many men mistake their callings! A military Frederick will dabble in literature; a literary Voltaire in politics. The lookers-on laugh to see each out of his element—the poor subjects do not suspect the absurdity. We will do well to listen to the laughs of men, to their reproaches and their abuse. Unreasonable enough it may all seem to us, unreasonable it may really be, but ten to one we shall find it "founded on fact."

As men help us in our work, so do unexpected events. They call forth unsuspected energies, whether good or evil. They show us where our strength, oftener where our weakness lies. Indeed all things aid us, if we but keep our eyes open, our minds attentive, our tempers candid. On a

subject so trite as self-knowledge, enough has perhaps been said: more than enough to discourage many from the hard attempt. If so it is a pity, yet it is best so. It is never amiss to count the cost and know the worst. Least of all in a business like this, which must end with the life. For the human soul is not understood after a few superficial surveys; indeed it never can be fully known—"within the deepest deep, a deeper deep, still opens wide." Nor is there any hope of arriving at such perfection as to make farther scrutiny needless. So far from this, the very men who have searched themselves most diligently, have found most cause to go on unweariedly. When Hercules fought the Hydra, for every hissing head he mangled, a new one rose to renew his toil. It is not exactly so in our labour, for that which perishes of our faults does not necessarily raise up a new fault; but its removal lets more light into the dark cave: we see an endless brood and feel that our labour is yet but begun; therefore count the cost. But if in view of so high an object as that proposed, a perfect character, we can think no labour too hard, let the attempt be fairly made, and already the *third* question is half answered.

How shall I obtain perfect conformity to my model? But before entering on this last part of our subject, it is well to make two preliminary remarks. 1st. Be quite sure that the previous steps have been taken. As the first elements of Arithmetic must precede the study of Algebra, and a

thorough knowledge of Algebra precede the difficult calculations of Astronomy, so must a clear conception of our model, and an intimate self-knowledge precede and accompany the work of self-improvement. But whoever is deficient in the energy and perseverance requisite for the first steps, cannot hope to succeed in that which requires more energy and perseverance still. Milo could never have carried the ox, if he had not first carried the calf. Washington could not have administered the affairs of the Republic, if he had not been able to govern his own household and manage his own farm. In the formation of character, as in all other great undertakings, the less must prepare for the greater, and a bad beginning ensures a worse end, if it does not preclude the possibility of reaching the end. But 2d. We are to expect no intermission or relaxation of effort. Either we will never reach the point proposed, or we will from that eminence see a point beyond. Our highest conceptions of excellence are low, and when we propose to ourselves the acquisition of a perfect character, we can have no idea of the greatness and difficulty of our question. A child may determine to know every thing; but in his mind every thing is included in Colburn's Arithmetic, Malte Brun's Geography, and Webster's Spelling Book. These mastered, the young aspirant is astonished to see beyond him, Euclid, Natural Philosophy and Latin. So our highest idea of a perfect character are childish, and as we pro-

gress our object will grow and grow until it seems infinite and unattainable, and our labour which promised to be short, is now seen to be endless.

> "So pleased at first the towering Alps we try,
> Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky!
> Th' eternal snows appear already past,
> And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;
> But, those attained, we tremble to survey
> The growing labours of the lengthened way;
> Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
> Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise."

Let us then count on severe, unremitting, unending labours, and we shall not be disappointed. Our object is so beautiful and grand that it excites the imagination, and makes insensible the roughness of the way to it. But the way is rough—and the business will be found very practical. Dreams and wishes will not help us; for, as Coleridge says, "he who flies in his dreams will find that he has only dreamed of flying."

These two things premised, viz: a suitable preparation and a quiet, sober resolution, I enter at once on the question. How can I form a perfect character? On so wide a subject it is impossible to be systematic without consuming more space than the limits of an essay will allow. A few desultory observations must suffice.

WATCHFULNESS AND PRAYER.

"Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation."
Math. xxvi. 41.

These words were spoken by the Lord Jesus, on the same night on which He was betrayed. In the prospect of His approaching trial, He had retired with His disciples to the garden of Gethsemane, there to seek strength from on high, sufficient to sustain Him in the great conflict that ensued. From the little band of Apostles, He chose three, who had more than once before been similarly favoured, to accompany Him to the place of prayer; and retiring a short distance even from them, He poured out His soul in an agony of supplication. Already He seemed to suffer the bitterness of death, while He earnestly prayed that if it were possible this cup might pass from Him. And while their Master was thus painfully engaged, what was the conduct of those three disciples? They well knew that some great trial awaited their Lord. He had warned them frequently, that He must suffer many things from His ungrateful countrymen—even death itself. That very evening, He had given them to know that the time was now at hand. When, therefore, He returned from His solitary devotions, were they not found adding their prayers to His? Were they not, at least, watching anxiously, for the event which they had been taught to expect? That is a humiliating

record, which tells us that, coming to the disciples, He found them asleep ; that retiring and returning a second, and a third time, they slept still. Such conduct, at such a season, seems to merit the severest censure. But the meek and compassionate Redeemer knew the infirmities of human nature, and, amidst the intensity of His own sufferings, regarded them with pity. How gentle and affecting His reproach, if such it may be called, "What, could ye not watch with me one hour?" How mild and feeling the tone of His exhortation. "Watch and Pray that ye enter not into temptation ; for the spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak." And very needful was this kind exhortation. The betrayer was at hand ; and the disciples found, too late, that as they had neglected to improve the hour of preparation; they were without strength for the hour of trial. They all forsook him, and fled. To us, such weakness seems wonderful. That men who had seen all the mighty works of Jesus should fear to stand by Him, that friends who had experienced so much of His love *should find it in their hearts* to forsake Him, appears unaccountable. But they were not weaker than others, surely not weaker than ourselves ; for on subsequent occasions, their boldness excites our admiration. It does not become us to censure those whom Christ forgave: let us then with greater advantage to ourselves, observe the cause, and seek the remedies of such weakness ; that we may profit by their example, and avoid their sin. The

words our Lord addressed to them are equally suitable to us; for we too, though not tempted in the same way, or in an equal degree, are yet exposed to daily trial, and have as much need of watchfulness and prayer, if we would not enter into temptation. Let us then briefly consider the importance, and even the necessity, of the duties enjoined in this command to the disciples. It is not perhaps too much to say, that they are the most important prescribed to the Christian; or rather they may be said to be those necessary requisites, without which, we can perform no duties whatever. For what duty can be rightly performed, or what sin avoided without constant watchfulness; and what can make this watchfulness constant and effectual, but the grace of God procured by accompanying prayer? Whoever would fight manfully the good fight of faith, must have deeply fixed in his heart, these two Divine injunctions, "Be vigilant Pray without ceasing."

I. But first of Watchfulness. I observe that our need of it will be evident, if we consider the power and subtlety of our enemies on the one hand; and our own ignorance and weakness on the other. If a small party of soldiers must exercise redoubled vigilance in the neighbourhood of a powerful foe; if undisciplined recruits must be doubly on their guard against the stratagems of experienced veterans; then must the weak and inexperienced soldier of Christ use the utmost precaution against the strength and skill of Satan. Let me call your

attention more particularly to these two circumstances, that so plainly show the necessity of vigilance,—the great malice and ability of our adversary, and our own deficiencies in the qualities suitable to oppose him.

1. That we have a dangerous enemy, the Word of God permits us not to doubt. It appears from several places, that one of the most glorious Angels before the Throne of Heaven, endowed with power and intelligence beyond the conception of man's limited faculties, fell, and drew down with him, a mighty host of spirits, partners in his rebellion; and that deprived of happiness himself, he sought, in his malicious envy, the destruction of those holy beings, whom God had also created happy. Yes! the first mournful page, in the mournful history of our world, can bear witness to the malice and subtlety with which he planned and executed his purpose; and every subsequent record of human guilt has more and more clearly shown his power to mislead the children of men. Though fallen, he continues a spiritual being, of powers so vast, that, if not limited in their exercise through the mercy of God, they would amply suffice for the ruin of the whole human race. We see, in the history of Job, the extremity of sinful discontent, to which his temptations could excite the most submissive of all men. We see, in the history of Peter, the extremity of fear to which he reduced that ardent disciple, though his Master had prayed for him that his faith might not fail.

For nearly six thousand years, this indefatigable enemy has pursued his designs against the human race; and if we consider the original extent of his faculties, and the length of his experience, we must allow to him, such a knowledge of our frail nature, such a command of means to seduce us to sin, as none of us could possibly counteract. What do our daily observations teach us of his influence? That the multitude of men are led captive at his will. What does our own experience teach us? That he is always active, always on the watch; taking advantage of every relaxation in our vigilance, and often overcoming us, in spite of our most careful precautions. Is it necessary to urge you to be on your guard against such a foe? But notice further the great resources he has at his command.

The visible world, that surrounds us, is to him a vast magazine of weapons to be used against us. It was said by one, who well knew the worst and weakest traits of mankind, that "Every man had his price." However we may be disposed to reject a proposition so degrading, the principle involved in it is doubtless true, that every man has his temptations; some temptation suitable to be addressed to his strongest passions, his besetting sins, his peculiar weakness. You will often hear men congratulating themselves on their freedom from some fault to which they never had the least inclination, while they are slaves to vices, even more degrading. They are awake to the attack

of which there is no danger; they are blind on the quarter, from which danger is most likely to come. But if they are blind, their *enemy* is *not.* He suits his temptations to the dispositions of those he assails. To the avaricious, he offers wealth unbounded. To the ambitious man, he shows all the kingdoms of the world and their glory, and says, "All this will I give thee." To the man of gaiety and dissipation, he exhibits the refinements of sensual pleasure; to the man of ease, the attractions of indolent luxury. The world does not contain an inducement to sin, but he knows it, and can make use of it; not an obstacle to holiness but he can present it in all its fancied terrors. It is true, the word of God exhibits the emptiness of his promises, the sure destruction of those who submit themselves to his guidance. But the adversary is not without his resources here. How many have been persuaded by him to believe the truth of God a lie; to reject the most solemn declarations; to slight the most earnest warnings; because these words seem to them as an idle tale; an old wives' fable? How many have contrived to turn the plainest truths into Allegory; to explain away the most distinct assertions? How many have been induced to leave the gloomy subject altogether for something more pleasant, to put off the consideration of what they own must be considered, to a death bed? How many are kept by his arts, from a single thought beyond the present moment; living as though God had not given them

the power of fore-thought; as if there were no futurity, no retribution, no God? Add to all this, that the great enemy of souls has many efficient coadjutors among men. All, whom he deceives, he makes use of to deceive others. "Evil men and seducers, wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived." Even the Atheist, conscious though he is, that the reception of his sentiments would tend to destroy all sanctions, all law, all social order, refrains not from propogating them. Even the criminal teaches new lessons of vice, new plans of wickedness, to his less experienced companions in evil. These are extreme cases, it is true, but the principle applies to all men. In the same proportion as they are bad themselves, they make others bad; and even where there are no direct efforts made, evil example does the work quite as effectually, as evil precepts. This is not too harsh an estimate of human nature, for it is not pretended to assert that all men *intend* and *try* to do evil; but that having very different ideas, always lax however, of what *is* evil, they must, often unconsciously propagate it; and being naturally inclined to evil, they will naturally practice it. All this your own observation and your Bibles will confirm. Let me then ask you, against such an adversary, with such auxiliaries and in such a world, have you not need of vigilance? Can any thing less than constant watchfulness and prayer keep you out of temptation?

2d. And now if we look at the other circum-

stances urging us to watchfulness, we shall find fresh cause for anxiety. As the commander of a fortress, assaulted by a powerful foe, has the greatest cause for apprehension, if treachery and mutiny discover themselves in the garrison; so we, great as our outward dangers are, have still more to fear from the dangers within. The first victory our enemy gained over man, was gained over greater disadvantages, than he has now to contend with. Our first Parents were innocent. They had tried the pleasures of holiness; they had found the service of God a delightful service; they were happy, and wanted nothing to increase that happiness; they were not under the bondage of sinful habits. Retaining their holiness, they retained a clear perception of the right, with affections properly directed and well regulated. "The danger lay within their own power. Against their will they could receive no harm." But we, even the best of us, find within ourselves a law of sin, striving to bring us into subjection to Satan. "When we would do good, evil is present with us, and how to perform that which is right we know not, so that we cannot do the things that we would." Once servants of Satan, sold under sin, we are not yet free from the habits and inclinations contracted in that service. What was once pleasant to us, seems pleasant still; and though every day's experience undeceives us, every day's temptation renews the deception. It is perhaps as difficult for us to "cease to do evil as to learn to do well!"

To give up a favourite sin, strengthened by long habit and old associations, is like cutting off a right hand, or plucking out a right eye. It is in fact one of the principal reasons why so few become Christians; that they are required to renounce the sins most dear to them. It is the chief reason, why Christians so little honour their profession, that they do not perfectly renounce them. How hard do you find it to observe that one precept, to keep your bodies in subjection, to restrain sensual desires, to regulate unruly passions, and if actions are so little under our command, how much less *thoughts* and *desires*? Thus knowing and desiring what is good, we follow what is evil; so that the great adversary often finds us ready to meet him half way. Like the Israelites in the desert who longed for the flesh pots of Egypt, when God was given them Angel's food; we earnestly covet earthly food that cannot satisfy, and neglect the bread that cometh down from Heaven, and the water of life, of which if a man partake, he shall never hunger or thirst again. Nor is it till after long and bitter disappointment, that earth grows light in our esteem, and we become willing to count all things but loss for Jesus' sake, such is our weakness. Next observe our ignorance. It is plain that we stand in great need of wisdom, to contend with the wiles of one, who is characterized in scripture, as a Serpent, an old deceiver, a liar from the beginning, and the father of lies. But it is no less plain, that we have not this ne-

cessary knowledge of his devices. Unregenerate men do not even suspect them, for as long as the temptations of the devil coincide with their own sinful desires, they cannot be aware of his presence and agency, but confound his suggestions with their own natural thoughts and feelings. Men wise in their own conceits, reject this doctrine, as a childish superstition, unworthy of manhood, and an age of reason. Nor is it at all surprising, that those who disbelieve the existence of the Spirit of God, should also disbelieve the Spirit of Evil. But the Christian, when first he endeavours to walk in the way of holiness, finds opposition from an unknown quarter. His natural inclination to sin is strengthened, and heightened by an unseen foe. As he goes on, he becomes, if faithful, more aware of the more common temptations; yet Satan, who can disguise himself as an angel of light, is never without means of deception. The knowledge of the youngest disciple should make him dread the enemy; the experience of the oldest, should only increase his precaution. Against him, human wisdom avails nothing. The wisdom of God in the Bible does indeed assist us, if we also seek the Holy Spirit's teaching. By studying the word, we learn to distinguish between real danger and false terrors, between false and true consolations, and the record of all the falls of God's servants is well calculated to supply the place of bitter personal experience. But the wisest of us, find many things dark in the

sacred page; and often these mysteries are suggested at the very time, when we are least prepared to meet them, and supported with all the skill, that a knowledge of our circumstances, our sins, our doubts and fears can afford. There is besides, no doubt, that the Spirit of Evil can so introduce his suggestions into the natural current of our ideas, that they seem to be our own, and these suggestions, often blasphemous, and such as fill us with horrour. In such cases, men of little knowledge, weak judgements and warm imaginations, have become almost insane through terror. They seem to hear voices, to see spectres, to feel in anticipation the pains of Hell; while they remain ignorant of the cause of their troubles, or the remedy. This ignorance and fear delude many, yet knowledge and incredulity delude more. Those who look with contempt on ignorant enthusiasm, and think themselves superior to the deceptions of a heated imagination, are equally deceived by this unseen, unacknowledged enemy. With them he uses a different method. He is not so unwise, as to present to their fancy, pictures of horror, which their educated reason derides; it is sufficient for his purposes, if he insinuates his temptations in the natural course of thought and conduct, without infringing one fancied law of association, or shocking a single philosophic prejudice. Yet his temptations are not less effectual, because his victims can rationally account for their origin, and trace their progress without ad-

mitting his agency. But I speak to Christians, who are not ignorant of his devices. You are conscious of your inability to meet his temptations, and if you watch the feelings of your hearts, you will be always finding instances of his subtlety; you will be more and more assured, that compared with this spiritual enemy, your knowledge is ignorance, your wisdom folly; and with all our weakness and ignorance, we are full of presumption. Instead of seeing danger afar off, and providing for it, we rush on destruction. How often, is a man tempted of his own lusts, and enticed? How often, do we trifle with small beginnings of evil, till it becomes too powerful to be resisted? How often do we, with a vain glorious confidence, place ourselves in situations, where temptation is inevitable, and find too late the truth of the saying, "He that trusteth his own heart, is a fool?" How little do we profit by experience; courting the sin, that but yesterday, enticed us from duty, omitting precautions, not even looking forward to see what may be before us, nor reviewing our course, to notice the sunken rocks, on which, but for the infinite mercy of God, we should have made shipwreck of our hope? Oh! brethren if we profited by the remembrance of past sins, we should be less in danger of committing more. If our falls could make us take heed to our feet, we should not so often stumble. But in spite of daily experience, every Christian has to offer David's prayer, "keep back Thy servant from presumptuous sins."

But why do I mention all these unpropitious circumstances? To discourage you? By no means; but rather to warn you, to put you on your guard, that you may more diligently and effectually resist the arts of the devil. If you have an adversary so powerful, cunning, and malicious; if you are yourselves so weak, ignorant, and presumptious, you surely have need of the utmost vigilance. But you will be ready to say, it is all in vain. The most careful prudence, the most constant vigilance, will avail nothing. But if watchfulness will not keep you safe, will carelessness do it? Or if watchfulness does not keep you out of *all* temptation, does it follow that it is altogether useless? Yet the objection is not without weight. Discouragement always chills and represses exertion; and knowing how disproportioned your means of resistance are to the power of your enemy, you can hardly help being discouraged. Here then watchfulness has done its work. It has been tri ed alone and found wanting.

II. Let us therefore notice the other resources against temptation mentioned in the text, viz:— Prayer. In your discouragement, look first to the power of God, which is sufficient to keep you, and then to the efficacy of prayer, in enlisting in your behalf the mighty power of God. He that is with you is greater than all they that be against you. When the servant of Elisha found himself surrounded by an army of hostile Syrians, he feared greatly. But when, at the prayer of the Prophet,

his eyes were opened, he saw and behold! the whole mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire around Elisha. "For the Angel of the Lord encamped round about them that fear him." So if we, by faith, could perceive God's invisible army of ministering spirits; if we could know when the Holy Ghost is strengthening and teaching us, we would not be so easily discouraged. But is it not so? The aid we receive is not the less real because unseen. How else can we account for it, that the flame of grace continues to burn in such an ungenial atmosphere, and rises higher, and blazes brighter, in spite of all the means used to quench it? But it seems too much for us to believe, that man is the object that keeps two worlds at strife. That while Satan and his angels bring all the means their malice can suggest, to work our ruin, God our Maker, Redeemer and Sanctifier, works in our behalf such wonders of grace and wisdom and power, as angels desire to look into. Thus assailed by the power of Satan, we are kept by the power of God. If it were not so we had long ago perished. Unless God were mightier than Satan, unless he gave us a realizing sense of the things that are eternal to destroy the dangerous influence of things seen and temporal, unless he taught us the beauty of holiness to overcome the love of sin, enlightened our ignorance, upheld our weakness, kept the tempter in restraint, not suffering us to be tempted above what we are able to bear, directed our outward circumstances for our benefit,

and made all things, even evil, contribute to our good, we would be in despair, rather than discouraged. But knowing all these things, we have no right to be discouraged; it is our duty to hope; yes, and to believe confidently, that He, who has redeemed our souls from death, will also keep our feet from falling. Now for all these things, God will be inquired of to do them for us. Watch and pray. By prayer we have power, and prevail with God. By prayer, therefore, we gain the aid of Him, who is Almighty. Consequently, we find this duty always conjoined with watchfulness, as that, without which, watchfulness, is unavailing. When the Apostle Paul describes the Christian Armour, by which we may stand against all the wiles of the Devil—the Breastplate of Righteousness, the Shield of Faith, the Helmet of Salvation, and the Sword of the Spirit, how does he complete the Christian's defence? By adding that, without which, even heavenly armour is useless, "Praying always with all prayer and supplication." Are ye weary? Have your eyes become dim, and your strength begun to fail with long watching? Then is the time for prayer. "Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall. But they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint." Are you in doubt? perplexed by deceit, unable to discern your duty through the face of temptation? Then pray, and

ye shall hear a voice behind you saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it." Are you tossed about and disquieted with fears, the sense of sin, the consciousness of past offences, so that you can hardly hope to be forgiven? Go to Him, who was compassed about with human infirmities, who was meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest to your souls. Prayer therefore is all important, as it secures aid from Him, who is Almighty. But prayer is also useful, as it has, in itself, a tendency to fortify you against temptation. A little consideration will make this evident. Suppose a Christian to be in danger of committing some easily besetting sin; and that, in view of his proneness to it, he has determined to bring the subject before God in prayer. It is necessary then that he should see and acknowledge that sin, repent of it, and ask to be delivered from it. The first step places the transgression clearly before his eyes, singles it out from all others, takes from it that vagueness which is so unfavorable to heartfelt contrition, and causes it to stand forth before his eyes in bold relief, well defined. Then, he must acknowledge his guilt, recall distinctly the time, the place, and the circumstances of the last transgression, and confess it without concealment or palliation, not without shame. Now his heart is prepared for prayer; and if the previous steps have been rightly taken, he cannot help praying earnestly, that he may not again offend God in this thing. The shame of acknowledgement, the grief of penitence have made

his sin hateful in his eyes, will he then commit it as readily as before? The prayer for deliverance, dictated by a sincere desire, increases that desire, and will not sincere desire produce corresponding conduct? Besides, he has opened his mouth to the Lord, he cannot go back, he has virtually declared, that his most earnest wish is to be kept from the power of temptation. Can he then, without a stinging consciousness of gross hypocrisy, expose himself to temptation and yield without a struggle? Is it possible? Could any of you, after a fervent prayer to be kept from any sin, rise from your knees and proceed deliberately to commit that sin? You feel that it would be an act of horrible impiety; fear of immediate judgement would restrain you; the warm desire of holiness, that prayer had awakened, would restrain you, would so fortify you, that Satan would retire to an awful distance, till the influence of this holy communion with God had passed away. Even the remembrance of it would make you fear to sin; and so strong is its influence, that if you were fully resolved to transgress any of the commandments of God, you would not dare to pray. Either sin would compel you to abandon prayer, or prayer would force you to relinquish sin. Let me direct your attention for a moment, to some occasions on which prayer is peculiarly necessary. It is so, when dangers are thickest, your enemies coming in like a flood, Satan raging to destroy so that none may deliver, your circumstances adverse to grace, and your

heart failing. When peace and comfort have succeeded an interval of depression, when you have long resisted the tempter, and at last successfully, you have need to pray that you may watch; for then your enemy is most malignant and watchful. When difficulties are greatest, obstacles in your path new, numerous and appalling, men of the world opposing, Christians giving faint encouragement, the Bible no longer affording wonted consolation, your own heart utterly discouraged, then pray, and hope in God, who can make crooked things straight, and bring light out of darkness, that he may show you the light of His countenance, and give you needful strength. Finally, when you feel strong, confident of your ability to cope with any enemy, fearless of danger, then pray; for this is the very time, when you will find all your other armour useless; or rather, this is the time, when through false confidence, you have taken off your armour, and lie exposed to the adversary. Pray then that God may be your shield; and add to your prayer action, gird on your armour again, and prepare for coming dangers. I have attempted to exhibit separately, the importance of watchfulness and prayer; it is fit that you should also observe their inseparable connection. If you divide them, both are useless; for as God will not grant his blessing to those who refuse to work, however much they pray; so neither will he give it to the most diligent, if they disdain to ask for it. Neither of these duties can flourish

without the other. He, who confident of his own strength, disdains to seek aid from God, will soon become weak, and will utterly fall: on the other hand, he, who conscious of weakness seeks, from God to make up what is deficient in himself, will become stronger and stronger. And be assured, that if you unite these two duties, and practice them together, you will obtain not only safety but peace; and your Christian character will acquire that beautiful proportion, which can only result from a careful and judicious use of all the means which God has put within your reach, from the careful union of quiet retirement with active duty, the business of the closet with the outward field of labour in which God has placed you. By communion with him, you will gain the wisdom and strength necessary to sustain you in action, and by using that imparted grace in vigorous struggles against temptation, you will find your need of more grace, you will return to your closets with renewed interest, and pray earnestly that you may be enabled to watch constantly. Thus, and thus only, can you be kept from the power of temptation.

Let me offer to your view an illustrious example, which will both exhibit the efficacy, and enhance the dignity of these duties. He, who gave the command to watch and pray, was eminent in both. He saw, from afar, his approaching trial, and knew before the agony that would attend it; the scourge, the bitter mocking, the crucifixion, the withdrawal of His Father's countenance, all

had been considered by Him, Who had counted the cost, and who shrunk not from fulfilling all that He had engaged to do. He neither sank down in despair, nor rushed forward in presumption; but, a little while before the hour of darkness, retired into the Garden of Gethsemane to watch and pray, that he might be prepared for the conflict. As in all things else, so in this, He is our example. Thus should we watch and pray, if we would not enter into temptation. The whole of this subject has been practical. Whatever tends to show the importance and necessity of these joint duties, also urges you to practise them. To those who love holiness and hate sin, it is enough to show, that it is only by these means they can be established in holiness and freed from sin. Yet to exhibit more fully the reward of your labour, will no doubt, strengthen your inducements to labour diligently, and prevent discouragement. The object of all your diligence is, that you may not enter into temptation. By this is meant, not that you shall at no time be exposed to it, for never can the Christian rest securely. Sometimes, when God is about to bring upon His people a severe affliction, or a difficult duty, he may prepare them for it, by a previous interval of quiet, that in the midst of their approaching toil and sorrow, they may be able to recur to it, and thus be refreshed and invigorated. Sometimes after a long period of sorrow, they may be made glad even according to the measure of their afflic-

tion, and the days wherein they have seen evil. The reason of this is, that, in the one case they need to gain strength for action, in the other to recover strength exhausted by exertion. Sometimes too, in the near prospect of death, every fear is removed even from those who have feared death most, and they enter into rest peacefully. But these are exceptions allowed in peculiar and extreme situations. The ordinary rule is that temptations end only with life itself. What then is the nature of your reward? Not that you shall be relieved from the assaults of the adversary, but that you shall overcome them. You conquered in the last conflict: you will be attacked again; but you have gained strength and skill, which you will need and must use in the next encounter. You will never be allowed to lose your strength by inaction. Does this seem too hard a labour? A long succession of assaults, no rest, no putting off the armour, no ease till the last and most severe conflict shall end in death? Then look beyond death. In this world, you must have labour; in this world you may not rest, your home is elsewhere. Is it nothing that in all these conflicts you shall be more than conquerors? Truly your reward is greater than you know of. But the time will come, when all these labours will seem light, and not worthy to be compared with that eternal weight of glory. As the tired voyager rests sweetly, when from the firm shore, he sees the ocean heaving and the sky black with tempests, from which

he has just escaped; as the worn out veteran rests sweetly, when in a land of peace, he hears from afar the confusion of the camp, the shock of arms, the noise of war, and remembers the dust, and heat, and blood of the field of battle; so sweetly rests the Christian, when his work is accomplished, and his warfare ended. O then, fixing your eyes on the great reward of Heaven, gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, be vigilant and hope to the end. Thus doing, you will not fail to reach that place of security and peace, rendered doubly delightful by all the toil that gained it.

MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. JOHN E. MILLER.

CHAPTER I.

Parentage.—Enters Union College.—Through the affectionate fidelity of a fellow student led to consecrate himself to God.—Remarks on the duty of personal efforts to win souls to Christ.—Mr. Miller publicly professes his faith.—His deliberate and prayerful consecration of himself to the Ministry of the Gospel.—Enters the Theological Seminary.—Licensure.—Tour as a missionary in the Southern states.—Missionary labours in the city of New York.

John Ernest Miller, the son of Christian Miller and Mary Van Schaick, was born in the city of Albany, on the 14th of April, 1792. After receiving the usual preparatory education in his native city, in 1808, he entered the Freshman Class at Union College, Schenectady, from which Institution he graduated in 1812. It was while a member of College, that the fervent prayers of his parents, for his conversion, were answered. And they were permitted to rejoice in the event for which they, from his earliest years, had laboured, watched, and waited in faith. Being invited by a

fellow student to attend a prayer meeting, though much disposed to decline, yet so politely and affectionately was the invitation tendered, that he could not. He went reluctantly, but returned praising God that his steps had been directed to that place; for there the Holy Spirit, convincing him of sin, and of his need of righteousness, began that good work of grace, the effects of which, in after life, were so clearly and fully manifested. Thus was the affectionate earnestness of that Christian friend, whose holy zeal for the Divine glory led him to seek to bring others to Jesus, rewarded by the conversion of one, who, in after life, was made the honoured instrument of turning many to righteousness. And is not this fact (though not of unusual occurrence,) calculated both to excite and encourage all Christians who peruse this memoir, faithfully and diligently to improve every offered opportunity for urging on their unconverted friends, attention to the things that make for their eternal peace? "In the morning sow thy seed," saith God, "and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they shall both be alike good." Who can tell what word of reproof, or warning, or instruction, or entreaty, God will bless? Or what instance of manifested interest in another's welfare he will make the means of that one's conversion? The Samaritan woman's invitation to her friends, "Come see a man which told me all things that ever I did," was followed by the faith and humble sub-

mission to Christ of many of their number. And how animating to the Christian the thought, that the conversion of a single soul through his faithfulness, may not only be the means of glory to God, through the great and radical change wrought in that individual, and his sincere praise for the grace bestowed, but through the conversion of many to God, through his instrumentality, it may be for successive ages, even until time itself shall be no more. When will the influence of the subject of this memoir cease?

Some months after his experience of the renewing grace of the Spirit, Mr. Miller, then about eighteen years of age, connected himself with the Church of Christ by a public profession of his faith, a profession, from that early age until his death, adorned by a life of godliness. During the whole of his subsequent life it was evident, that the precept of the Holy Spirit, "Avoid the appearance of evil," was written upon his heart and influenced him in all his intercourse with his fellow men. So habitually and successfully did he labour to order his conversation as becometh the Gospel of Christ, that no one ever did or could charge him with inconsistency, or suspect the genuineness of his religion.

Mr. Miller's father was a merchant in Albany, engaged in an extensive and lucrative business. Some time previously to his son's graduation, his sense of hearing had become greatly impaired through a severe cold, taken while assisting in the

extinguishment of a fire. This affection, while it rendered it difficult for him to transact his ordinary business, led him to propose to his son a co-partnership, which, while it would have tended to the diminution of his own cares and anxieties, would, without doubt, have proved to his son the road to wealth. But the son's mind was already impressed with a sense of his duty to preach to his fellow men the unsearchable riches of the grace of Christ. The love of Christ was shed abroad in his heart, inspiring strong and holy desires to make His glory known; yet, that he might not run before he was sent, and while he manifested that respect for his venerated father, which was ever his characteristic, that he might be divinely directed as to his duty, he set apart a day of fasting and prayer, to seek instruction from God and learn what he would have him to do. From this season of retirement and communion with God his mind was decided. The path of duty was clear. He who had been pleased to reveal His Son in him, willed, he believed, his consecration of himself to the work of the ministry. And that consecration was made deliberately and cheerfully. The sacrifice of bright worldly prospects gave him no concern. He was willing to spend and be spent for Christ, realising it to be the greatest honour that can be conferred on man, of being a worker together with God. Nor, we should remark, did his excellent father wish his determination to be otherwise; though (as has already

been observed,) he would have been greatly relieved and assisted by his son's union with him in commercial business, he not only felt that he had not a word to say, if the Lord had need of him, but rejoiced with exceeding joy in having a son to devote to the service of the sanctuary.

In 1812, Mr. Miller entered the Theological Seminary of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church, then located in the City of New York, under the superintendence of the late Rev. Dr. John M. Mason. After spending the full term of four years in that institution, he was, in 1816, licensed by the Presbytery of Columbia to preach the everlasting Gospel. His first sermon was preached in the church of his honoured instructor, from the text, "Unto you which believe he is precious;" thus commencing his public ministry as he ever prosecuted it, with a prominent exhibition of Christ in his loveliness and excellence, as the chiefest among ten thousand to the Christian, and needed by the sinner for his justification and holiness.

After spending a short time in preaching for various clerical friends, and in the enjoyment of his parent's society, Mr. Miller received a commission from the Board of Missions of the Northern Missionary Society of the State of New York, to visit the Southern States, preaching the Gospel as opportunities were afforded him. In this tour he occupied six months and a half. This journey, from the time he left New York till his return to that city, was performed entirely on horseback. Its

effects on his health were exceedingly beneficial, tending, at that period of life, to strengthen his physical powers, and thus qualify him for those peculiarly arduous labours in the service of his Master, to which, in after life, he was to be called.

In the prosecution of the duties devolved upon him by this commission, he passed through parts of the States of Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Tennesee, and on his return homeward, through parts of Kentucky and Ohio, preaching continually, not only on the Sabbath, but on the week days, as opportunities were afforded him, the unsearchable riches of the grace of Christ. In passing from Augusta, (Ga.) to Murfreesborough which he describes (under date of March 7, 1817,) as a small village in West Tennessee, he says in his journal, "My ride from Augusta to this place was extremely unpleasant, more than two hundred miles of the distance being through the Cherokee Nation. Never have I suffered as much as among this Nation. We could with difficulty procure what was sufficient to sustain nature, and our horses had either to live on corn, without hay or fodder, or perish. In many places we could not obtain any thing for ourselves or horses. In other places, it was a great favour to be accommodated in the most miserable manner. Most generally, we were obliged to put up with Indians, and at all times, we slept in most miserable huts, abounding with air holes commonly called windows. On

one occasion, a very cold night, we called at three huts before we could procure accommodations; but as neither bed nor bedding could be procured, we were obliged to satisfy ourselves with the bedding carried about our persons. The next day being the Sabbath, I was under the disagreable necessity of travelling, as we could only obtain accommodations for the night." In this journey, going and returning, he travelled nearly three thousand miles.

His views of the moral effects of slavery are perhaps worthy of record. "As soon," says he, "as I crossed into Ohio I was struck with the difference between this State and the negro States which I had just left. The effect of slavery upon the morals of a people can easily be discovered in passing from those States that allow slavery to those that do not. It is a position which I believe cannot be doubted, that slavery operates most seriously against the progress of Christianity. This can be most clearly proved by matters of plain fact. In those States in which slavery exists to the greatest extent, religion is low and languishing. Where it exists to a less extent, religion is more flourishing. And where it is not allowed, as in Pennsylvania and the Northern States, it is most flourishing. These facts are so stubborn that they can be perceived by the dullest eye." His report to the Board, under whose direction he had acted, closes with the following remarks: "The foregoing plain and simple statement of facts I render to the Board of Directors. Whilst under their employ-

ment, I have endeavored to keep the grand object of the Society in view, the salvation of the souls of men. I have laboured wherever and whenever God in His providence has afforded me opportunity, excepting one Sabbath, while among the Cherokees, not a single Lord's Day has passed without my preaching, and as often during the week as opportunities were afforded me, and health would permit, I have preached Jesus Christ and Him crucified, in the plainest and most powerful manner. Whether I have been instrumental in converting a single soul, God only knows; but this has been my earnest desire and fervent prayer. Though I know not of the conversion of a single soul, still I have reason to rejoice that I have sometimes seen the bosom heave, and the tear trickle down the cheek, and that I have sometimes heard the people of God express their satisfaction in having met with me, His unworthy servant. But it is your consolation and mine, that the blessed seed of the Gospel has been sown, and however unworthy the labourer, the seed shall not be lost. But, brethren, is our duty finished? Must not that word which has been sown, be watered with your tears and my tears, with your prayers and my prayers, before we can expect the blessing? Will not God for all these things be enquired of? Then, brethren, pray that the blessing of the Mighty One of Israel may follow the labours of your Missionary. And Oh, what heart can conceive, what tongue can express, the joy you will experience when, as

you reach your Father's Kingdom, you shall behold this redeemed one, and that redeemed one, point to you and say, through your zeal and exertions, I have heard of the Saviour. Joys like this, thrones and dominions cannot give. Joys like this, those Christians shall not experience, who pray, "Thy Kingdom come," and by their conduct declare that they do not wish that Kingdom to come." During this tour, while at Wilmington, N. C., the Presbyterian Church of that place sought to secure his services as their stated Pastor. Their proposals, though liberal, he felt himself obliged to decline.

After his return, Mr. Miller laboured for four months under the direction of the Young Men's Missionary Society, as their Missionary in the North-eastern part of the city of New York. That portion of the city to which his labours were devoted, now densely occupied by the most respectable of its citizens, then was truly missionary ground; the poor, neglected, depraved, and most vicious being its occupants.

In the annual report of the Young Men's Missionary Society, his labours are thus noticed:

"Mr. Miller entered on his labours on the 1st of November, continued in the service of the society for four months, and was indefatigable in the discharge of his duties. He visited from house to house the abodes of ignorance, poverty and distress, distributed Bibles and tracts, and preached the gospel in Sunday schools, and wherever he

could gather a company of sinners to hear it from his mouth. Though he met with many discouragements and difficulties in his work, principally from the want of a suitable place in which he could statedly preach to the poor, yet we have reason to believe that his labours were not in vain in the Lord. Through his exertions, the ignorant were instructed in the way of duty, and the vicious reproved, and in some instances reclaimed. The souls of poor and pious saints were refreshed by his conversation and his prayer. The sufferings of the sick were alleviated by his kind attentions, and the pillow of the dying was softened by the consolations of the gospel he administered. Of the families he visited, while a few turned a deaf ear to his counsels, and refused admittance into their houses, both of him and of the Bibles which he proffered, many received him gladly as a messenger of mercy and earnestly desired a repetition of his visits. Under his ministrations sinners were convinced of their sins, and, having obtained a hope in our Saviour, connected themselves with Christian churches. Among the number, was a hoary-headed man of seventy, and his grand-daughter twenty years old. Some who had formerly professed the name of Jesus, but who had forsaken His service, and His ordinances, have had their steps again directed to His Sanctuary. The lambs of the flock were not neglected by him. He often met with a little group of Sunday scholars, of about ten years of age, who

had associated to devote an hour, weekly, to the duty of social worship. He found them thus worthily engaged, and when he left them he encouraged them to persevere. In the first two months of his engagement he visited ninety-seven families; in the whole period he made two hundred and thirty-seven visits to the poor, and distributed among them six hundred and twenty-three Tracts, and fifty-five Bibles. In the beginning of January, Mr. Miller commenced preaching statedly on Wednesday evenings at a house in Norfolk street, where he had increasing attention, and, towards the close, crowded and solemn audiences. To them he delivered his farewell address, after sermon, on the evening of February 25th. His hearers were much affected, and many of them expressed a deep regret at his leaving them. In speaking of these meetings, he observes, "The meetings which have been held in this street I can confidently say, for the encouragement of the society, have not been in vain. A great improvement has taken place in the morals of several persons in the neighbourhood. A number who were immoral, and who had entirely neglected public worship, are now moral and attend the public ordinances of God's house. Several who were careless concerning religion, began to think seriously about their souls." Mr. Miller also, during the months of January and February, preached regularly on Sabbath morning, to the Sunday scholars in the room of the Henry street Free

School, and in the evening to their parents and others in the same place. "On the 22d of February," he observes, "The number of scholars assembled was large. They are much improved in their attention and conduct since I preached to them. Some of them are unusually attentive, and often tender under preaching." This congregation of adults here, was also on the increase. On the evening of March 1st, he preached his farewell sermon to an assembly of three or four hundred persons. During the exercises, much solemnity prevailed, and he trusts that they will not be forgotten."

By these labours was Mr. Miller becoming continually the more and better acquainted with human nature as it is, and thus becoming continually the more and better qualified for the duties of a settled Pastor, to which, after about two years spent in itinerating and in missionary service, he felt at liberty to devote himself.

CHAPTER II.

His ordination and settlement at Chester.—Marriage.—Removal to Tompkinsville.—His character as a preacher and pastor.—Is appointed chaplain to the marine hospital.—Nature of his labours.—Extract from a letter received by him.—Incident.

In 1818, Mr. Miller, having received a call from the Presbyterian church in Chester, Morris County, New Jersey, was ordained to the ministry by the Presbytery of Morris, and entered on the discharge of his ministerial duties in that place. About the same time, he was united in marriage to Miss Ann Kip, the daughter of Isaac L. Kip, Esq. of the city of New York, with whom he lived in the enjoyment of uninterrupted harmony for nearly twenty-nine years, and who now survives to mourn his loss. The ministry of Mr. Miller, in this place was of short duration, nor has the writer of this memoir any particular sources of information as to its results; though it is known, that it was by no means in vain. Professors of religion were brought, through the blessing of God under his labour, to a more realizing sense of their

obligations to live to His glory who had loved them and died for them, and many, (including a number of the young men of the congregation,) were brought under his ministry to forsake the service of sin for that of God.

And when a call from the R. D. Church at Tompkinsville, S. I. was presented him, he deemed it his duty to accept it, and removed to that place in the autumn of 1823. There, happy in his work, successful in his efforts to win souls for God, and most ardently beloved by the people of his charge, he continued in the active discharge of the duties of the ministry until he was called to ascend to the higher, purer services of the upper Sanctuary. The sermon appended to this memoir, which he designed to have preached on the 24th anniversary of his settlement will shew the successful character of his ministry in its peculiar relation to that church. As a preacher, Mr. Miller was faithful, affectionate and plain. He had no desire to be esteemed a great man, or to be admired for the beauty of his composition, or elegance of his style. A man of finished education, of good native powers of mind, of sound judgement, and excellent sense, with a heart filled with zeal for God's glory, and overflowing with love for those to whom he ministered, and with ardent desires for their salvation, his sermons could not but be well prepared. He ever remembered and acted on the remembrance, that it was beaten oil which God required for the service of the Sanctuary. That

he presented to the attention of his hearers, was ever the fruit of careful, patient study, in obedience to the scriptural precept, "neglect not the gift that is in thee." But his one object in preaching, the sole desire by which he was actuated, was to glorify his Master. The man was kept out of view, while Christ only was exhibited. With the apostle could he say, to the people of his charge, after the labours of nearly a quarter of a century among them, "I brethren came to you not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. And my speech and my preaching were not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of of the Spirit and of power." With Baxter, he ever felt himself a dying man, surrounded by dying men, with whom he must soon stand before the judgement seat of Christ, with eternity in view and their soul's welfare at stake. He sought not, nor could he, their applause; he sought their salvation. His evident aim, in all his pulpit discources, was to preach Christ, warning every man, and teaching every man, that he might present every man perfect in Christ Jesus. Yet, since his sermons, as before remarked, were carefully prepared and delivered with holy and affectionate earnestness, (to the conviction of the hearer of the preacher's sincerity, and his intense desires for his welfare,) Mr. Miller was highly esteemed as a

preacher, not only by his own people, but by those congregations to which he occasionally ministered the word of God. As a speaker, his manners were attractive, his gestures were easy and natural, his voice full and sweet. As a pastor, Mr. Miller has had few equals. It was not only in the sanctuary or by the preached word, that he sought to lead souls to Christ. From house to house, he bore the message of salvation to his people, earnestly seeking to turn his visits of friendship to the best account rendering them subservient to the great business of his life. His affability of manner, his evident and sincere interest in all with whom he was thrown into contact, his natural tenderness of disposition, leading him ever so manifestly to sympathize with the suffering, as to enable them to confide in him, all tended to render his pastoral labours acceptable as well as useful. By the bedside of the sick and dying, or when ministering the consolations of religion to the bereaved and afflicted, he was peculiarly happy. To many, countless many, his conversation at such times has proved a word in season. His prayers at the close of such visits were distinguished for such fervency, and evident sincerity of petition, as prevented the most careless and hardened from listening with indifference.

Very soon after his settlement at Tompkinsville, Mr. Miller was appointed by the proper state officer, Chaplain to the Marine Hospital, at Staten Island. An institution reared under

the authority of the state, for the relief of the sick, arriving from foreign ports, in the harbour of New York, where, as is well known, the best of medical attendance is provided, and every possible effort is used to alleviate the woes of the suffering. With truly enlightened philanthrophy, the governor of this institution, aware of the desireableness of the consolation of religion by the afflicted, and anxious for the promotion of their moral and spiritual welfare, have secured for them the stated services of a minister of the gospel, who, while he stands by the dying bed, and points to the one whose spirit must soon return to God, the way of life through the cross, may also strive to impress such lessons of heavenly truth on the minds of the convalescent as shall send them forth, through God's blessing, prepared to fulfil the great end of their being. Mr. Miller was the first chaplain of this institution, and retained his chaplaincy until the time of his decease. His official duty consisted in regularly visiting the different wards of the hospital, in order that he might converse and pray with the sick and dying, and learning their various cases, employ such measures for their welfare, as his skill and experience suggested. Immense numbers of ships' officers, seamen, and emigrants, were during the many successive years of his chaplaincy, brought under his spiritual care. Eternity will only disclose the beneficial results of his labours for their welfare. Mr. Miller was well qualified, both by grace and nature, for the

discharge of the duties connected with this office. His sympathizing manner, his courteousness, his manifest desires for the conversion of souls, not to his own creed, but to God, almost invariably disposed the subjects of his visits of mercy to afford him a cordial reception. As you passed through the wards of the hospital with him, it was gratifying to witness the joy the suffering sick would manifest, as they beheld their devoted chaplain drawing near to them, with kindness in his looks, and the words of peace upon his lips. He appeared to be acquainted with the case and circumstances of each individual patient, and had for every one, old or young, native or foreigner, some word of consolation or exhortation suited to his state. So entirely was his time occupied in the discharge of his multiplied duties, that he really had not leisure to commit to writing the results of his visits of mercy, or even to keep a journal of his labours. And much indeed is it to be regretted, that almost all the letters addressed to him, by those who were at different times under his care, have been destroyed, since these letters would have clearly shown, not only their affectionate remembrance of his labours, but his own faithfulness. From one letter casually preserved, we give the following extract:—The letter was written by a young man, a native of England, (whose mother died in the hospital,) who afterwards became hopefully pious and thus expressed his sense of Mr. Miller's kind and grateful attention. "I

am the young man that so anxiously watched by my mother's bedside for so many weeks previous to her death. I well remember your often and heavenly visits, how you encouraged her drooping spirits, while she lingered on the verge of eternity. I trust her spirit, with my beloved father's, is now mingling her praises with that happy multitude which surrounds the throne of their Redeemer. I shall forever feel grateful to you for the many kindnesses you have shewn us, and myself in particular. May the God of the fatherless and stranger reward you, and bless you, and be your everlasting portion."

On one occasion, two ladies called to see him. After their departure, he related to his wife, with evident emotion, the purport of their visit. It was to inform him, that the conversation he had had with one of them, who, with her husband, had been sick at the Marine Hospital, had been blessed to the conversion of both husband and wife, and that they were then about connecting themselves, by a profession of their faith, with a church in the city of New York, but previously to doing this, felt that they must inform him that his labours, through God's blessing, were the means of their salvation.

CHAPTER III.

Is appointed chaplain to the seamen's retreat.—His address on the laying of the corner stone of the building.—Nature of his duties. —Arduousness of the labours connected with his responsible offices.—His physical strength.—Preservation under exposure.— Impossibility of ascertainieg the results of his labours.—A pleasing incident.

On the establishment of the Seamen's Retreat, in 1831, Mr. Miller was appointed chaplain to this institution; and this office he also continued to hold until his decease. The design of this institution may be learned from the following address, delivered at the laying of the corner stone of the building, July 4, 1834. This Address, copied from the Sailor's Magazine, is the only production of Mr. Miller ever committed to the press. Never was there a more correct remark, than was made by the editor of a New York daily paper, who was intimately acquainted with him, in a paragraph announcing his death, "Mr. Miller was one who had no pride to be called great." He was emphatically a modest, unobtrusive man. When several gentlemen requested from him, for publication, a copy of the sermon occasioned by the death of the lamented Harrison, he respectfully, but decidedly declined the honour intended him, remarking, that if it pleased his friends, his design was answered. The address, we insert, was published doubtless with the design of awakening in the public mind an increased interest in them "that go down to the sea in ships."

"Friends and Fellow Citizens—

"With feelings of gratitude to Divine Providence, I congratulate you on the return of this glorious day. Fifty-eight years ago, a band of fifty-five of the most pure and illustrious patriots the world ever beheld, laid the corner stone of this vast and glorious republic. It was laid upon the soil of freedom; it was cemented by bravery and patriotism; and while laying this stone, this devoted band pledged to each other their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour, in maintaining the principles of liberty. Upon this corner stone, after the labours, the toils, and sacrifices of seven years, a superstructure has been reared, which has excited the astonishment and admiration of the world.

"This noble superstructure, the Constitution of these United States, has already stood the test of fifty-eight years. Our sincere wish and fervent prayer is, that it may stand the test for centuries to come; and that the truth may be most incontrovertibly established, that men are capable of governing themselves.

"There is then a peculiar propriety in selecting this day for laying the corner stone of a building to be erected for the accommodation of that class of men, whose bravery and patriotism are displayed on every emergency. During the war for the establishment of our independence, and during the second war for securing free trade and sailors' rights, the bravery, the patriotism, and the devotion to his country of the American Tar, have

been such as to cover himself and his country with unfading glory. As Americans, never can we forget the illustrious deeds of a McDonough on Lake Champlain, of a Chauncy on Lake Ontario, of a Perry on Lake Erie, of a Hull, a Decatur, a Lawrence, a Bainbridge, and a host of other heroes on the mighty ocean. We should then consider ourselves honoured, in being permitted in any measure, to aid in laying the corner stone of a building which is to add to the comfort and happiness of this valuable class of our citizens.

"For many years the seamen entering the port of New York from foreign ports, have been taxed one dollar per voyage, and twenty-five cents for a voyage coastwise, except from an adjoining state. This tax was collected by the Health Commissioners of the city of New York, and by them disbursed. The masters and seamen of the port of New York made application to the legislature to have the management of this fund in their own hands. In compliance with their request, the law was passed in April, 1831, for the establishment of the Seamen's Fund and Retreat, under the direction of eleven trustees, seven of whom are shipmasters. The object of the law is to provide necessary accommodations for all sick and disabled seamen arriving at the port of New York. Every cent of the tax collected is sacredly appropriated to the exclusive benefit of seamen, and hitherto the receipts have been equal to the expenditure. On the 1st of October, 1831, the in-

stitution was opened for the reception of patients. Since that period, up to the first of the present month, (July, 1834,) seventeen hundred and sixty-five have been received, sixteen hundred and seventy-nine have been discharged, and there are at this present time, eighty-six, remaining in the hospital.

"The concerns of this institution are managed with prudence, economy, and fidelity. Its government is parental, but at the same time, strict, firm, and decisive.

"The seamen are provided with every accommodation and every comfort. They are furnished with the best medical attendance. Besides two faithful and devoted physicians who are always on the spot, they are also favoured with the advice of fourteen eminent gentlemen of the medical faculty, who constitute a board of consulting physicians and surgeons. They have also the kindest and best nursing, and no efforts are spared for their restoration to health and strength.

"While the trustees have manifested every desire to promote their temporal comfort and happiness, they have not kept out of view their eternal welfare. They have made provision for their religious and moral instruction. Every Sabbath, the gospel of Jesus Christ is proclaimed to these sons of the ocean, and their views are directed to that safe and everlasting retreat, which God has provided from the storms of his vengeance and wrath. They also enjoy weekly visits in their

respective wards. The consolations of religion are extended to the sick and dying, and they are urged to lay hold of that hope, which is as an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail. They are provided with Bibles and Tracts, and such religious books as are calculated to afford both instruction and amusement.

The hospital, erected during the fall and winter of 1832, and which is occupied at the present time, is found to be altogether insufficient, and is designed hereafter to be used for contagious diseases.

The rapid increase of commerce renders the erection of a commodious and permanent building absolutely necessary. The trustees having selected this most beautiful spot, presenting one of the most delightful prospects which ever met the eye of man, are now engaged in the erection of a building which will do credit to themselves, and of which every seaman may feel proud. When he enters the noble and beautiful harbour of New York, he can point to this lovely spot, and say, "Yonder splendid hospital is mine, and has been built from the hard earnings of sailors. When sick and disabled that will be my home, and there I shall find all the comforts and accommodations necessary in sickness."

"This building is to be constructed of the best and most durable materials, in order to last for ages. It is to consist of a main body, fifty feet square, with two wings seventy-six feet in length, thirty-

three feet in depth, three stories in height, and will accommodate two hundred seamen. It will present a most beautiful appearance both from the land and the water; and every philanthropist will rejoice, that such princely accommodations have been provided for sick and disabled seamen.

"The Seamen's Retreat has already, during the short period of its existence, proved a blessing to nearly two thousand seamen. Our fervent prayer should ascend for its prosperity and success, and that it may prove a blessing to tens of thousands of that noble and patriotic class of men. Here may they receive benefit, not only to their bodies, but here may they learn to build a superstructure upon that "chief corner stone, elect and precious which God himself hath laid in Zion." Here, by the eye of faith, and with the aid of that unerring *spy*-glass, which Jesus Christ, the great Captain and Pilot of Salvation hath given to man, may they view that haven of eternal rest, which God hath provided for those who sincerely love and faithfully serve Him. In the exercise of that faith which is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen, may they be enabled to exclaim, "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." When the billows of death roll in upon them, and threaten to overwhelm them, may they hear their commander exclaim, "Fear not, for I am with thee, be not dismayed

for I am thy God." And then may they sing

> "Begone unbelief, my Saviour is near,
> And for my relief will surely appear;
> By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform;
> With Christ in the *vessel*, I smile at the storm."

"With this sweet song upon their dying lips may they be safely wafted to the haven of everlasting bliss; and there, joining the ramsomed crew, may thy swell the loud anthem, "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but to Thy name be all the praise, and all the glory." "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion forever."

In the Chapel of this institution, Mr. Miller preached every Sabbath evening to those of the inmates who were sufficiently restored to health, to attend without injury to themselves, while the greater part of the following day was invariably devoted by him to visits to the sick in the different wards. At all other times, during the week, he was ever ready on the call of duty, to visit the sick or dying sailor; or perform the usual funeral services at the grave of the departed. But Monday was the time exclusively set apart for the duties of the Retreat. That his labours were excessively arduous must be obvious to every reader of this narrative. He did indeed far more than the work of one man, far more indeed than the majority of men would be able to do; nor, had he not been peculiarly

favoured by his Heavenly Father, could he have endured the immense amount of labour imposed on him. But he was a man of unusual physical strength, as well as of marked devotedness of spirit. Day after day, and year after year, beheld him pursuing the same unwearied course of labour, without complaint or repining. He asked not for recreation. With his Master, whose steps he closely followed, he could say, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." Three regular services on the Sabbath, with Monday spent, not in rest, but in attendance by the bedsides of the sick and departing, with the duties of an important parish upon him, and two large, and often crowded, institutions under his care, required and received every moment of his time. In the discharge of the duties of his chaplaincies, called as Mr. Miller was to face disease in all its various forms, and exposed, as he continually was, to contagion, he experienced in a remarkable degree, the preserving care of the God, in whom he trusted. Though he never shrunk back from his duty, whatever might be his personal danger, but was always to be found wherever there was a soul to be won for God, or cheered with the consolation of religion, he never suffered the least personal inconvenience from his exposure. He felt himself safe in the hands of his Almighty Protector; and the Lord was his Keeper, his Shade upon his right hand; He preserved him from all evil; He preserved his going out and coming in. We have already said

that eternity alone will disclose the result of his labours as chaplain to the Marine Hospital. The duties of both chaplaincies were principally discharged among a class of men who were necessarily but for a limited time under his care; either being removed by death, or going forth on their recovery to brave again the dangers of the deep. Even though, in the case of those who were restored to health, the seed of religious instruction he had sown, nurtured by the ever blessed Spirit, might have brought forth the fruits of righteousness, the subject of the happy change would be removed from the eye of him who had begotten him again in Christ Jesus, to some far distant land, and the labourer would not, in most cases at least, be informed of the blessed result of his exertions, until he and those whom the Lord had given him, should together meet before the Throne of God and the Lamb. Oh, how glorious, how happy, must have been the meeting between the subject of this memoir, and many of the sons of the ocean, redeemed to God by his instrumentality, when his spirit, released from the suffering body, ascended to be with Christ. Yet, though the full result of his labours was not, could not be, known by him while still on earth, there were many instances afforded him of the success of those labours; instances graciously designed by God to cheer his soul, and to animate him to be stedfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. Time and again would some sun-burnt weather-beaten ma-

riner, whose features he had entirely forgotten, present himself before him, to tell him that the Lord had converted his soul through his instrumentality, and, with all a sailor's ardour, to express his thankfulness to God, and his gratitude to him, for the faithfulness of his labours. In one of the last of his visits to the Retreat, he observed a new inmate, one whose looks manifested the sway over his soul of the peace of God that passeth all understanding, Mr. Miller, not knowing that he had ever before seen him, approached him according to his custom, and began to inquire into the state of his mind. "I trust," said the meek and uncomplaining sufferer, "that I do know the Lord; and if I do, it is, through a blessing on your instructions, given me a few years since, when I was sick in this place." Thus was God pleased to manifest to him the truth of His promise, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." As Mr. Miller returned after this interview, to his family, and with a heart overflowing with gratitude to God, mentioned the particulars to them, he observed, that this seemed to him to be a token of the fact, that God was causing the seed He permitted him to sow, to bring forth fruit in every part of the world.

On one occasion, he conversed with a seaman at the Retreat, on the subject of his soul's eternal welfare. The conversation was exceedingly disagreeable to the invalid, who, on Mr. Miller's proposing to pray with him, absolutely refused to

listen. Mr. Miller, however, before leaving, offered (according to his custom,) prayer in the ward, and stationed himself in a part of the room, where this man, unless he stopped his ears, could not avoid listening. The cases of the different inmates of the ward were remembered before God, and this individual, in his opposition to his Maker and his own soul's eternal interest, peculiarly commended to the Divine Mercy. Nor was the prayer unanswered, nor Mr. Miller's efforts for his salvation, hopeless though they had seemed to be, lost. For soon that individual, while he sent for Mr. Miller, manifested the warmest interest in his conversations, requested for him to pray with him, and ere his removal by death, gave him good reason to hope that he had passed from death unto life. He said to Mr. Miller, that when "he first proposed to pray with him, his anger was so strong that he could have thrown the Bible at his head." But the kindness, and forbearance, and interest in him, he manifested, won his heart.

CHAPTER IV.

Unconscious preparation for his death.—Last Illness.—Its awful severity and termination.—Little said by him during his last illness.—Sensation produced by his decease.—Remarks on the suddenness of his removal.—His funeral.—Copy of inscription on Tablet erected to his memory by his congregation.

It was well observed by the ministerial Brother who officiated at the funeral of Mr. Miller, that "God often prepares His servants for what he sees is before them, in a way not perfectly understood by themselves at the time. This was remarkably so in the case of Mr. Miller. On the last Sabbath he was permitted to enter the sanctuary, (eight days previous to his decease,) his subject for the afternoon's service, (and it was his last address to his people,) was the declaration of Paul, Philippians, i. 21, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." His evident engagedness of spirit in the discussion of the subject proved to his people when, a few days after this, they gazed upon his lifeless remains, that the Lord was, through that discourse, preparing both him and them for the separation soon to be effected. When at the close of the devotional services that afternoon, the Hymn commencing,

> "Let thoughtless thousands choose the road,
> That leads the soul away from God,"

was sung by the congregation, Mr. Miller united in the last verse,

"Soon will the Lord my life appear ;
Soon shall I end my trials here,—
Leave sin and sorrow, death and pain ;
To live is Christ to die is gain."

with so much energy, and such evidently deep feeling as to attract the observation of those around him, and to be the subject of grateful remembrance when, after the lapse of a single week, he had entered the upper sanctuary, to join in nobler praise.* On the evening of the following Wednesday, he united with his people in a social meeting for prayer. His prayer on that occasion is said by those who were present, to have been remarkable, both for its fervency and comprehensiveness. While he appeared to realize God's gracious presence, and to appropriate the promise of Christ, "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, He will give it you," not only did he lay before God every cause and institution dear to Christ and dear to his own soul, but individuals were remembered according to their circumstances, and the Divine Blessing sought for them in a manner, characterised at the same time by fervency and affection. It was his last public prayer for his people, and as his last, unequalled.

Mr. Miller was, as has been already remarked, a man of unusual physical strength. During the thirty-one years of his ministry, he seldom suffered a day's illness, or was kept by bodliy indisposition

* His last Sermon, in the Chapel of the Seamen's Retreat, was from the Text, "If a man die shall he live again? All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come."

from the services of the sanctuary. God, who called him to most arduous labours, strengthened him for their performance; literally fulfilling in his experience the promise, "As thy day so shall thy strength be." For about two years preceeding his death, he was, however, occasionally visited with violent pains, which were at first thought to proceed from the bilious cholic, and which soon yielded to the remedies used, leaving his general health unimpaired. Towards the close of his life, these attacks increased in frequency and violence, and more fully manifested their character, until it became evident to his medical attendant, that his sufferings proceeded *from the passage of stones through the gall into the liver.* Just three weeks before his death, he suffered a season of most excruciating pain from an attack of this disease, although neither he himself or any of his family had the most remote idea of the nature of his complaint. On Thursday evening, the 19th of August, after having spent the afternoon at the Seamen's Retreat, and the evening in pastoral visitations, he returned home about ten o'clock, apparently in his usual health. After a season of pleasant conversation with his family, and the offering of the evening sacrifice, he retired to rest and soon fell asleep. Towards morning he was awakened by a paroxysm of pain, which, however, not being as violent as on some former occasions, he did not wish any of his family to be awakened, and declined sending for his physician. Obtaining par-

tial relief, he continued through the morning to hope that his pains would soon and entirely subside, and having been invited to attend a funeral about 2, P. M. he endeavored to shave himself and prepare for the services. After two or three ineffectual efforts, he was compelled to relinquish the attempt, and sent a message to the family signifying his inability to attend. He then retired to his bed, and through the afternoon and night suffered the most excruciating agony, although neither considered by himself or family as dangerously ill. Towards Saturday morning his bodily anguish greatly increased until about 9, A. M., when through the influence of morphine, taken in very large quantities, he obtained ease and fell asleep. He remained sleeping through the day, and until ten in the evening, when the physician informed his family of the absolute necessity of arousing him. It was with the utmost difficulty that he was awakened, and when aroused, kept from falling again into slumber. So effectually had the few hours of disease through which he had passed prostrated the strength of the mighty man. He continued through that night and the Sabbath, continually losing strength, until his family became alarmed, and sent for his daughters who were then visiting a relative at Albany. About 8 o'clock on Sabbath evening he was suddenly seized with a violent chill, and this was succeeded by the most severe excruciating pains. Seldom indeed are such sufferings witnessed, as those which it pleased God, this

his beloved servant should endure, while passing through the valley of the shadow of death. His groans in his agony were heart-rending. A near relation, who was kindly ministering to him in his distress, sat by his side supporting him. Once he laid his hand for a few moments on the lap of this relative; on withdrawing it, that part of his white pantaloons which the hand had touched was seen to be black. When bottles filled with hot water, which his attending friends could only handle when covered, were laid upon the soles of his naked feet, he did not seem to be in the least degree sensible of the heat. His pains continued, with moments of partial relief, until nine o'clock of Monday morning, when most violent sufferings commenced, which continued with unabated severity, until half past ten, when nature sunk, and he calmly yielded his spirit to God.

During his brief, though violent, illness, Mr. Miller, though he said but little, retained his senses, and manifested his usual interest in his family, and friends, and his wonted anxiety for their comfort and welfare. He was especially desirous that his family should seek rest in sleep, and amid his severest sufferings would inquire of them, as they presented themselves before him, if, and how they had rested.

Of the feelings of his soul, he said but little. It is indeed doubtful whether he regarded his illness as dangerous, until a few hours before his decease. He then remarked to a relative, that if he did not

obtain relief it would be impossible for him to live until mid-day. He was wont to say, while favoured with health, that his life, and not his dying hour, must afford his testimony to the power of Divine Grace. And so God willed that it should be. For though it was evident to all around him that he was favoured with the enjoyment of sweet communion with God, and he could say to a clerical friend the evening before his death, "My mind is much distracted, but my trust, is firm;" yet, as was well said by the ministerial brother, who addressed the weeping multitude gathered in the house of God to pay the last tribute of respect to the remains of their pastor and friend, "The nature of his complaint, and the medicines administered, so overpowered his faculties, as to prevent him from giving that ample testimony to his own confidence which he would otherwise, without doubt, have more fully expressed; so far however as he was able to command his thoughts, they were such as we would have expected and desired." To two friends who were kindly ministering to him, he remarked, while suffering extreme agony, "You see, my friends, it would not have done for me to defer preparation for death to a dying hour," while he was overheard in the words, and in the spirit of the Saviour he loved and served, to say repeatedly, "Father, not my will, but thine be done." For Mr. Miller, every thing that the best medical skill could devise was done, a post mortem examination satisfactorily proving his physicians' accurate

knowledge, and judicious treatment of his case, and the utter impossibility of arresting death's work.* His physicians' attentions were of such a character, so faithful, kind and affectionate, as to secure the lasting gratitude of his family and friends. The deep solicitude manifested by his congregation and the neighbourhood, during the brief period of his illness, proved how strong his hold was on their affections. During the Sabbath, when it began to be feared that their beloved pastor might be removed from them, the house was continually thronged by friends, offering their services in any way in which they might be employed, or desirous to know his present state. And even until a late hour of the night, many remained around the parsonage, anxious to learn whether his disease was in any measure yielding to the remedies used. Nor was this anxiety restricted to his congregation; the whole community were interested, and even those who avowedly cared not for religion, evinced the most affectionate regard for him whose fidelity, as a minister of Christ, they, for so many years had witnessed. And when the fact was made known, that the man of God, whom they so loved and respected, had yielded his soul to his Maker, there was a gush of feeling through that community, that told that a great man had fallen in

* It was clearly ascertained from the Post Mortem examination, that his attacks were caused by the passage of stones through the gall duct into the intestines, *one of which, from its size, entirely obstructed the duct.*

Israel. Men of hardy nature and of power in ordinary cases to repress emotion, proud men and strong, could not master their feelings. They wept and wept again. Said an inmate of the Sailors' Snug Harbour, a communicant of Mr. Miller's Church, and a most devoted friend, who bore the tidings of his death to the inmates of that institution,— "You could see the sailors all gathered around in little groups to talk of him who had gone, and mourn over his loss." When the intelligence of his decease reached the Seamen's Retreat, and the flag lowered to half mast announced to the anxious inmates of that institution, the death of their beloved chaplain, there was heard throughout it one burst of deep and heartfelt sorrow.

Mr. Miller's decease was sudden and unexpected. He died in the fulness of his strength, in the vigour of his manhood; at a time when every prospect of many continued years of life and usefulness was bright. As was forcibly said by his beloved and intimate friend, the Rev. Dr. Moore, "He fell with his armour on." He wasted not away slowly, nor was he spared until his mental energies had given way and he had become but the wreck of his former self. But he ascended directly from active and vigorous service of God on earth, to join the general assembly and church of the first-born in Heaven. One Sabbath day, he was discoursing with heaven-born love and zeal of the riches of Christ's Grace, and seeking to recommend Him in His loveliness to those to whom he ministered, the next

beheld him stretched upon the bed of death, while the angelic hosts who minister to the heirs of salvation were, without doubt, hovering round his couch, waiting for the moment when his spirit should burst from its prison house of clay, that they might form its convoy to the Paradise of God One Wednesday evening he was, with peculiar fervency, leading the devotion of his people in social prayer; the next, his dust had been returned to the earth.

His funeral took place on the succeeding Wednesday afternoon, when the church, in which he had so long and faithfully, and successfully preached the Gospel of Christ, was filled to overflowing. The clergy of the different demominations, resident on the Island, were present, as well as a number from the city of New York and its vicinity. The exercises of the afternoon were commenced with a funeral hymn, after which the Rev. Dr. Moore, of the Episcopal Church, offered a prayer characterized by fervency and appropriateness, a prayer admirably adapted to comfort the many mourners then present, by leading them to look to, and trust in, a God too wise to err; who, "behind a frowning Providence, hides a smiling face." The Rev. Dr. Mathews, of New York, delivered a sermon peculiarly suitable to the occasion, from Rev. VII. 15., and the exercises were closed with prayer by the Rev. Dr. De Witt; after which, his precious remains were deposited in the Cemetery of the Church, there to rest until the resurrection morn, when that form shall be raised a glorious

body, holy and incorruptible, fashioned like to the glorious body of the Son of God, according to that mighty working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself.

His congregation have since erected, in the Church, a beautiful tablet with the following inscription:—

REV. JOHN E. MILLER,
BORN APRIL 14th, 1792,
DIED AUGUST 23d, 1847.
Installed Pastor of this Church, October 19th, 1823.
Was afterwards appointed Chaplain,
both to the
Marine Hospital and Seamen's Retreat,
and continued to discharge
the important duties of these several stations
with distinguished fidelity,
and universal acceptance,
till he rested from his labours, and entered
into the joy of his Lord.

"Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile." *John* i. 47.
"The law of truth was in his mouth and inquity was not found in his lips." *Mal.* ii. 6.

This tablet is erected as a testimony of the high regard which is cherished for him by his church and by the public,
as a Man, a Christian, and a Minister of the Gospel.

CHAPTER V.

His character as a Christian illustrated by extracts from his letters and incidents.—His courteousness and urbanity.—Incidents.—His tenderness and benevolence.—Incident.—His charity and regard for other's convenience.—His meekness and gentleness.—His prudence.

In seeking to afford a summary view of Mr. Miller's character, we would first speak of him, *as a Christian.*

From the fact that he kept no diary, or record of his religious feelings, and that most of the few letters he wrote to his friends were unhappily destroyed, we cannot show from his own words the growing ardour of his attachment to Christ, or his increase in the graces of the Spirit. But we can point to his life, from the period of his conversion to God, and his unreserved devotedness to his Masters' service, as the clearest and strongest proof, that can be asked or desired of his baptism by the Holy Ghost. Well indeed have his weeping church, in the tablet erected to his memory, described him in the words originally spoken by Christ of Nathanael, "As an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile." His life to all who knew him, testified not only to the sincerity of his religion, but to the fact that he habitually realized himself to be Christ's; and counted it his highest honour and privilege, to labour and to deny himself

for His sake. To those who were intimately acquainted with him, it was evident, that he was one of the happy few, who enjoyed the fulfillment of the promise, "The work of righteousness shall be peace." His "mind was stayed on God and God kept him in perfect peace." His faith was strong, and was attended with the confident assurance, that all things should work together for his good. Enabled habitually to appropriate the language of the apostle, and say, "Blessed be the God and Father of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ;" he could leave all his interests, for time and eternity, in His hands, casting all his care upon the mighty God. Writing to his wife's parents, under date of July 9, 1832, (at which time the cholera had just commenced its work of death in our land,) he says, "As regards my family, and myself, and my friends, both in New York and Albany, my mind has been much comforted from reading the 91st and 121st Psalms. In the 91st Psalm, 6th verse, the cholera is described as the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noon day. The safety of God's people is also exhibited in both these Psalms, and the tender care which God has promised to exercise towards His children, should induce them to repose their confidence in Him. Oh then, let us learn to trust in the Lord, and take refuge in the shadow of his wings." In a second letter to the same, written July 25th, he says, "It gave us sincere pleasure to hear of your uninter-

rupted health, and of the tranquillity of mind you appear to enjoy. The Lord has not forsaken you, but enables you to exercise faith in His precious promises, and to trust in His faithfulness and truth. What a precious consolation is it to know, experimentally, that the Lord is a refuge in the day of affliction, and comforteth them that are cast down. "*Wait therefore on Him exclaims the Psalmist and say it is well.*" O that we could exercise more confidence in God and with pious Job, say, "Though he slay me yet will I trust in Him." In seasons of trial, affliction, and trouble, the graces of God's Spirit should shine forth in a most conspicious manner. God often brings His children into deep waters of afflictions, not only to try their faith, patience and love, but also, that His name may be glorified in the exhibition of the pure and heaven born principles of religion. The present ought to be a season of deep humility, of patient, fervent, and earnest supplication with the people of God. O that the people of God would plead and wrestle with Him, to sanctify His judgements to our nation, that thus the nation may turn to the Lord, and then the Lord will return unto us and bless us." His confidence in God wrought within him a cheerful resignation to His holy will, enabling him from the heart to say, "It is the Lord, let Him do with me as seemeth to Him good." He had invested, at one period in his life, quite a large sum in the stock of an Insurance Company in the city of New York, of the highest respecta-

bility and standing. On the morning after the great fire, which occurred in that city in December, 1835, having heard some reports of the extensive losses of which it would be the occasion, he went to the city with the design of learning further, and more accurate particulars respecting the awful calamity. It was there he learned that he himself was a sufferer, and that his investment was entirely sunk, the company in which he was interested having sustained losses which their whole stock could not meet. On his return in the evening to his family, he appeared as pleasant and happy as usual. One of the family, not aware of the extent of the loss, remarking, that they would be deprived of their accustomed dividend for the year; "Yes," he replied, "dividend, principal and all." "But," he added, "I shall not grieve myself about it, I have neither wasted nor squandered it. 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.'" He once told the writer of this memoir, that the people of his first charge, were very remiss in the discharge of their pecuniary obligations to him. After the birth of his first child, he became on this account, much depressed in mind. His expenses were increasing and his income small. He began to be anxious and distressed concerning the sustenance of his family. "Then," said he, "the Lord laid His hand upon my child and took her from me, and I learned that my duty was to trust in God."

From that time, no further anxieties respecting the future were felt by him.

As a man, Mr. Miller was *a Gentleman* in the highest sense of the word. To all with whom he met, whatever their circumstances, he was uniformly polite, attentive, and courteous. In his official visits to the hospital, he won the favour of all, Catholics and Protestants, by the suavity of his manners, and by the modesty, urbanity, and discretion with which he maintained his own faith, but never insulted the religious belief of others.

For a number of years, there has also been in connection with the Marine Hospital a chaplain of the Roman Catholic persuasion. During the latter part of Mr. Miller's life, the Rev. P. Murphy held this office.* Although they differed widely in religious belief, Mr Miller entertained the highest respect for Mr. Murphy, who in his turn never hesitated to speak of him as a Christian, a real Christian. A short time prior to his decease, Mr. Miller visited the hospital and found in one of the rooms, a number of Irish Catholic's who had just been landed from the ship. According to his usual custom, after a little time spent in

* Mr. Murphy died of the ship fever, (contracted in the discharge of his duties;) in January, 1848. He may be said to have fallen a victim to his zeal, night and day, and whole days together, remaining in the hospital, to minister to his suffering fellow-creatures. During his illness, he spoke of the mysteriousness of God's dealings in removing the two chaplains within so short a period. "What says he, will become of the hospital?" Mr. Miller gone—and I going.

conversation, he offered to pray with them. They replied that they wished not his prayers since he was not a Catholic. Soon after Mr. Miller left, Mr. Murphy entered their room, and was immediately informed by them of the manner in which they had treated the Protestant priest. But instead of the commendation, they expected, they received, a most severe reproof. He told them he was sorry they had acted thus, that Mr. Miller was a Christian, a true Christian, and charged them if Mr. Miller should ever again offer to pray for them, to listen to him thankfully. For, said he, his prayers will do you as much good as mine; he is not like those ministers in our country who would take the last that you had; but he would minister to your wants and did you need it, he would send food from his own table to supply your necessities."

His affability, accompanied by the evident interest he manifested for the welfare of those with whom he was brought into contact, contributed both to his popularity and usefulness. It was well remarked by one of his congregation, that he would bow as politely to the meanest labourer on the road, as he did to the gentleman in his chariot. One of his rules was never to neglect the aged or the young. To children he was particularly attentive, and by them exceedingly loved. A pleasing illustration of this remark is afforded in the following fact. A little girl, a friend's child, was frequently in the habit of accompanying her mother, when she visited his family, Mr. Miller would al-

ways take her on his lap, and kiss her, and then carry her into his study and give her some little dainty. The child became much attached to him and would always ask for him when she visited the house. After his decease, her mother overheard her conversing with a little brother; "Come," said she, "and let us take a walk." "Where, sister?" was his inquiry; "O to heaven," was the reply, "to see Mr. Miller."

He was remarkable for the tenderness and benevolence of his disposition. Sympathy with the suffering, ever characterised him. Conversant as he was through his many years of official connection with the Seamen's Retreat and Marine Hospital, with scenes of anguish and distress, so far were his feelings from becoming blunted that they appeared, at the time of his decease, still as acute as at the commencement of his labours. "Often is the time," says one of his family, "he has come home with a heart overflowing with sympathy, to detail to us the interesting scenes of suffering of which he had been a spectator, and never to his latest day, could he speak of these scenes without emotion. Particularly did the mournful sight of young men, dying away from home, excite his sympathy, and his fervent prayers frequently ascended in their behalf." His benevolence of disposition ever led him to seek to relieve the wretchedness of his fellow-creatures. His was an open heart, an open hand. The hungry never went unfed from his door, nor the naked unclothed. With

Job, he could truly say, "The blessing of Him that was ready to perish came upon me and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." His peculiar situation bringing him into contact with men of every description, and from almost every nation under heaven, afforded him continual opportunities for the manifestation of his desire to promote the welfare of his fellow men generally. He seemed to be interested in every man he met, and could say with the Roman Poet, "Homo sum et nil humanum alienum a me puto." He would affectionately urge the men brought under his influence to sign the temperance pledge, and thus be prepared to resist temptations meeting them on every side. And with all the earnestness of a friend would advise them to invest their money in the Saving's Bank, that thus they might have something laid up for a time of need. He would direct the attention of emigrants of small means and large families, to the West, setting before their view the almost certain prospect afforded the industrious and temperate, of success in their efforts to acquire a comfortable living, and even to attain a competency.

A poor coloured man, after several years of hard labour, had saved a small sum of money with which he wished to purchase a lot of ground. Mr. Miller encouraged him in his laudable purpose, and advised him to deposit his money in the Saving's Bank, until some advantageous opportunity for purchasing presented itself, that thus it might be

drawing interest. The man followed his advice. After his money had lain for some time in the bank a lot was offered for sale which he bought, intending to pay for it from his deposit. As however, some time must elapse, before the semi-annual dividend would be declared, and the whole of the interest would have been lost had the money been then drawn from the bank, Mr. Miller advanced from his own private funds the amount necessary for the purchase, and thus secured to the poor man the full advantage of his deposit. At the same time he advised and counselled him concerning his purchase, and the title, simply remarking to some of his own family, "It is worth while to endeavour to save a poor man something, and help him along in his efforts to do well for himself." His tenderness and sympathy of temper rendered him a most welcome visitant to the sick and the afflicted. While at such visits he knew how to speak a word in season, his expressive countenance declared his words to be heartfelt, and convinced the suffering that in Christ's servant they had one who, like his Divine Master, could sympathise with the afflicted.

He was possessed of that charity which beareth all things, hopeth all things, and believeth all things. While it was on very rare occasions, and only when duty seemed to require it, that he was heard to speak to the disparagement of others, it was evidently his constant desire to ascribe the best of motives to the conduct of his fellow men.

He was one of those of whom the Psalmist speaks, "He backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doth evil to his neighbour, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour." He sought not to know the faults, but the virtues of others.

He was peculiarly considerate for others' time and convenience. Frequently, while sitting with his family at the table, would he be interrupted by calls from those who desired to converse or consult with him. When urged to request them to call at some other more convenient time, he invariably refused, saying, "I had better see them. Perhaps they are in trouble, or are poor and cannot make it convenient to call again. I had better attend to them at once." He did indeed seek to obey in its comprehensiveness, the rule of Christ, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye even so to them."

In all his intercourse with his fellow men, he manifested that meekness and gentleness, which the Apostle describes as the fruits of the Spirit. Even when it was his duty to reprove others, the duty, while faithfully discharged, was ever performed in a manner so free from all manifestation of acerbity, and in such an evident spirit of kindness, as to command the respectful attention and affectionate regard, even of those whom he reproved. One evening when preaching at the Seamen's Retreat, some individual made a considerable noise with the evident intention of disturbing him. Looking attentively around on his audience,

he remarked, "I have always received gentlemanly treatment from sailors, and have never known them to disturb me in the time of public worship; there must be some person here, disposed to disorderly conduct, who is not a sailor." It is scarcely necessary to add, that there was no further disturbance that evening. One summer evening, while one of his daughters was engaged at the piano, a drunken man appeared at the window to her great terror. One of her brothers, then a lad, being made acquainted with the cause of her agitation, went to the man and ordered him to leave the place, which the man refused to do. On Mr. Miller's coming down stairs, after first reproving his son for speaking roughly to a man under the influence of liquor, he went forth to the intruder, and in his usually mild and gentle terms, said to him, "My friend, you had better go home and not sit here any longer;" then leading him to the gate, he was rid of him without any farther trouble.

Mr. Miller was a *Peace-maker*, emphatically and successfully so. No divisions, or differences of feeling occurred between any with whom he had influence, which he did not anxiously and perseveringly seek to heal. The very last indeed of his works for God on earth, was an effort to remove the unkind feelings some members of his congregation cherished towards others, through a misunderstanding. In this work he was engaged during the evening preceeding his fatal attack.

He was habitually prudent. While ever sedu-

lously attentive to his proper duties, he was restrained neither by the fear or favour of man, from doing or saying that which he conscientiously felt to be obligatory; while he kept himself entirely aloof from all that intermeddling in matters not pertaining to his duty, which has been in many cases the ruin of ministerial usefulness and comfort. He knew when to refrain, and when to speak, and was willing rather to relinquish, in some cases, his own rights, than, by claiming them, to prevent the usefulness of his ministry. The result of his prudence was the universal respect paid him by all classes of men. All who knew him were persuaded that his one aim was to promote his Saviour's Glory; that to this he made all things subordinate; and that his constant study was, that in all things God might be glorified by him, through Jesus Christ. Mr. Miller, during the long course of his ministry, was never brought into any unpleasant collision with others, nor did he make any enemies. He did indeed, live peaceably with all men. Amid all the political changes and excitement in Tompkinsville, than which no other place has, probably, been the scene of warmer and more engrossing discussions, (it being the official residence of various officers, both of the State and General Government,) he made no political foes, and under the various administrations of the last twenty years, continued to hold the chaplaincies, both of the Marine Hospital and the Seamen's Retreat. His Church frequently numbered among

her members, the most active partizans; but all, whatever their political views, alike invariably entertained the highest personal regard for him. This was, without doubt, owing to the resolution he had formed, and to which he undeviatingly adhered, never to allow himself to interfere in political matters. However interested his feelings might be on either side, and they were never those of indifference, he carefully abstained from expressing them, even in his own family. It would, indeed have been difficult for any one, after spending a long time under his roof, to have decided to which of the two great parties he was attached. His reason for thus acting, as given by himself, was this: "Were I the pastor of any other congregation, I might deem it my duty to vote; but in view of my duties as a minister, and of the peculiar situation in which I am placed on this Island, I feel that any such action would be rather injurious than beneficial in its results." On one occasion he did visit the polls, and that was in the spring of 1846, when each Town in the State was called upon to decide whether or not the sale of intoxicating drinks should be permitted within its limits. His vote then was, "No License."

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Miller's character as a husband and father.—Incidents.—His filial piety.—Extract from a letter to his father.—Grateful review of his filial piety as he stood by the corpse of his father.—Address to children.—Anniversary sermon.

In the domestic relations, his character shone with unusual brightness. Wife and children were the objects on which his affections centred, and from which his purest and most satisfactory present enjoyments were drawn. Next to communion with God, his happiness was to be in the midst of his family circle, loving and loved. To the partner of his life his attentions were uniformly of the most affectionate character—as marked and tender when their union had existed for more than a quarter of a century, as when that union was primarily formed. For his children, his affection was ever characterized by the most careful vigilance and tender sympathy. If ever a cloud of sadness rested on the countenance of any one of them, he could not be cheerful till that cloud was dissipated and smiles succeeded tears. He shared in all their joys, and bore his part in all their sorrows. At the hour of the family meal, he was never willing to be seated at his table until the whole family were gathered around him. All in their accustomed seats, and the youngest of the flock by his side, with a heart overflowing with

gratitude to God for all his mercies, and especially for the gift of the loved objects around him, he was prepared to partake of the bounties of His Providence. And here, as illustrating the strength of his parental affection, we may mention an incident which, though trivial in itself, deeply affected all who witnessed it. On the last morning of his life, and indeed within but an hour or two of his decease, he inquired for his last born. "Where is my little F.? he has not yet this morning come to kiss his father." Nor could he rest till this loved little one was brought to him to give him what proved his final embrace. Mr. Miller's fondness for his children, while it inspired constant desires to render them happy, and fit them for future usefulness, and caused him to feel that no exertion or sacrifice was too great to make for their welfare and comfort, never led him to excessive indulgence. While his children were assured of their parent's strong, and self-denying affection for them, obedience to them was inculcated and insisted on. He, who himself was an example of filial piety, could not, would not, permit in any of his children, the least manifestation of filial disobedience. At the same time his efforts were constant and successful to promote feelings of mutual love among his children. He would not allow the slightest disagreement between them. "Nothing," he was accustomed to say, "can be more delightful than to see a whole family live in peace and love. Do, my children, be kind to each other, you do not

know how long you will be spared together." "I well remember," says one of his children, "when I was but a prattling child, his coming into the room where I was playing by my mother's side, and singing to me about his little girl whose name was M. This may appear almost childish; but to me it is one of the most pleasant recollections of my infancy, and I do not believe there is one of our family but can recall with pleasnre the time when my father used to sing of his little ones. How often has he said, while pressing my sister and self in his arms, 'I have but two daughters, and I must take the best of care of them.'"

His filial piety was a strongly marked feature in his character. His usual style of addressing his parents in letters written even after he had attained manhood, was, "Respected," or "Much respected Parents." Nor were these empty words, but the expressions of the feelings of his heart. He strictly, and to the very end of his life, honoured his father and mother, in every possible manner, shewing them all the attention they could either desire or ask. What has been already said with respect to his affection for his children may be repeated with regard to his love for his parents, that no sacrifice or exertion was too great for him to make for their welfare or comfort. For him to know their will was to do whatever might gratify them. He could not, nor did he, desire his own children to treat him with more affection and respect than he ever manifested to his parents.

Nor would he ever suffer a word to be spoken in his presence respecting those harmless foibles, in the least degree designed to detract from that reverence which he desired his children to cherish for their venerated and truly venerable grand-parents.

In a letter to his father, dated Jan., 1841, he says, "I rejoice that you have resigned the office of Treasurer of the Church. You have served the Church long, and faithfully, in that capacity, and the increasing infirmities of age demand relief from anxiety and care. I feel thankful that you have been spared to us thus long, but I fear from what you write that we shall not long enjoy the privilege of receiving letters from you. Write as often as your health will permit. We love to hear from you. I rejoice that your mind is calm, and that, with the eye of faith, you can view those mansions which the Redeemer has prepared for his friends. His people shall be with Him, for He is faithful who hath promised. Then 'Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God believe also in me,' declares our blessed Redeemer in that beautiful chapter, the xiv of John. How sweet, how precious, are the words of Eternal Life. How strong is the consolation of those who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before them." In December, 1844, being immediately notified by his friends of the alarming illness of his venerated father, he hastened to Albany, and enjoyed the mournful pleasure of being with, and

ministering to him, during his season of extreme sufferings, while God was preparing his loved and honoured servant for the joys of immortality. On his return to his own family, he observed to his wife, that after his father's decease, he had shut himself up in the room with his remains, and had spent two or three hours in seeking to review his past life, so far as respected his duties to his father; and that on the review he could not call to mind a single instance in which he had deliberately, or wilfully given that father a moment's pain by his disobedience or waywardness. To the youthful readers of this narrative, who have parents to revere and honour, we hold forth this fact, not merely for their admiration, but for their imitation. Parental love is one of the strongest, purest affections implanted by God in the heart of his creature man. It is a love which, called to constant sacrifices in the behalf of the objects for whom it is cherished, renders through its strength those sacrifices, (which would otherwise be intolerable,) easy, and even pleasant. It, so far as the objects for whom it is exercised are concerned, destroys native selfishness, and prefers another's welfare to one's own. It shrinks from no labour, but patiently toils and watches by day and by night for the happiness of the child. Children can never repay their parents for their care, and toil, and anxieties. Yet parents feel themselves repaid, yea, abundantly compensated, when God's holy laws regulate the conduct of their children, and all proper mani-

festations of respect and reverence are afforded. Your parents will not always be with you. The day will come when they shall be gathered to their fathers, and you shall hear their voice, and see their face no more. And then, when as you miss their affectionate sympathies and care, their greetings in love, and their kind and salutary counsels, you begin to realize their worth; then will active memory bring the past before your view, and the words or actions of disobedience, unkindness, or waywardness, by which you have grieved them, will open still wider the wounds of your bleeding hearts, filling your minds with the sorest anguish. Oh, I pity from my heart the child who, as he stands by the death-cold remains of a loving father, a tender mother, and his heart feels as if it would burst under a sense of the loss he has sustained, reproaches himself, and that not without cause, for his violations or neglect of duty to that parent whose every desire centred in his child's welfare. The trial of parting with loved parents is in itself sufficiently severe without needing the reproaches of conscience to add to its poignancy. "Honour thy father and mother, which is the first commandment with promise. Hearken to thy Father that begat thee, and despise not thy mother when she is old." Be ever obedient, respectful, and attentive to them, realizing how much you owe them, and God will bless you.

Mr. Miller was employed, at the time when called by death from his labours for God in his

Church on earth, in preparing his Twenty-fourth Anniversary Sermon, which it is believed he intended to preach on the 29th of August, the day on which the writer of this memoir sought to improve the solemn dispensation of Providence in his unexpected removal from the world, by addressing ing his weeping congregation from Heb. xi. 4. "He being dead, yet speaketh." This anniversary Sermon we append, knowing (while we trust it will prove acceptable to every reader of this narrative,) that it will possess a high degree of interest in their esteem for whose especial benefit it was prepared. The lips that would have spoken it are sealed in death, yet it remains a legacy to them.

ANNIVERSARY SERMON.

I. Samuel, vii. 12. "Then Samuel took a stone and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying, hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

These words were spoken by Samuel the Prophet, after he had performed the solemn ceremony of setting up a stone as a monument of the faithfulness and goodness of Jehovah. The Lord had just accomplished a wonderful deliverance in behalf of his people Israel. They had assembled together at Mizpeh, in order to make confession of their sin of idolatry, to repent of it, and to worship the Lord, but especially, to have Samuel the Prophet

pray to the Lord for them. This very occasion the Philistines, their enemies, embraced as a fit and proper opportunity of invading them. The Israelites being alarmed and filled with apprehensions of falling into the hands of their enemies, earnestly entreated Samuel to pray to the Lord for their deliverance. "And the Children of Israel said to Samuel, cease not to cry unto the Lord our God for us that He will save us out of the hand of the Philistines. And Samuel took a sucking lamb and offered it for a burnt offering wholly unto the Lord, and Samuel cried unto the Lord for Israel, and the Lord heard him."—Verse 8, 9. The Lord heard and regarded the cries of his faithful servant and appeared in behalf of his people Israel. While Samuel was engaged in the solemn act of worship, and offering up the burnt offering unto the Lord, the Philistines drew near to battle against Israel. But the Lord fought for Israel, "He thundered with a great thunder that day upon the Philistines and discomfited them, and they were smitten before Israel. And the men of Israel went out of Mizpeh, and pursued the Philistines, and smote them until they came under Bethcar. Then Samuel took a stone and set it up between Mizpeh and Shen." This stone he set up as a monument to Jehovah; as a monument of the truth, the faithfulness and goodness of the Lord God. Here was an evidence that God was the true, the faithful, and covenant keeping God. Here was an evidence that He was the hearer and an-

swerer of prayer, that none who call upon Him shall call upon Him in vain, and that none who confide in Him shall ever be put to confusion. This stone he here set up as a monument of the great deliverance which the Lord had accomplished in behalf of His people Israel, when their enemies came suddenly and unexpectedly upon them, and threatened to overwhelm them. Upon this monument he wrote the inscription,

"Ebenezer, hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

Hence we would observe—

I. That it is the duty of believers to mark and observe any remarkable interpositions of Divine Providence in behalf of themselves and families not only, but in behalf of the country and in behalf of the Church of the living God. These interpositions are of frequent occurrence not only, but are sometimes so peculiarly marked as most clearly and plainly to exhibit the hand of Divine Providence. At certain, stated, regular periods, such as the day of their birth, or the day of their connection with the Church of Christ, believers should allow themselves time and opportunity for reflection. They should stand still as it were, and call to mind the goodness, faithfulness, and mercies of the Lord God. They should look back and reflect upon the many instances of God's goodness and kindness towards them in days that are past, and will they not find abundant cause to *erect* their

Ebenezer and exclaim, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us?"

1. Thus far has he taken care of us, and supplied all our wants. He has given us our daily bread, he has granted us things convenient and necessary, and he has withheld no good thing from us. Thus far have we been the recipients of his favour; his mercies to us have been new, evening and morning, repeated every moment, and we are constrained to exclaim, that "Goodness and mercy have indeed followed us all the days of our lives."

2. Thus far has he preserved us in the midst of danger, disease and death. While many have fallen on our right and on our left; while many have been called away suddenly and unexpectedly from time to eternity, we have been spared. Although the pestilence has walked in the midst of us in darkness, and the destruction has wasted at noon day; although a thousand have fallen at our side, and ten thousand at our right hand, it has not come nigh us. While many have been cut down in the midst of health and usefulness, our unprofitable lives have been prolonged, and we have been continued as the spared monuments of God's patience and forbearance. He has borne with us, notwithstanding our many short comings, notwithtanding our innumerable transgressions and sins.

3. In the midst of innumerable temptations and snares he has not forsaken us. Many have fallen victims to the temptations to which they have

been exposed, and the snares with which they have been surrounded. They have shamefully departed from the living and true God; they have brought a reproach upon that religion which they have professed, a blot upon their Christian character, and have caused the friends of the Redeemer to weep and mourn. If our feet have been kept from falling and our eyes from tears, we have no cause for exultation over the fall of others; but we have cause of humility and Godly fear, of greater circumspection, watchfulness and prayer. Under these circumstances it behooves us to watch with greater diligence, and to pray with more fervency, "Lord, lead us not into temptation." Under these circumstances too, we have abundant reason to bless and to praise the name of the Lord our God, and exclaim, "Not unto us O Lord, but unto thy name be all the praise and all the glory.' Under these circumstances it behooves us to erect a monument to the goodness, faithfulness and truth of Jehovah, and to inscribe thereon, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

The friends of God should therefore, most carefully mark the especial interpositions of Divine Providence in their behalf, and they will find abundant cause to raise their Ebenezer.

II. As pastor of this Church, does it not behoove me to raise my Ebenezer, and exclaim, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me?"

The period of twenty four years has just elapsed since my settlement in this place. It has indeed

flown with most astonishing rapidity, and it seems but like yesterday since I took charge of this congregation. The numerous and various scenes through which I have passed, seem like the dream of the sleeper, and although some of them have made no greater impression on my mind than the dream of a night, others have made an impression which time can never efface. During the period of my settlement among this people, I have been blessed with health and favoured with strength. Although peculiarly exposed to disease and death, a kind Providence has thrown around me the shield of protection. Through the goodness and strength of the Lord, I have been enabled to attend to my duties without interruption, to be instant in season and out of season, and to preach, not only in the sanctuary, but from house to house, and to warn and reprove with affection and fidelity. Although my labours in the midst of you have been in weakness, and in fear and in much trembling, yet I trust they have been with a single eye to your everlasting welfare, and to the glory of God. I have sought your good, and the salvation of your souls. My anxious desire, my zealous exertions, and fervent prayers have been, to bring you to the knowledge of that precious Saviour, whom to know aright is life eternal. In the midst of many trials, difficulties, and discouragements, the Lord has not forsaken me; he has supported and strengthened me. He has kept my heart from sinking, and hitherto have I found His

Grace sufficient for me, and His strength to be made perfect in my weakness.

My labours in this place have not, I trust, been altogether in vain. The gospel proclaimed by these lips of clay has not come in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance. Through the energies of the Divine Spirit, some minds have been impressed, some hearts have been made to feel, and from some souls the cry has been heard, "What shall I do to be saved?" Would to God that the conversions in the midst of us had been tenfold greater than they are. Yet the hope that some good has been accomplished through my humble instrumentality, fills me with gratitude and praise, and constrains me as pastor of this church to raise my Ebenezer and exclaim, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me."

III. As a branch of the church of Christ, have we not abundant reason to erect a monument to the truth and faithfulness of God, and inscribe thereon, "Ebenezer, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us?"

1. Although this place is in the sight of a city highly blessed with churches, and sanctuary privileges, this, the first regularly organized church in this vicinity, only commenced its existence about the year 1822, under the auspices of the Rev. Dr. Van Pelt, and Daniel D. Tompkins, a former Vice President of the United States. After that excellent man and distinguished patriot had removed to this place, he felt the need of a house

of worship, convenient for himself, his family, and this neighbourhood. Finding, on this island, the church of his father's, the very church in which his venerable parent, Judge Tompkins had for many years acted as an Elder, he proposed to the Rev Dr. Van Pelt, the establishment of a R. Dutch Church in this village. This proposition was met with joy, and arrangements were consequently made to carry the wishes of the Vice President into execution. Mr. Tompkins gave the ground on which this building stands, and liberally aided in its erection. And it now stands as the only monument raised to the memory of that distinguished patriot; and I should rejoice to see these walls adorned with a tablet to perpetuate his memory. This building, having been completed, was solemnly dedicated to the worship of the Triune God,—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and for a time enjoyed the occasional ministrations of the Rev. Dr. Van Pelt, and was also supplied by the Classis of New York.

2. The families who considered themselves peculiarly attached to this Church, and who felt an interest in the promotion of the cause of religion, finding that they were often called to mourn over silent Sabbaths and a closed Sanctuary, felt anxious to have this Church separated from the other Churches under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. Van Pelt, in order that they might enjoy a greater amount of ministerial labour. This was accomplished by the consent of the Consistory of the

Church of Staten Island, and with the approbation of the Classis of New York, in April, 1823, on condition that the Church at Tompkinsville should assume all its outstanding debts. This was accordingly agreed to, and it was also resolved to call a pastor, as soon as the minds of the congregation could settle upon an individual. Their attention was unexpectedly directed to me. I was unanimously called, and in August, 1823, I commenced my labours as pastor of this Church, This place was then entirely missionary ground. Its population had grown up without the regular preaching of the Gospel, and were but little accustomed to attend on the means of grace. When I became acquainted with the state of the congregagation, and the pecuniary embarrassments under which it was labouring, I thought there was not the least prospect of my remaining its pastor for more than two years. But having obtained help of God, I continue until this present time.

3. As it regards our spiritual concerns, we have abundant cause to erect our Ebenezer and exclaim, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." When this Church commenced her existence, there were only seventeen members who embarked in the noble enterprise of building up a house for the worship of the living God, in this waste place of our Island. Since that time there have been received two hundred and forty-seven, and there have died and been dismissed one hundred and nine, leaving now in the communion of the Church, one hund-

red and fifty-five members.* In addition to this, the preaching of the Gospel here has been blessed to others, who have seen proper to connect themselves with the Churches of other denominations. This increase is not as great as could be desired. Yet, when we take into consideration the peculiar circumstances of this place, we have abundant cause to thank God and take courage. The day of small things we should not despise, but must raise our Ebenezer and exclaim, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

4. The period of my settlement here has flown with the most astonishing rapidity. It appears almost like yesterday since I took charge of this congregation. I can scarcely believe that I have already been settled twenty-four years, and that I have united with my dear people on ninety-six occasions in celebrating the dying love of our Lord and Master.

5. What astonishing, what wonderful changes have taken place in this congregation during the period of my settlement? The face of the congregation seems to be almost entirely changed. Many dear friends whom I sincerely loved, and highly esteemed, have been called away to enjoy that rest which remains for the people of God. I

* During the last year of his life, Mr. Miller received twenty-one on confession, the greater part of whom were the young. Among these were two of his own children, and one who had lived in his family from very early childhood, a son having been received into communion with the Church a few months previously.

could recall scores of names of those who once occupied these seats, who loved to be found in their places when the Sabbath returned, and who delighted to unite with us in the solemn and interesting exercises of religion. But they are gone—and may we not hope that they are now occupying the seats of the just before the Throne, and uniting with saints and angels in shouting the songs of praise to God and the Lamb? They are gone, and "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth, yea saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

Beloved hearers are there not some of you who have sat under the preaching of the Word, Sabbath after Sabbath, month after month, and year after year? Are there not those of you who have been invited and urged in the most affectionate and pressing manner to come unto Christ, not merely once, not merely scores of times, not merely hundreds of times, but some of you even more than a thousand times by these lips of clay? And let me affectionately inquire, Have you come to Christ? Have you repented of sin? Have you forsaken your evil ways? Have you turned to the Lord with your whole heart, and fled to the Lord Jesus Christ as the only hope set before you? Or, have you refused the invitations of mercy, and hardened your hearts against God?

Remember that for all these opportunities and privileges you will have to answer to God. For

all the Sabbaths you have enjoyed, for all the sermons you have heard, for all the invitations you have received, and for all the calls with which you have been favoured, you will have to answer to God your Judge.

Our interviews in this house of prayer, the many pleasant and interesting Sabbaths we were permitted to enjoy here, are preparatory to a more solemn and awfully interesting interview before the Judgement seat of Christ. There you and I, and the whole of this congregation must stand; I to answer for the manner in which I have discharged my duties and delivered the messages of truth and Salvation; you for the manner in which you have heard.

Are you prepared for this interview?

O my soul! art thou prepared?

Let us remember it may soon take place, and if we have neglected our eternal interests let us neglect them no longer. If we have misimproved our opportunities and privileges, it is high time for us to awake from our sleep, to arouse from our lethargy, and to attend to the things which belong to our peace, ere they shall be forever hid from our eyes.

Let us remember the vast, the unutterably valuable, and the eternal interests we have at stake. Let us remember the shortness of life, the certainty of death, and the rapidity with which we are hastening to Death, Judgement, and Eternity.

"Whate'er we do—where'er we go,
"We're hastening to the grave."

In a little while, time with us will be no longer, and the realities of the eternal world will break upon our view. In a little while, our earthly Sabbaths will be ended, our day of grace shall forever have passed away, and a joyful or miserable eternity will be experienced by each one of us. Let us then seek the Lord while he may be found, and call upon Him while he is near. Let us regard the language of a gracious and merciful God to each one of us, "Behold now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation. To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." The Lord grant that each one of us may thus improve our Sabbaths, our opportunties, and our privileges, that we may be permitted to rejoice throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity in that connection which has existed between us as Pastor and People.

The Editor would, at the close of this sermon, remark, that it was left in an unfinished state by Mr. Miller; although not so much so as to prevent its being now presented in the very form he, doubtless designed it to assume. Had Mr. Miller lived, additions and alterations enhancing its interest in the estimation of his loving and beloved people, might have been made. "By it he being dead yet speaketh," and shall it be in vain to those to whom he so often ministered warning, reproof, and entreaty? of whom, in words his lips were not per-

mitted to pronounce, but his pen had written with the design of speaking, he inquires, "Whether they are prepared for the interview they must have with their (now departed) Pastor, before the Judgment seat of Christ?" Will they not seek to call to mind the words he spake to them, while still present with them? And will they not heed that affectionate council, which, though God took him from the world, ere he could utter it orally, still remains on the written page of his dying charge to them, to seek immediate preparation for appearing before that bar where he has rendered in his account?

THE END.

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